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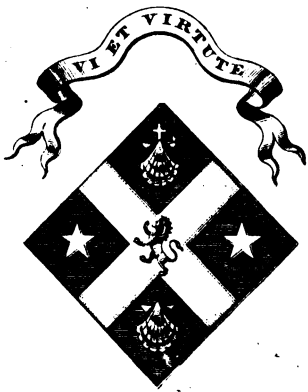
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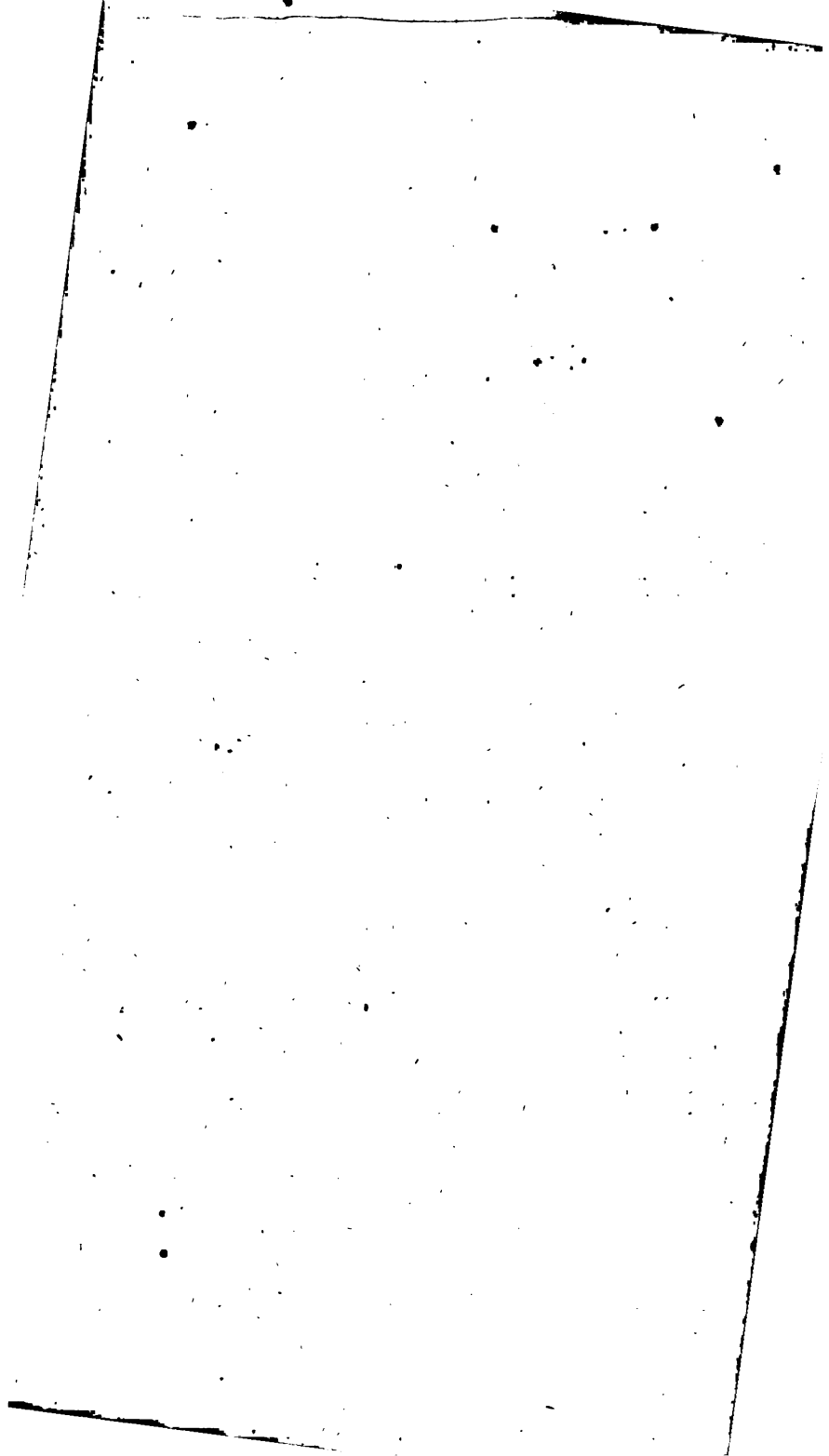


*Ellen Bibby.*

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*Chatterton,*



(noted on)

# Poems,

SUPPOSED

TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN AT BRISTOL

IN

THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY,



BY

*Thomas Rowley*

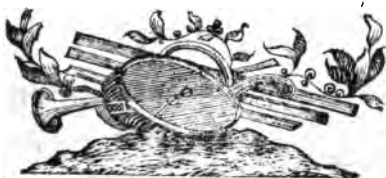
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Che trae l'huome del sepolere ed in vita il serva. — PETRARCA.

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*A new Edition.*



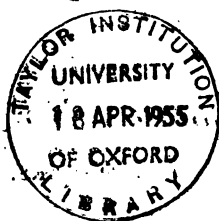
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R. B. SCOTT, 28, BRYDGES-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN,  
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M, DCC, XCIX.



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## P R E F A C E.

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THE controversy concerning the authenticity of the Poems ascribed to ROWLEY, has called forth the abilities of the most competent judges; and has been free from the rancor and animosity which too often disgrace the page of the controversialist. Truth, and not victory, appears to have been the aim of each party, but no decision, which can be regarded as final, has hitherto been given, upon this truly curious and important subject.

Many years have now elapsed since the controversy subsided: to revive it is by no means the intention of the present Editor. His sole design is to furnish the public with a neat Edition of these Poems, which, whether the Author of them may have been ROWLEY, or CHATTERTON, or some third person, (as has been ridiculously supposed) fully entitle him to be ranked in the fourth place among our British Poets: Shall the productions of his genius live no longer than while disputes concerning his name may exist? The Iliad is still pre-

2 2

served:

served: the contentions for its Author's birth-place are forgotten.

Whatever may be the cause, these Poems are not so generally known, or, at least, so generally read, as they deserve to be. The highly advanced price of every Edition now extant, has undoubtedly hindered many, and the obsolescence of the dialect has deterred others from becoming intimately acquainted with them: They who seek literature only as an amusement, in the hour of relaxation, have thrown down the work in disgust at being compelled so often to recur to a Glossary, or an Etymological Dictionary. The Editor thinks he may assert, that he has wholly removed the first obstacle, and the second he has endeavoured to diminish, by subjoining at the bottom of every page to CRATTERTON's explanations, those from the DEAN OF EXETER's Edition, and by supplying, as far as was in his power, what that gentleman, amid his indefatigable researches, may have casually omitted.

L. S.

PEMBROKE COLL. JULY 20, 1794.

# P R E F A C E

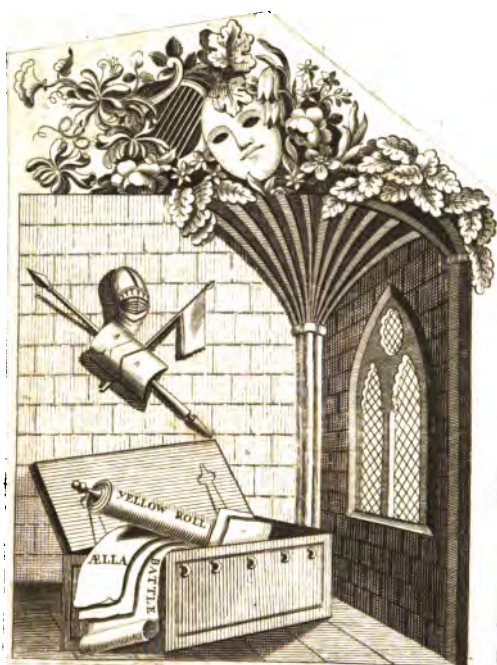
## TO THE FORMER EDITIONS:

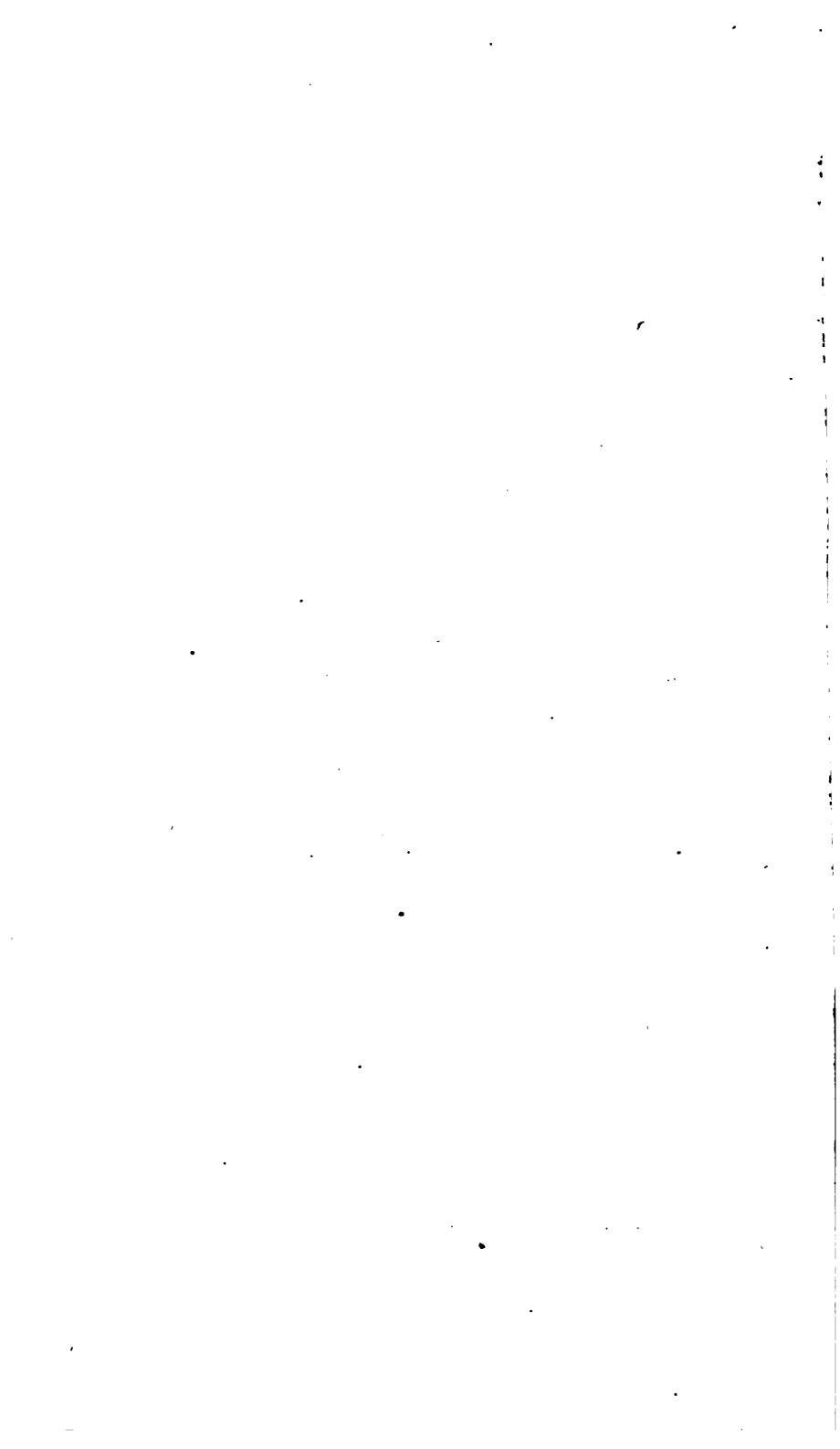
THE Poems, which make the principal part of this Collection, have for some time excited much curiosity, as the supposed productions of THOMAS ROWLEY, a priest of Bristol, in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. They are here faithfully printed from the most authentic MSS. that could be procured; of which a particular description is given in the *Introductory account of the several pieces contained in this volume*, subjoined to this Preface. Nothing more therefore seems necessary at present, than to inform the Reader shortly of the manner in which these Poems were first brought to light, and of the authority upon which they are ascribed to the persons whose names they bear.

This cannot be done so satisfactorily as in the words of Mr. George Catcott of Bristol, to whose very laudable zeal the Publick is indebted for the most consider-

able part of the following collection. His account of the matter is this: "The first discovery of certain MSS. "having been deposited in Redclift church, above three "centuries ago, was made in the year 1768, at the time "of opening the new bridge at Bristol, and was owing "to a publication in *Farley's Weekly Journal*, 1st of "October 1768, containing an *Account of the ceremonies observed at the opening of the old bridge*, taken, "as it was said, from a very antient MS. This excited "the curiosity of some persons to enquire after the "original. The printer, Mr. Farley, could give no "account of it, or of the person who brought the copy; "but after much enquiry it was discovered, that the "person who brought the copy was a youth, between "15 and 16 years of age, whose name was Thomas Chatterton, and whose family had been sextons of "Redclift church for near 150 years. His father, who "was now dead, had also been master of the free-school "in Pile-street. The young man was at first very unwilling to discover from whence he had the original; "but, after many promises made to him, he was at last "prevailed on to acknowledge, that he had received "this, *together with many other MSS.* from his father, "who had found them in a large chest in an upper "room over the chapel on the north side of Redclift church.

Soon





Soon after this Mr. Catcott commenced his acquaintance with young Chatterton\*, and, partly as presents,

a 4

partly

\* The history of this youth is so intimately connected with that of the poems now published, that the Reader cannot be too early apprized of the principal circumstances of his short life. He was born on the 20th of November, 1752, and educated at a charity-school on St. Augustin's Back, where nothing more was taught than reading, writing, and accounts. At the age of fourteen, he was articled clerk to an attorney, with whom he continued till he left Bristol in April, 1770.

Though his education was thus confined, he discovered an early turn towards poetry and English antiquities, particularly heraldry. How soon he began to be an author is not known. In the *Town and Country Magazine* for March 1769, are two letters, probably, from him, as they are dated at Bristol, and subscribed with his usual signature, D. B. The first contains short extracts from two MSS., "written three hundred years ago by one Rowley, a Monk," concerning dress in the age of Henry II.; the other, "ETHELGAR, a Saxon poem," in bombast prose. In the same Magazine for May 1769, are three communications from Bristol, with the same signature, D. B. viz. CERDICK, *translated from the Saxon* (in the same style with ETHELGAR,) p. 233.—*Observations upon Saxon heraldry*, with drawings of Saxon achievements, &c. p. 245.—ELINOUR and JUCA, *written three hundred years ago by T. ROWLEY, a secular priest*, p. 273. This last poem is reprinted in this volume, p. 218. In the subsequent month of 1769 and 1770 there are several other pieces in the same Magazine, which are undoubtedly of his composition.

In April 1770, he left Bristol and came to London, in hopes of advancing his fortune by his talents for writing, of which, by this time, he had conceived a very high opinion. In the prosecution of this scheme, he appears to have almost entirely depended upon the patronage of a set of gentlemen, whom an eminent author long ago pointed out, as *not the very worst judges or rewarders of merit*, the booksellers of this great city. At his first arrival indeed he was so unlucky as to find two of his expected Mæcenases, the one in the King's Bench, and the other in Newgate. But this little disappointment was alleviated by the encouragement which he received from other quarters; and on the 14th of May he writes to

his

partly as purchases, procured from his copies of many of his MSS. in prose and verse. Other copies were dis-

posed.

his mother, in high spirits upon the change in his situation, with the following sarcastic reflection upon his former patrons at Bristol.

"As to Mr. —, Mr. —, Mr. —, &c. &c. they rate literary lumber so low, that I believe an author, in their estimation, must be poor indeed! But here matters are otherwise. Had Rowley been a Londoner instead of a Bristowyan, I could have lived by copying his works."

In a letter to his sister, dated 30th May, he informs her, that he is to be employed "in writing a voluminous history of London, to appear in numbers the beginning of next winter." In the mean time, he had written something in praise of the Lord Mayor (Beckford), which had procured him the honour of being presented to his lordship. In the letter just mentioned he gives the following account of his reception, with some curious observations upon political writing: "The Lord Mayor received me as politely as a citizen could. But the devil of the matter is, there is no money to be got of this side of the question.—But he is a poor author who cannot write on both sides.—Essays on the patriotic side will fetch no more than what the copy is sold for. As the patriots themselves are searching for a place, they have no gratuity to spare. On the other hand, unpopular essays will not even be accepted; and you must pay to have them printed: but then you seldom lose by it, as courtiers are so sensible of their deficiency in merit, that they generously reward all who know how to dawb them with the appearance of it."

Notwithstanding his employment on the History of London, he continued to write incessantly in various periodical publications. On the 11th of July he tells his sister that he had pieces last month in the *Gospel Magazine*; the *Town and Country*, viz. Maria Friendless; False Step; Hunter of Oddities; To Miss Bush, &c. *Court and City*; *London*; *Political Register*, &c. But all these exertions of his genius brought in so little profit, that he was soon reduced to real indigence; from which he was relieved by death (in what manner is not certainly known), on the 24th of August, or thereabout, when he wanted near three months to complete his eighteenth year. The floor of his chamber was covered with written papers, which he had torn into small pieces; but there was no appearance

reported of, in the same way, to Mr. William Barrett, an eminent surgeon at Bristol, who has long been engaged in writing the history of that city. Mr. Barrett also procured from him several fragments, some of a considerable length, written upon vellum\*, which he asserted to be part of his original MSS. In short, in the space of about eighteen months, from October 1768 to April 1770, besides the Poems now published, he produced as many compositions, in prose and verse, under the names of Rowley, Canynge, &c. as would nearly fill such another volume.

In April 1770, Chatterton went to London, and died there in the August following; so that the whole history of this very extraordinary transaction cannot now probably be known with any certainty. Whatever may have

appearance (as the Editor has been credibly informed) of any writings on parchment or vellum.

\* One of these fragments, by Mr. Barrett's permission, has been copied in the manner of a *Fac simile*, by that ingenious artist Mr. Strutt, and an engraving from it is inserted at p. 197. Two other small fragments of Poetry are printed in p. 187, 8, 9. See the *Introductory Account*. The fragments in prose, which are considerably larger, Mr. Barrett intends to publish in his History of Bristol, which, the Editor has the satisfaction to inform the Publick, is very far advanced. In the same work will be inserted *A Discourse on Briflowe*, and the other historical pieces in prose, which Chatterton at different times delivered out, as copied from Rowley's MSS.; with such remarks by Mr. Barrett, as he of all men living is best qualified to make, from his accurate researches into the Antiquities of Bristol.

have been his part in it; whether he was the author, or only the copier (as he constantly asserted) of all these productions; he appears to have kept the secret entirely to himself, and not to have put it in the power of any other person, to bear certain testimony either to his fraud or to his veracity.

The question therefore concerning the authenticity of these Poems must now be decided by an examination of the fragments upon vellum, which Mr. Barrett received from Chatterton as part of his original MSS. and by the internal evidence which the several pieces afford. If the Fragments shall be judged to be genuine, it will still remain to be determined, how far their genuineness should serve to authenticate the rest of the collection, of which no copies, older than those made by Chatterton, have ever been produced. On the other hand, if the writing of the Fragments shall be judged to be counterfeit and forged by Chatterton, it will not of necessity follow, that the matter of them was also forged by him, and still less, that all the other compositions which he professed to have copied from antient MSS. were merely inventions of his own. In either case, the decision must finally depend upon the internal evidence.

It

It may be expected perhaps, that the Editor should give an opinion upon this important question; but he rather chooses, for many reasons, to leave it to the determination of the unprejudiced and intelligent Reader. He had long been desirous that these Poems should be printed; and therefore readily undertook the charge of superintending the edition. This he has executed in the manner, which seemed to him best suited to such a publication; and here he means that his task should end. Whether the Poems be really antient, or modern; the compositions of Rowley, or the forgeries of Chatterton; they must always be considered as a most singular literary curiosity.

INTRODUCTORY ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
SEVERAL PIECES  
CONTAINED IN THIS VOLUME.

**ÆLLA**, a Tragycal Enterlude. p. 1

This Poem, with the *Epistle*, *Letter*, and *Introduction*, is printed from a folio MS. furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the beginning of which he has written, "Chatterton's transcript, 1769." The whole transcript is of Chatterton's hand-writing.

**GODDWYN**, a Tragedie. p. 116

This Fragment is printed from the MS. mentioned above, p. 1. in Chatterton's hand-writing.

**ENGLISH METAMORPHOSIS.** p. 130

This Poem is printed from a single sheet in Chatterton's hand-writing, communicated by Mr. Barrett, who received it from Chatterton.

THE

## THE TOURNAMENT.

P. 137

TWOSSA YAC BOWDART

This Poem is printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

Sir Simon de Bourton, the hero of this poem, is supposed to have been the first founder of a church dedicated to *oure Ladie*, in the place where the church of St. Mary Ratcliffe now stands. Mr. Barrett has a small leaf of vellum (given to him by Chatterton as one of Rowley's original MSS.), entitled, "*Vita de Simon de Bourton*," in which Sir Simon is said, as in the poem, to have begun his foundation in consequence of a vow made at a tournament.

## THE DETHE OF SYR CHARLES BAWDIN. p. 153

This Poem is reprinted from the copy printed at London in 1772, with a few corrections from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

The person here celebrated, under the name of *Syr Charles Bawdin*, was probably *Sir Baldewyn Fulford*, Knt. a zealous Lancastrian, who was executed at Bristol in the latter end of 1461, the first year of Edward the Fourth. He was attainted, with many others, in the general act of Attainder, 1 Edw. IV. but he seems to have been executed under a special commission for the trial of treasons, &c. within the town of Bristol. The fragment of the old chronicle, published by Hearne at the

the end of *Sprotti Chronica*, p. 289. says only; “*Item (1 Edw. IV.) was taken Sir Baldewine Fulford and beheaded at Bristow.*” But the matter is more fully stated in the act which passed in 7 Edw. IV. for the restitution in blood and estate of Thomas Fulford, Knt. eldest son of Baldewyn Fulford, late of Fulford, in the county of Devonshire, Knt. *Rot. Pat.* 8 Edw. IV. p. 1. m. 13. The preamble of this act, after stating the attainder by the act 1 Edw. IV. goes on thus: “And also the said Baldewyn, the said first yere of your noble reign, at Bristowe in the shere of Bristowe, before Henry Erle of Essex William Hastyngs of Hastyngs Knt. Richard Chock William Canyng Maire of the said towne of Bristowe and Thomas Yong, by force of your letters patentes to theym and other directe to here and determine all treefons &c. doon withyn the said towne of Bristowe before the vth day of September the first yere of your said reign, was atteynt of dyvers trefons by him doon ayenst your Highnes &c.” If the commission came soon after the vth of September, as is most probable, King Edward might very possibly be at Bristol at the time of Sir Baldewyn’s execution; for, in the interval between his coronation and the parliament which met in November, he made a progress (as the Continuator of Stowe informs us, p. 416.) by the South coast in the West, and was (among other places) at Bristol. Indeed there is a circumstance which might lead us to believe, that he was actually a spectator of the execution from the minster window, as described in the poem. In an old account of the Procurators of St. Ewin’s church, which was then  
the

the minister, from xx March in the 1 Edward IV. to 1 April in the year next ensuing, is the following article, according to a copy made by Mr. Catcott from the original book.

"Item for washyng the church payen ageyns } iiij d. ob.  
Kynge Edward 4th is comynge.

BALADE OF CHARITIE

p. 173

This Poem is also printed from a single sheet in Chatterton's hand-writing. It was sent to the Printer of the *Town and Country Magazine*, with the following letter prefixed:

"To the Printer of the *Town and Country Magazine*.

SIR,

If the Glossary annexed to the following piece will make the language intelligible; the Sentiment, Description, and Versification, are highly deserving the attention of the literati.

July 4, 1770.

D. B."

VERSES TO LYDGATE.

p. 180

SONGE TO ÆLLA.

ibid.

LYDGATE'S ANSWER.

p. 183

These three small Poems are printed from a copy in Mr. Catcott's hand-writing. Since they were printed off, the Editor has had an opportunity of comparing them

them with a copy made by Mr. Barrett from the part of vellum, which Chatterton formerly gave to him as the original MS. The variations of importance (exclusive of many in the spelling) are set down below\*.

\* *Verses to Lydgate.*

In the title for *Ladgate*, r. *Lydgate*.

ver. 2. . r. *Thatt I and thee*.

3. for *bee*, r. *goe*.

7. for *fyghte*, r. *wryte*.

*Songe to Ælla.*

The title in the vellum MS. was simply "*Songe to Ælle*," with a small mark of reference to a note below, containing the following words—"Lorde of the castelle of Brysowe yanne dates of yore." It may be proper also to take notice, that the whole song was there written like prose, without any breaks, or divisions into verses.

ver. 6. for *brassyng*, r. *burflynge*.

11. for *valyante*, r. *burlic*.

23. for *dysmall*, r. *honore*.

*Lydgate's answer.*

No title in the vellum MS.

ver. 3. for *varses*, r. *pene*.

antep. for *Lendes*, r. *Sendes*.

ult. for *lyne*, r. *thynges*.

Mr. Barrett had also a copy of these Poems by Chatterton, which differed from that, which Chatterton afterwards produced as the original, in the following particulars, among others.

In the title of the *Verses to Lydgate*.

Orig. *Lydgate*. — Chat. *Ladgate*.

ver. 3. Orig. *goe*. — Chat. *doe*.

7. Orig. *wryte*. — Chat. *fyghte*.

*Songe to Ælla.*

ver. 5. Orig. *Dacyane*. — Chat. *Dacya's*.

Orig. *whose lockes*. — Chat. *whose hayret*.

11. Orig. *burlic*. — Chat. *bronded*.

22. Orig. *kennest*. — Chat. *hearst*.

23. Orig. *honore*. — Chat. *dysmall*.

26. Orig. *Ypramonyng*. — Chat. *Ifrayning*.

30. Orig. *glawe*. — Chat. *glawe*.

ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE:	p. 185
ON THE SAME.	p. 186

The first of these Poems is printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

The other is taken from a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing, furnished by Mr. Catcott, entitled, "*A Discourse on Brislowe, by Thomas Rowley.*" See the Preface, p. xi. n.

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.	p. 187
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This is one of the fragments of vellum, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett, as part of his original MSS.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.	p. 188
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The 34 first lines of this poem are extant upon another of the vellum fragments, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett. The remainder is printed from a copy furnished by Mr. Catcott, with some corrections from another copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing. This poem makes part of a prose-work, attributed to Rowley, giving an account of *Painters, Carvellers, Poets*, and other eminent natives of Bristol, from the earliest times to his own. The whole will be published by Mr. Barrett, with remarks, and large additions; among which we may expect a complete and authentic history of that distinguished

citizen of Bristol, Mr. William Canynge. In the mean-  
time, the Reader may see several particulars relating to  
him in *Cambden's Britannia*, *Somerlet Col.* 95. — *Kymer's*  
*Fœdera*, &c. ann. 1449 & 1450. — *Tanner's Not. Monast.*  
*Art. Bristol and Westbury.* — *Dugdale's Warwickshire*,  
p. 634.

It may be proper just to remark here, that Mr.  
Canynge's brother, mentioned in ver. 129, who was  
lord mayor of London in 1456, is called *Thomas*, by  
Stowe in his *List of Mayors*, &c.

The transaction alluded to in the last Stanza is related  
at large in some *Prose Memoirs of Rowley*, of which a  
very incorrect copy has been printed in the *Town and*  
*Country Magazine* for November 1775. It is there said  
that Mr. Canynge went into orders, to avoid a marriage,  
proposed by King Edward, between him and a lady of  
the *Widdevile* family. It is certain, from the *Register*  
of the *Bishop of Worcester*, that Mr. Canynge was  
ordained *Acolyte* by *Bishop Carpenter* on 19 Sep-  
tember, 1467, and received the higher orders of *Subdia-*  
*con*, *Deacon*, and *Priest*, on the 12th. of March, 1467.  
O. S. the 2d and 16th of April, 1468, respectively.

ON HAPPINESS, by WILLIAM CANYNGE, 1467  
ONNE JOHNE A DALBENIE, by the same. 1468  
THE GOULER'S REQUIEM, by the same. 1468  
ACCOMTE OF W. CANYNGE'S FEASTE. 1469

PROLOGUE THE SECOND  
PROLOGUE THE THIRD

Of these four Poems attributed to Mr. Canynge, the three first are printed from Mr. Catcott's copies. The last is taken from a fragment of vellum, which Chatterton gave to Mr. Barrett as an original. The Editor has doubts about the reading of the second word in ver. 7, but he has printed it *keene*, as he found it so in other copies. The Reader may judge for himself, by examining the *Fac simile* in the opposite page.

With respect to the three friends of Mr. Canynge mentioned in the last line, the name of Rowley is sufficiently known from the preceding poems. *Iscamm* appears as an actor in the tragedy of *Aella*, p. 1; and in that of *Godwyn*, p. 110; and a poem, ascribed to him, entitled, "*The merry Tricks of Laymington*," is inserted in the *Discourse of Bristowe*. Sir Theobald Gorges was a knight of an ancient family seated at Wraxhall, within a few miles of Bristol [See *Rat. Part. 3* HAVE *Letland's Itin.* vol. VII. p. 98.] He has also appeared above as an actor in both the tragedies, and as the author of one of the *Mynstrelles songs* in *Aella*, p. 10. His connexion with Mr. Canynge is verified by a deed of the latter, dated 20 October, 1467, in which he gives to trustees, in part of a benefaction of £.500 to the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, "certain jewells of Sir Theobald Gorges Rnt." which had been pawned to him for £.160.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

205

211

These three Eclogues, are printed from a MS. furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the hand-writing of Thomas Chatterton. It is a thin copy-book in 4to. with the following title in the first page: "*Eclogues and other Poems by Thomas Rowley, with a Glossary and Annotations by Thomas Chatterton.*"

There is only one other Poem in this book, viz. the fragment of "*Goddwyn, a Tragedie,*" which see below, p. 110.

#### ELINOURE AND JUGA.

p. 218.

This poem is reprinted from the *Town and Country Magazine* for May 1769, p. 273. It is there entitled, "*Elinoure and Juga. Written three hundred years ago by T. Rowley, secular priest.*" And it has the following subscription; "D. B. Bristol, May, 1769." Chatterton soon after told Mr. Catcott, that he (Chatterton) inserted it in the *Magazine*.

The present Editor has taken the liberty to supply [between hooks] the names of the speakers, at ver. 22. and 29, which had probably been omitted by some accident in the first publication; as the nature of the composition seems to require, that the dialogue should proceed by alternate stanzas.

#### BATTLE OF HASTINGS, N<sup>o</sup>. 1.

p. 222

#### BATTLE OF HASTINGS, N<sup>o</sup>. 2.

251.

In printing the first of these poems two copies have been made use of, both taken from copies of Chatterton's

ton's hand-writing, the one by Mr. Catcott, and the other by Mr. Barrett. The principal difference between them is at the end, where the latter has fourteen lines from ver. 550, which are wanting in the former. The second poem is printed from a single copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

It should be observed, that the poem marked N<sup>o</sup>. 1, was given to Mr. Barrett by Chatterton with the following title; "*Battle of Hastings, wrote by Turgot the Monk, a Saxon, in the tenth century, and translated by Thomas Rowlie, parish preeste of St. Johns in the city of Bristol, in the year 1465.—The remainder of the poem I have not been happy enough to meet with.*" Being afterwards prest by Mr. Barrett to produce any part of this poem in the original hand-writing, he at last said, that he wrote this poem himself for a friend; but that he had another, the copy of an original by Rowley: and being then desired to produce that other poem, he, after a considerable interval of time, brought to Mr. Barrett the poem marked N<sup>o</sup>. 2, as far as ver. 530 incl. with the following title: "*Battle of Hastyngs by Turgotus, translated by Roulie for W. Canynge Esq.*" The lines from ver. 531 incl. were brought some time after, in consequence of Mr. Barrett's repeated solicitations for the conclusion of the poem.

Y O U R O P E

1812

1812

**T**HE Editor thinks himself happy in the permission of  
an ingenious Friend, to insert the following Menody.

Day is the poet's day

He meditates and writes

## M O N O D Y

ON THE

## DEATH OF CHATTERTON.

**W**HEN faint and sad o'er Sorrow's desert wild,  
 Slow journeys onward, poor Misfortune's child,  
 When fades each lovely form by Fancy's drest,  
 And inly pines the self-consuming breast;  
 No scourge of Scorpions in thy right arm dread,  
 No helmed Terrors nodding o'er thy head,  
 Affine, O DEATH! the Cherub Wings of PEACE,  
 And bid the heart-sick Wanderer's Anguish cease!

Thee, CHATTERTON! yon unblest Stones protect  
 From Want, and the bleak freezings of Neglect!  
 Escap'd the fore wounds of Affliction's rod,  
 Meek at the Throne of Mercy, and of God,  
 Perchance thou raigest high th' enraptur'd hymn  
 Amid the blaze of Seraphim!

Yet oft ('tis Nature's bosom-startling call)  
 I weep, that heaven-born Genius /*o* should fall,  
 And oft in Fancy's saddest hour my soul  
 Averted shudders at the poison'd Bowl  
 Now grooms my sickening Heart, as still I view  
 The Corse of livid hue;  
 And now a Flash of Indignation high  
 Darts thro' the Tear, that glistens in mine Eye!

Is this the Land of Song, ennobled Line?

Is this the Land, where Genius ne'er is vain?

Pour'd forth her lofty strain?

Ah me! yet Spenser, gentlest Bard divine,

Beneath this Disappointment's deadly fangs

His weary Limbs in lonely Anguish lay;

And e'er her Darling dead

Pity hopeloss hung her head;

While "mid the palling of that pebble's storm,"

Sunk to the cold Earth Orway's famish'd form!

Sublime of Thought and confident of Fame,

From Vales, where Avon winds, the Minstrel came,

Light-hearted Youth! aye, as he hastes along,

He meditates the future Song,

How countless Willa fray'd the Danish foes!

And as floating high in air,

Glitter the funny Visions fair,

His eyes desire rapture, and his bosom glows!

Friend to the friendless, to the sick man Health;

With generous Joy he views th' ideal Wealth;

He hears the Widow's heaven-breath'd prayer of Praise;

He marks the sholeless Orphan's fearful gaze;

Or, where the sorrow-shrivell'd Captive lay,

Pours the bright Beam of Freedom's noon-tide Ray:

And now indignant grasps the patriot steel,

And her own iron rod he makes Oppression feel.

Clad in Nature's rich array,

And bright in all her tender hues,

Sweet

Sweet Tree of Hope! thou loveliest Child of Spring!

How fair didst thou disclose thine early bloom!

Loading the west-winds with its soft perfume!

And Fancy hovering round on shadowy wing,

On every blossom hung her fostering dews,

That changeful wanton'd to the orient Day!

Ah! soon upon thy poor unshelter'd Head

Did Penury her sickly mildew shed:

And soon the lightning bade thee stand,

In frowning Horror o'er the blighted Land!

Whither are fled the charms of vernal Grace;

And Joy's wild gleams, that lighten'd o'er thy face!

Youth of tumultuous Soul, and haggard Eye!

Thy wasted form, thy hurried steps I view:

On thy cold forehead starts the anguish'd Dew:

And dreadful was that bosom-rending Sigh!

Such were the struggles of the gloomy Hour,

When Care of wither'd brow

Prepar'd the Poison's death-cold power:

Already to thy Lips was rais'd the Bowl,

When near thee stood Affection meek,

(Her Bosom bare, and wildly pale her Cheek)

Thy fallen gaze she bade thee roll

On Scenes that well might melt thy Soul;

Thy native Cot she flash'd upon thy view,

Thy native Cot, where still at close of Day

Peace smiling sat, and listen'd to thy Lay;

Thy Sister's shrieks she bade thee hear,

And mark thy Mother's thrilling tear;

See,

See, see her Breast's convulsive throes,

Her silent Agony of Woe!

Ah! dash the poison'd Chalice from thy Hand!

And thou had'st dash'd it at her soft command,

But that Despair and Indignation rose,

And told again the Story of thy Woes;

Told the keen Insult of th' unfeeling Heart,

The dread Dependence on the low-bred mind,

Told every pang, at which thy Soul might smart,

Neglect, and grinning Scorn, and Want combin'd!

Recoiling quick thou bad'st the Friend of Pain,

Roll the dark tide of Death thro' every freezing Vein!

Ye Woods! that wave o'er Avon's rocky steep,

To Fancy's ear, sweet is your murmur deep!

For *here* she loves the Cypress Wreath to weave,

Watching with wistful eye the sad'ning tints of Eye.

Here far from Men amid this pathless grove,

In solemn thought the Minstrel wont to rove,

Like Star-beam on the rude sequester'd Tide,

Lone-glittering, thro' the Forest's murky pride.

And here in Inspiration's eager Hour,

When most the big soul feels the mad'ning Power,

These wilds, these caverns roaming o'er,

Round which the screaming Sea-gulls soar

With wild unequal steps he pass'd along,

Oft pouring on the winds a broken song:

Anon upon some rough Rock's fearful Brow,

Would pause abrupt—and gaze upon the waves below.

( xxxxxx )

But that Delect and Indignation tole

And told again the story of thy woes :

## ADVERTISEMENT.

The Dean of Exeter's Edition of these Poems, though the

present Editor has made considerable additions.

**T**HE Reader is desired to observe, that the notes at the bottom of the several pages, throughout the following part of this book, are all copied from MSS. in the hand-writing of THOMAS CRATTERTON, except those in Italics, the greater part of which are copied from the DEAN OF EXETER's Edition of these Poems, though the present Editor has made considerable additions.



Æ L L A: .

A  
A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE,

OR,

DISCOORSEYNGE TRAGEDIE.

WROTENN BYE

THOMAS ROWLEIE;

PLAIEDD BEFORE

MASTRE CANYNGE, ATTE RYS HOUSE NEMPTRE TRE

RODDE LODGE;

[ALSOE BEFORE THE DUKE OF NORFOLCK, JOHAN

HOWARD.]

# P O E M

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN

## PERSONNES REPRESENTED.

**ÆLLA,**     *bie Thomas Rowleie, Preeſte, the Authoure.*

**CELMONDE,** *bie Johan Iſcamm, Preeſte.*

**HURRA,**   *bie Syrr Thybbatte Gorges, Knyghte.*

**BIRTA,**    *bie Maſtre Edwarde Canynge.*

*Odher Partes bie Knyghtes, Mynſtrelles.*

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EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE ON  
ÆLLA.

**T**YS songe biē mynstrēlles, thātte yn auntyent<sup>1</sup> tym,  
Whan Reasonn hylt<sup>1\*</sup> herselfe in cloudes of nyghte,  
The preeſte delyvered alle the lege<sup>2</sup> yn rhym;  
Lyche peynſted<sup>3</sup> tylytynge ſpeares to pleaſe the ſyghte,  
The whyche yn yttes felle<sup>4</sup> uſe doe make moke<sup>5</sup>  
dere<sup>6</sup>, 5  
Syke dyd theire auntyante lee<sup>7</sup> deſtie<sup>8</sup> delyghte the care,

Perchaunce yn Vyrtnes gare<sup>9</sup> rhym mote bee therne,  
Butte eſte<sup>10</sup> nowe flyeth to the odher fyde;  
In hallie<sup>11</sup> preeſte apperes the ribaude<sup>12</sup> penne,  
Inne lithie<sup>13</sup> moncke apperes the barronnes pryde<sup>14</sup> 10  
But rhym wythe ſomme, as nederē<sup>14</sup> widhout teethe,  
Make pleaſaunce to the ſenſe, botte maie do lyttel  
ſcathe<sup>15</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Ancient. <sup>1\*</sup> Hid, concealed. <sup>2</sup> Law. <sup>3</sup> Painted. <sup>4</sup> Bad, pernicious.  
<sup>5</sup> Much. <sup>6</sup> Hurt, damage. <sup>7</sup> Song. <sup>8</sup> Sweetly, rather, agreeably.  
<sup>9</sup> Cauſe. <sup>10</sup> Oft. <sup>11</sup> Holy. <sup>12</sup> Rake, lewd perſon. <sup>13</sup> Humble,  
rather inſinuating. <sup>14</sup> Adder. <sup>15</sup> Hurt, damage.

2 EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE.

Syr Johne, a knyghte, who hath a barne of lore<sup>16</sup>,  
 Kenns<sup>17</sup> Latyn att fyrst syghte from Frenche or Greke,  
 Pyghtethe<sup>18</sup> hys knowlachynge<sup>19</sup> ten yeres or more, 15  
 To ryng upon the Latynne worde to speke.  
 Whoever speke the Englysch ys despyfed,  
 The Englysch hym to please moste fyrste be latynized.

Vevyan, a moncke, a good requiem<sup>20</sup> synges;  
 Can preache so wele, eche hynde<sup>21</sup> hys meneynge  
 knowe; 20

Albeytte these gode guyfts<sup>21\*</sup> awaie he flynges,  
 Beeynge as badde yn vearle as goode yn prose.  
 Hee synges of feynctes who dyed for yer Godde,  
 Everych wynter nyghte afresche he sheddeth theyr blodde.

To maydens, hufwyfes, and unlored<sup>22</sup> dames, 25

Hee redeth hys tales of merrymment & woe.

Loughe<sup>23</sup> loudlie dynneth<sup>24</sup> from the dolke<sup>25</sup> adrames<sup>26</sup>;  
 He swelles on laudes<sup>27</sup> of fooles, tho' kennes<sup>28</sup> hem foe.

<sup>16</sup> Learning. <sup>17</sup> Knows. <sup>18</sup> Plucks or tortures. <sup>19</sup> Knowledge.  
<sup>20</sup> A service used over the dead. <sup>21</sup> Peasant. <sup>21\*</sup> Gifts. <sup>22</sup> Un-  
 leamed. <sup>23</sup> Laugh. <sup>24</sup> Sounds. <sup>25</sup> Foolish. <sup>26</sup> Churls, rather  
 dreamers. <sup>27</sup> Praises. <sup>28</sup> Knows.

# EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE. 3

Sommetyme at tragedie theie laughe and fynge,  
 At merrie yaped <sup>29</sup> fage <sup>30</sup> fomme hard-drayned water  
 brynge. 30

Yette Vevyan ys né foole, beyinde <sup>31</sup> hys lynes.  
 Geofroie makes vearfe, as handycraftes theyr ware;  
 Wordes wythoute fense full groffyingelye <sup>32</sup> he twynes,  
 Cotteynge <sup>32\*</sup> hys storie off as wythe a sheere;  
 Waytes monthes on nothyng, & hys storie donne, <sup>35</sup>  
 Nemoe you from ytte kenn, than gyf <sup>33</sup> you neere begonne.

Enowe of odhers; of miefelfe to write,  
 Requyrynge whatt I doe, notte nowe possels,  
 To you I leave the taske; I kenne your myghte  
 Wyll make miefaultes, mie meynthe <sup>34</sup> off faultes, be lefs. <sup>40</sup>  
 ÆLLA wythe thys I fende, and hope that you  
 Wylle from ytte cast awaie, whatte lynes maie be untrue.

<sup>29</sup> Laughable. <sup>30</sup> Tale, jest. <sup>31</sup> Beyond. <sup>32</sup> Foolishly, *vulgarly*,  
*abjectly*. <sup>32\*</sup> Cutting. <sup>33</sup> If. <sup>34</sup> Many.

4 EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE.

Playes made from hallie <sup>35</sup> tales I holde unmeete;  
Lette somme greate storie of a manne be fonge;  
Whanne, as a manne, we Godde and Jesus treate, 45  
In mie pore mynde, we doe the Godhedde wronge.  
Botte lette ne wordes, whyche droorie <sup>36</sup> mote ne heare,  
Bee placed yn the same. Adieu untylle anere <sup>37</sup>.

THOMAS ROWLEIE.

<sup>35</sup> Holy. <sup>36</sup> Strange perversion of words. *Droorie* in its ancient  
signification stood for *modesty*. <sup>37</sup> Another.

LETTER

# LETTER TO THE DYGNE MASTRE CANYNGE.

**S**Traunge dome ytte ys, that, yn these daies of oures,  
 Nete <sup>38</sup> butte a bare recytalle can hav place;  
 Nowe shapelie poefie haft losse yttes powers,  
 And pynant <sup>39</sup> hystorie ys onlie grace;  
 Heie <sup>40</sup> pycke up wolfsome <sup>41</sup> weedes, ynstedde of flowers, 5  
 And famylies, ynstedde of wytte, theie trace;  
 Nowe poefie canne meete wythe ne regrate <sup>42</sup>,  
 Whylste prose, & herehaughtrie <sup>43</sup>, ryse yn estate.

Lette kynges, & rulers, whan heie gayne a throne,  
 Shewwhatttheyregrandfieres,&greatgrandfieresbore, 10  
 Emarfchalled <sup>44</sup> armes, yatte, ne before theyre owne,  
 Now raung'd wythe whatt yeir fadres han before;  
 Lette trades, & tounne folck, lett fyke <sup>45</sup> thynges alone,  
 Ne fyghte for fable yn a fiede of aure <sup>46</sup>;

<sup>38</sup> Nought. <sup>39</sup> Languid, insipid. <sup>40</sup> They. <sup>41</sup> Noxious, loathsome.  
<sup>42</sup> Esteem. <sup>43</sup> Heraldry. <sup>44</sup> Blazoned, <sup>45</sup> Such, <sup>46</sup> Or, in heraldry.

6 LETTER TO MASTRE CANYNGE,

Seldomm, or never, are armes vyrtues mede, 13  
 Shee nillynge <sup>47</sup> to take myckle <sup>48</sup> aie dothe hede,

A man afcaunfe <sup>49</sup> uponn a piece maye looke,  
 And shake hys hedde to styre hys rede <sup>50</sup> aboute;  
 Quod he, gyf I askaunted <sup>51</sup> oere thys booke,  
 Schulde fynde thereyn that trouthe ys left wythoute; 20  
 Eke <sup>51\*</sup>, gyf <sup>52</sup> unto a view percafe <sup>53</sup> I tooke  
 The long beade-rolle of al the wrytynge route,  
 Aslerius, Ingolphus, Torgotte, Bedde,  
 Thorow hem <sup>54</sup> al nete lyche ytte I coulde rede.—

Pardon, yee Graiebarbes <sup>55</sup>, gyff I saie, onwise 25  
 Yee are, to stycke so clofe & byfmarerie <sup>56</sup>  
 To hystorie; you doe ytte tooe moche pryze,  
 Whyche amenufed <sup>57</sup> thoughtes of poesie;  
 Somme drybblette <sup>58</sup> share you shoulde to yatte <sup>59</sup> alyfe <sup>60</sup>,  
 Nott makynge everyche thyng bee hystorie; 30

<sup>47</sup> Unwilling. <sup>48</sup> Much. <sup>49</sup> Obliquely. <sup>50</sup> Wisdom, council.  
<sup>51</sup> Glauced. <sup>52</sup> Also. <sup>53</sup> If. <sup>54</sup> Perchance. <sup>55</sup> Them. <sup>56</sup> Grey-  
 beards. <sup>57</sup> Curiously. <sup>58</sup> Lessened. <sup>59</sup> Small. <sup>60</sup> That. <sup>60</sup> Allow.

# LETTER TO MASTRE CANYNGE.

Instedde of mountynge onn a wynged horse, \*  
 You onn a rouncy <sup>61</sup> dryve yn dolefull course.  
 Canynge & I from common course dyllente;  
 Wee ryde the stede, botte yev <sup>62</sup> to hym the reene;  
 Ne wylle betweene crased<sup>62\*</sup> molteryng<sup>63</sup> bookes be-  
     pente, 35  
 Botte soare on hyghe, & yn the sonne-bemes sheene;  
 And where wee kenn somme ishad <sup>64</sup> floures besprente<sup>65</sup>,  
 We take ytte, & from ould rouse doe ytte clene;  
 Wee wylle ne cheynedd to one pasture bee,  
 Botte sometymes soare 'bove trouthe of hyssorie. 40

Saie, Canynge, whatt was vearse yn daies of yore?  
 Fyne thoughtes, and couplettes fetyvelie <sup>66</sup> bewryen <sup>67</sup>,  
 Notte fyke as doe annoie thys age so fore,  
 A keppened <sup>68</sup> poyntelle <sup>69</sup> restynge at eche lyne.  
 Vearse maie be goode, botte poesie wantes more, 45  
 An onlist <sup>70</sup> lecturn <sup>71</sup>, and a songe adygne <sup>72</sup>;

<sup>61</sup> Cart horse. <sup>62</sup> Give. <sup>62\*</sup> Broken. <sup>63</sup> Musty, mouldering. <sup>64</sup> Broken, scattered. <sup>65</sup> Spread. <sup>66</sup> Elegantly. <sup>67</sup> Declared, expressed, displayed. <sup>68</sup> Studied. <sup>69</sup> A pen, used metaphorically, as a muse or genius, rather exactness. <sup>70</sup> Boundless. <sup>71</sup> Subject, lecture. <sup>72</sup> Nervous, worthy of praise.

## LETTER TO MASTRE CANYNGE,

Accordynge to the rule I have thys wroughte,  
Gyff ytt please Canynge, I care nōttela goāte.

The thyngē yttis moſte beē yttis owne deſenſe;

Som metre maie notte please a womannes ear. 50

Canynge lookes notte for poeſie, botte ſenſe;

And dygne, & wordie <sup>73</sup> thoughtes, ys all hys care.

Canynge, adieu! I do you greete from hence;

Full ſoone I hope to taſte of your good cheere;

Goode Byshoppe Carpynter dyd byd mee ſaie, 55

Hee wyſche <sup>74</sup> you healthe & ſelineſſe <sup>75</sup> for aie.

T. ROWLEIE.

<sup>73</sup> Worthy. <sup>74</sup> Wiſhes. <sup>75</sup> Happineſs.]

ENTRODUC.

## INTRODUCTIONNE.

**SOMME** cherifaunei <sup>76</sup> ?tys to gentle mynde,  
 Whan heie have chevyced <sup>77</sup> theyre londe from bayne<sup>78</sup>,  
 Whan theie ar dedd, theie leave yer name behynde,  
 And theyre goode deedes doe on the earthe remayne;  
 Downe yn the grave wee yphyme <sup>79</sup> everych steyne<sup>80</sup>, 5  
 Whylest al her <sup>81</sup> gentlenesse ys made to sheene,  
 Lyche fetyve <sup>82</sup> baubels <sup>83</sup> geafonne<sup>84</sup> to be seene.

**ÆLLA**, the wardenne of thys <sup>85</sup> castell <sup>86</sup> stede,  
 Whylest Saxons dyd the Englysche sceptre swaie,  
 Who made whole troopes of Dacyan men to blede, 10  
 Then feel'd <sup>87</sup> hys eyne, and seeled hys eyne for aie,  
 Wee rowze hym uppe before the judgment daie,  
 To saie what he, as clergiyond <sup>88</sup>, can kenne,  
 And howe hee sojourned in the vale of men.

<sup>76</sup> Comfort. <sup>77</sup> Preserved, redeemed. <sup>78</sup> Ruin. <sup>79</sup> Inter. <sup>80</sup> Fault, blot. <sup>81</sup> Their <sup>82</sup> Neat, comely. <sup>83</sup> Jewels. <sup>84</sup> Rare. <sup>85</sup> Bristol. <sup>86</sup> Castle. <sup>87</sup> Closed. <sup>88</sup> Taught.

**ÆLLA.**

## Æ L L A.

CELMONDE, att BRYSTOWE.

BEFORE yonne roddie sonne has droove hys  
wayne

Throwe half his jeornie, dyghte<sup>1</sup> yn gites<sup>2</sup> of goulde,  
Mee, happelefs me, hee wylle a wretche behoulde,  
Mieselfe, and al that's myne, bounde ynne myschaunces  
chayne.

Ah! Birtha, whie did Nature frame thee fayre? 5

Whie art thou all thatt poyntelle<sup>3</sup> canne bewreene<sup>4</sup>?

Whie art thou nott as coarfe as odhers are?—

Botte thenn thie foughle woulde throwe thy vyfage  
sheene,

Yatt shemres<sup>5</sup> on thie comelie semlykeene<sup>6</sup>,

Lyche nottebrowne cloudes, whann bie the sonne  
made redde, 10

<sup>1</sup> Cloathed. <sup>2</sup> Robes, mantles. <sup>3</sup> A pen. <sup>4</sup> Express. <sup>5</sup> Shines.  
<sup>6</sup> Countenance.

Orr scarlette, wyth waykle <sup>7</sup> lynnyn clothe ywreene <sup>8</sup>,  
 Syke <sup>9</sup> would thie spryte upponn thie vyfage fpreddē.  
 Thys daie brave Ælla dothe thyne honde & harte  
 Clayme as hys owne to be, whyche nee fromm hys moste  
 parte.

And cann I lyve to see herr wythe anere <sup>10</sup>! 15  
 Ytt cannotte, muste notte, naie, ytt shalle not bee.  
 Thys nyghte I'll putte stronge poyfonn ynn the beere,  
 And hym, herr, and my selfe, attenes <sup>11</sup> wyll flea.  
 Assyst mee, Helle! lett Devylles rounde mee tende,  
 To slea mie selfe, mie love, & eke mie doughtie <sup>12</sup> friende. 20

## Æ L L A, B I R T H A,

## Æ L L A.

Notte, whanne the hallie <sup>13</sup> priested yd make me knyghte,  
 Blessynge the weaponne, tellynge future dede,  
 Howe bie mie honde the prevyd <sup>14</sup> Dane shoulde blede,  
 Howe I schulde often bee, and often wyne, ynn fyghte;

<sup>7</sup> Chosen. <sup>8</sup> Covered. <sup>9</sup> Such. <sup>10</sup> Another. <sup>11</sup> At once.  
<sup>12</sup> Mighty, valiant. <sup>13</sup> Holy. <sup>14</sup> Hardy, valourous.

Notte, whann I fyrste behelde thie beauteous hue, 25  
 Whyche strooke mie mynde, & rouzed my softer soule;  
 Nott, whann from the barbed <sup>15</sup> horse yn fyghte dyd  
 viewe

The flying Dacians oere the wyde playne roule,  
 Whan all the troopes of Denmarque made grete dole, <sup>16</sup>  
 Dydd I fele joie wyth fyke reddoure <sup>17</sup> as nowe, 30  
 Whann hallie preest, the lechemanne <sup>18</sup> of the soule,  
 Dydd knytte us both ynn a caytysnede <sup>19</sup> vowe:  
 Now hallie <sup>20</sup> Ælla's felynesse <sup>21</sup> ys grate;  
 Shap <sup>22</sup> haveth nowe ymade hys woes for to emmate <sup>23</sup>.

## B I R T H A.

Mie lorde, and husbande, fyke <sup>24</sup> a joie is myne; 35  
 Botte mayden modestie moſte ne foe faie,  
 Albeytte thou mayeſt rede ytt ynn myne eyne,  
 Or ynn myne harte, where thou ſhalte be for aie;  
 Inne ſothe, I have botte meeded, <sup>25</sup> poute thie faie <sup>26</sup>;  
 Fortwelve tymeſtwelve the mone hath bin yblente <sup>27</sup>, 40

<sup>15</sup> Armed. <sup>16</sup> Lamentation. <sup>17</sup> Violence. <sup>18</sup> Physician. <sup>19</sup> Binding, enforcing. <sup>20</sup> Happy. <sup>21</sup> Happiness. <sup>22</sup> Fate. <sup>23</sup> Lessen, decrease. <sup>24</sup> Such. <sup>25</sup> Recompensed. <sup>26</sup> Faith, constancy. <sup>27</sup> Blinded.

# A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 13.

As manie tymes hathe vyed <sup>28</sup> the Godde of daie,  
 And on the grasse her lemes <sup>29</sup> of fylverr sente,  
 Sythe thou dydst cheefe <sup>30</sup> mee for thie swote <sup>31</sup> to bee,  
 Enactynge \* <sup>31</sup> ynn the fame moste faiefullie to mee.

Ofte have I seene thee atte the none-daie feaste, 45  
 Whanne deyde <sup>32</sup> bie thieselfe, for wante of pheeres <sup>33</sup>,  
 Awghlft thie merrymen <sup>34</sup> dydde laughe and jeaste,  
 Onn mee thou semest all eyne, to mee all eares.  
 Thou wardest <sup>35</sup> mee as gyff <sup>36</sup> ynn hondred feeres,  
 Alest <sup>37</sup> a daygnous <sup>38</sup> looke to thee be sente, 50  
 And offrendes <sup>39</sup> made mee, moe thann yie compheeres,<sup>40</sup>  
 Offe scarpes <sup>41</sup> of scarlette, & fyne paramente <sup>42</sup>;  
 All thie yntente to please was lyfled <sup>43</sup> to mee,  
 I faie ytt, I moste streve <sup>44</sup> thatt you ameded <sup>45</sup> bee.

Æ L L A.

Mie lyttel kyndnesses whyche I dydd doe, 55  
 Thie gentleness doth corven <sup>46</sup> them soe grete,  
 Lyche bawfyn <sup>47</sup> olyphauntes<sup>48</sup> mie gnattes doe shewe;  
 Thou doest mie thoughtes of paying love amate <sup>49</sup>.

<sup>28</sup> Viewed. <sup>29</sup> Lights, rays. <sup>30</sup> Chuse. <sup>31</sup> Sweetheart, bride. \* <sup>31</sup> Acting.  
<sup>32</sup> Seated under a canopy. <sup>33</sup> Fellows, equals. <sup>34</sup> Followers. <sup>35</sup> Watchest.  
<sup>36</sup> If. <sup>37</sup> Least. <sup>38</sup> Disdainful. <sup>39</sup> Presents, offerings. <sup>40</sup> Equals,  
 companions. <sup>41</sup> Scarfs. <sup>42</sup> Robes of scarlet. <sup>43</sup> Bounded, confined.  
<sup>44</sup> Strive. <sup>45</sup> Rewarded. <sup>46</sup> Represent. <sup>47</sup> Large. <sup>48</sup> Elephants. <sup>49</sup> Destroy.

Botte

Botte hann mie actyonns straughte <sup>50</sup> the rolle of fate,  
 Pyghte <sup>51</sup> thee fromm Hell, or brought Heaven down  
 to thee, 60

Layde the whol worlde a faldstole <sup>52</sup> atte thie feete,  
 On smyle would be suffycyll <sup>53</sup> mede <sup>54</sup> for mee.

I amm Loves borro'r, & canne never paie,  
 Bot be hys borrower styll, & thyne, mie fwete, for aie.

## B I R T H A.

Love, doe notte rate your achevments <sup>55</sup> foe smalle; 65  
 As I to you, fyke love untoe mee beare;  
 For nothyng paste will Birtha ever call,  
 Ne on a foode from Heaven thynke to cheere.  
 As farr as thys frayle brutylle <sup>56</sup> flesch wyll spere, <sup>57</sup>  
 Syke, & ne fardher I expecte of you; 70  
 Be notte toe slack yn love, ne overdeare;  
 A smalle fyre, yan a loud flame, proves more true.

## Æ L L A.

This gentle wordis toe thie volunde <sup>58</sup> kenne <sup>59</sup>  
 To bee moe clergionde <sup>60</sup> thann ys ynn meyncte of menne.

<sup>50</sup> Stretched. <sup>51</sup> Plucked. <sup>52</sup> Kneeling-stool. <sup>53</sup> Sufficient. <sup>54</sup> Reward.  
<sup>55</sup> Services. <sup>56</sup> Frail. <sup>57</sup> Allow. <sup>58</sup> Memory, understanding, disposition.  
<sup>59</sup> Make known. <sup>60</sup> Learned.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 15

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MYN-  
STRELLES.

CELMONDE.

Alle bleffyngeſ ſhowre on gentle Ælla's hedde ! 76  
Oft maie the moone, yn fylverr ſheenynge lyghte,  
Inne varied chaunges varied bleffyngeſ ſhedde,  
Beſprengeynge<sup>61</sup>. far abrode miſchaunces nyghte,  
And thou, fayre Birtha ! thou, fayre Dame, ſo bryghte,  
Long mayeſt thou wyth Ælla fynde much peace, 80  
Wythe ſelyneſſe<sup>62</sup> as wyth a roabe, be dyghte,<sup>63</sup>  
Wyth everych chaungynge mone new joies encreaſe !  
I, as a token of mie love to ſpeake,  
Have brought you jubbeſ<sup>64</sup> of ale, at nyghte youre  
brayne<sup>65</sup> to breake.

Æ L L A.

Whan fopperes paſte we'lle drenche youre ale foe  
ſtronge, 85  
Tyde<sup>66</sup> lyfe, tyde death.

<sup>61</sup> Scattering, diſperſing. <sup>62</sup> Happineſſe. <sup>63</sup> Cloathed. <sup>64</sup> Yuge. <sup>65</sup> Care.  
<sup>66</sup> Betide or happen.

## C E L M O N D E.

*Ye Mynstrelles, chaunt your songe*

*Mynstrelles Songe, be a Manne and Womanne.*

*M A N N E.*

Tourne thee to this Shepster<sup>67</sup> swayne;

Bryghte sonne has ne droncke the dewe

From the floures of yellowe hue;

Tourne thee, Alyce, baske agayne. 90

*W O M A N N E.*

No, beſtoikerre<sup>68</sup> I wyll go,

Softlie tryppynge o'ere the mees<sup>69</sup>,

Lyche the fylver-footed doe,

Seekeynge sheltter yn grene trees.

*M A N N E.*

See the mofs-growne daifey'd banke, 95

Pereynge<sup>70</sup> ynne the streame belowe;

Here we'lle fyttē, in dewie danke; \*<sup>70</sup>

Tourne thee, Alyce, do notte goe.

<sup>67</sup> Shepherd. <sup>68</sup> Deceiver. <sup>69</sup> Meadows. <sup>70</sup> Appedring. \* <sup>70</sup> Damp,  
moisture.

## A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 19

W O M A N N E.

I've hearde erſte <sup>71</sup> this grandame ſaie,  
Yonge damoyſelles <sup>72</sup> ſchulde ne bee, 100  
Inne the ſwote <sup>73</sup> moonthe of Maie,  
Wythe yonge menne bie the grene wode tree.

M A N N E.

Sytte thee, Alyce, ſytte, and harken,  
Howe the ouzle <sup>74</sup> chauntes hy's hoate,  
The chelandree <sup>75</sup>, greie morn larken, 105  
Chauntynge from theyre lyttel throate;

W O M A N N E.

I heare them from eche grene wode tree,  
Chauntynge owte ſo blatauntlie <sup>76</sup>,  
Tellynge lecturnyes <sup>77</sup> to mee,  
Myſcheefe ys whanne you are nygh. 110

<sup>71</sup> Formerly. <sup>72</sup> Damſels. <sup>73</sup> Pleaſant. <sup>74</sup> The blackbird. <sup>75</sup> Gold-  
ſack. <sup>76</sup> Loudly. <sup>77</sup> Lectures.

C

MANNE.

## M A N N E.

See alonge the mees <sup>78</sup> fo grene

Pied daifies, kyngs-coppes fwote;

Alle wee see, bie non bee seene,

Nete botte shepe fettes here a fote.

## W O M A N N E.

Shepster fwayne, you tare mie gratche <sup>79</sup>

115

Oute uponne ye! lette me goe.

Leave mee fwythe <sup>80</sup>, or I'lle alatche. <sup>81</sup>

Robynne, thys youre dame shall knowe.

## M A N N E.

See! the crokyng <sup>82</sup> brionie.

Rounde the popler twyfte hys spraie;

120

Rounde the oake the greene ivie

Florryschethe <sup>83</sup> and lyveth aie.

Lette us seate us bie thys tree,

Laughe, and fynge to lovyng ayres;

Comme, and doe notte coyen <sup>84</sup> bee;

125

Nature made all thynges bie payres.

<sup>78</sup> Meadows. <sup>79</sup> Apparel, <sup>80</sup> Quickly. <sup>81</sup> Accuse, cry out. <sup>82</sup> Crooked, twisting. <sup>83</sup> Flourishes. <sup>84</sup> Coy.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 19

Droried <sup>85</sup> cattedes wylle after kynde;

Gentle doves wylle kyfs and coe:

W O M A N N E.

Botte manne, hee moſte bee ywrynde, <sup>86</sup>

Tylle fyr preeſte make on of two.

130

Tempte mee ne to the foule thyng;

I wylle no mannes lemanne <sup>87</sup> be;

Tyll fyr preeſte hys ſonge doethe ſynge,

Thou ſhalt neere fynde aught of mee.

M A N N E.

Bie oure ladie her yborne, <sup>88</sup>

135

To-morrowe, ſoone as ytte ys daie,

I'lle make thee wyfe, ne bee forſworne,

So tyd me lyfe or dethe for aie.

W O M A N N E.

Whatt dothe lette, botte thatte nowe

Wee attenes <sup>89</sup>, thoſ honde yn honde,

140

Unto divinifre <sup>90</sup> goe,

And bee lyncked yn wedlocke bonde?

<sup>85</sup> Modest. <sup>86</sup> Separated. <sup>87</sup> Miſtreſſe. <sup>88</sup> San. <sup>89</sup> At once. <sup>90</sup> A divine.

## MANNING

I agree, and thus I plyghte

Honde, and harte, and all that's myne;

Goode fyr Rögerr, do us ryghte, 145

Make us one, at Cothbertes shryne.

## B O T H E.

We wylle ynn a bordelle<sup>91</sup> lyve;

Hailie,<sup>92</sup> thoughe of no estate;

Everyche clocke moe love shall gyve;

Wee ynn godenesse wylle bee greate. 150

## Æ L L A:

I lyche thys songe, I lyche ytt myckle well;

And there ys monie for yer syngeyne now<sup>93</sup>;

Butte have you ndone thatt marriage-blessynges telle?

## C E L M O N D E.

In marriage, blessynges are botte fewe, I trowe.<sup>93</sup>

<sup>91</sup> A cottage. <sup>92</sup> Happy. <sup>93</sup> Think.

# A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 41

## MYNSTRELLES.

Laverde<sup>94</sup>, we have; and, gyff you please, wille  
fynge, 155

As well as owre choughe-voyses<sup>95</sup> wille permytte,

## Æ L L A.

Comme then, and see you fwotellie<sup>96</sup> tune the strynges,

And stret<sup>97</sup>, and engyne<sup>98</sup> all the human wytte,

Toe please mie dame,

## MYNSTRELLES.

We'lle strayne owre wytte and fynge.

## *Mynstrelles Song.*

## FYRSTE MYNSTRELLE.

The boddynges<sup>99</sup> flourettes bloffhes<sup>100</sup> atte the lyghte; 160

The mees<sup>101</sup> be sprenge<sup>102</sup> wyth the yellowe hue;

Ynn daifeyd mahtels ys the mountayne dyghte; 103

The neth<sup>104</sup> yonge coweslepe bendethe wyth the dewe;

<sup>94</sup> Lord. <sup>95</sup> Hoarse, as raven voices. <sup>96</sup> Sweetly. <sup>97</sup> Stretch. <sup>98</sup> Rack.

<sup>99</sup> Budding. <sup>100</sup> Blush. <sup>101</sup> Meadows. <sup>102</sup> Sprinkled. <sup>103</sup> Cloathed.

<sup>104</sup> Tender.

The trees enlefed <sup>105</sup>, yntoe Heavenne straughte <sup>106</sup>,  
 Whenn gentle wyndes doe blowe, to wheefflyng <sup>107</sup> dynne <sup>108</sup>  
 ys broughte. 165

The evenynge commes, and brynges the dewe alonge;  
 The roddie <sup>109</sup> welkynne <sup>110</sup> fheeneth to the eyne;  
 Arounde the alefke <sup>111</sup> Mynstrells fynge the fonge;  
 Yonge ivie rounde the doore poſte do entwynne;  
 I laie mee onn the graffe; yette, to mie wylle, 170  
 Albeytte alle ys fayre, there lackethe fomethynge ftylle,

## SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

So Adam thoughteane <sup>112</sup>, whann, ynn Paradyſe,  
 All Heavenn and Erthe dyd hommage to hys mynde;  
 Ynn Womman alleyne <sup>113</sup> mannes pleaſaunce lyes;  
 As Inſtrumentes of joie were made the kynde. 175  
 Go, take a wyfe. untoe thie armes, and fee  
 Wynter, and brownie <sup>114</sup> hylles, wyll have a charme for  
 thee.

<sup>105</sup> Full of leaves. <sup>106</sup> Stretched. <sup>107</sup> Whiffing. <sup>108</sup> Sound. <sup>109</sup> Red,  
<sup>110</sup> Sky. <sup>111</sup> Maypole. <sup>112</sup> Thought. <sup>113</sup> Alone. <sup>114</sup> Begun.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 23

THYRDE MYNSTRELLE.

Whanne Autumpe blake<sup>115</sup> and sonne-brente<sup>116</sup> doe  
appere,

Wyth-hys gouldé hōnde guytēynge<sup>117</sup> the fallēynge  
lese,

Bryngēynge oppe Wynterr to folfylle<sup>118</sup> the yere, 180  
Beerynge uponne hys backe the riped shefe;

Whan al the hyls wythe woddie fede ys whyte;

Whanne letynne fyres<sup>119</sup> and lemes<sup>120</sup> do mete from far  
the fyghte;

Whann the fayre apple, ruddy<sup>121</sup> as even skie,

Do bendé the tree unto the fructyle<sup>122</sup> groundē; 185

When joicie<sup>123</sup> peres<sup>124</sup>, and berries of blacke die,

Doe dance yn' ayre, and call the eyne aroundē;

Thann, bee the even foule, or even fayre,

Meethynkes nie hartys joie ys sleyned<sup>125</sup> wyth somme  
care.

<sup>115</sup> Naked. <sup>116</sup> Sun-burnt. <sup>117</sup> Gilding. <sup>118</sup> Fill up. <sup>119</sup> Flashes of  
lightning. <sup>120</sup> Meteors. <sup>121</sup> Red. <sup>122</sup> Fertile. <sup>123</sup> Juicy. <sup>124</sup> Pearls.  
<sup>125</sup> Stained, alloyed.

## SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

Angelles bee wroghte <sup>126</sup> to bee of neidhar kynde; <sup>127</sup> 192

Angelles alleyn fromme chafe <sup>127</sup> defyre bee free;

Dheere <sup>128</sup> ys a fomwhatte evere yn the mynde,

Yatte, wythout wommanne, cannot stylded bee;

Ne feynste yn celles, botte, havynge blodde and tere <sup>129</sup>,

Do fynde the spryte to joie on syghte of womanne

fayre; 195

Wommen bee made, notte for hemselfes botte manne,

Bone of hys bone, and chyld of hys desire;

Fromme an ynutyll <sup>130</sup> membre fyrste beganne,

Ywroghte <sup>131</sup> with moche <sup>132</sup> of water, lyttel fyre;

Therefore theie seke the fyre of love, to hete 200

The milkyness of kynde, and make hemselfes complete.

Albeytte, wythout women, manne were pheeres <sup>133</sup>

To salvage kynde, and wulde botte lyve to flea,

Botte wommanne este <sup>134</sup> the spryghte of peace so

cheres <sup>135</sup>,

Toohelod <sup>136</sup> yn Angel joie heie <sup>137</sup> Angeles bee;

<sup>126</sup> Formed. <sup>127</sup> Hot. <sup>128</sup> There. <sup>129</sup> Health. <sup>130</sup> Useless. <sup>131</sup> Com-  
posed. <sup>132</sup> Much. <sup>133</sup> Fellows, equals. <sup>134</sup> Often. <sup>135</sup> Cherishes, soothes.

<sup>136</sup> Joined. <sup>137</sup> They.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 25.

Go, take thee wythyn of yon thial hedde a wyfe,  
 Bee bante<sup>139</sup> or blessed be! <sup>140</sup> yn proovynge mannyge  
 lyfe.

*Anodher Mynstrelles Songe, be Syr Thybbot Gorges,*

As Elynour, be the green leffelle <sup>141</sup> was syttinge,  
 As from the sones hete she harried <sup>142</sup>,  
 She sayde, as herr whytte hondes whyte hofen was kny-  
 tynge, 210

Whatte pleasure ytt ys to be married!

Mie husbände, Lorde Thomas, a forrefter boulde,  
 As ever clove pynne, or the baskette <sup>143</sup>,  
 Does no cherysauncys <sup>144</sup> from Elynour houlde,  
 I have ytte as soone as I aske ytte. 215

Whann I lyved wyth mie fadre yn meryle Clowd-dell,  
 Tho' twas at my liefe <sup>145</sup> to mynde spynnyng,  
 I styll wanted somethynge, botte whatte ne coulde telle,  
 Mie lorde fadres barbdg haulle <sup>146</sup> han ne wynnyng <sup>147</sup>.

<sup>139</sup> Quickly! <sup>139</sup> Cursed. <sup>140</sup> Highly. <sup>141</sup> Arbour. <sup>142</sup> Hastened.  
<sup>143</sup> Terms in Archery. <sup>144</sup> Comforts. <sup>145</sup> Choice. <sup>146</sup> Hung with Armour.  
<sup>147</sup> Allurements.

Eche mornynge I ryse, doe I sette mie maydenne, 110

Somme to spyyn, somme to cardell, <sup>148</sup> somme bleachynge,

Gyff any new entered doe aske for mie aidens, <sup>149</sup>

Thann swythynne <sup>150</sup> you fynde mee a teachynge.

Lorde. Walterre, mie fadre, <sup>151</sup> he loved me welle,

And nothyng unto mee was nedeinge, 225

Botte schulde I agen goe to merrie Cloud-dell,

In sothen <sup>152</sup> twoulde bee wythoute redeinge <sup>153</sup>,

Shee sayde, and lorde Thomas came over the lea,

As hee the fatte derkynnes <sup>154</sup> wae chacynge,

Shee putte uppe her knyttyng, and to hym wente shee; 230

So wee leave hem bothe kyndelie embracynge.

Æ L L A.

I lyche eke thys; goe ynn untoe the feaste;

Wee wylle permytte you antecedente <sup>155</sup> hee;

Therewithotlie synge eche carolle, <sup>156</sup> and yaped <sup>157</sup> jeaste;

And there ys monnie, that you merrie bee; 235

<sup>148</sup> Card. <sup>149</sup> Assistance. <sup>150</sup> Immediately. <sup>151</sup> Father. <sup>152</sup> Truth.

<sup>153</sup> Wisdom, deliberation. <sup>154</sup> Young deer. <sup>155</sup> To go before. <sup>156</sup> Song,

<sup>157</sup> Laughable.

# A TRAGYCALL ENTERLUDE. 27.

Comme gentle love, wee wylle the spowse-feaste goe,  
And there ynn ale and wyne bee dreyned w<sup>th</sup> everysh  
woe.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MESSENGERE,

## MESSENGERE.

Ælla, the Danes ar thondrynge onn our coaste;  
Lyche scolles<sup>159</sup> of locusts, caste oppe bie the sea,  
Magnus and Hurra, wythe a doughtie<sup>160</sup> hoaste, 249  
Are ragyng, to be quanfed<sup>161</sup> bie none botte thee;  
Haste, swyfte as Levynne<sup>162</sup> to these royners<sup>163</sup> flee;  
Thie dogges alleyn can tame thys ragynge bulle.  
Haste swythyn, fore<sup>164</sup> anieghe<sup>\*164</sup> the towne theie bee,  
And Wedecesternes rolle of dome bee fulle. 245  
Haste, haste, O Ælla, to the byker<sup>165</sup> fle,

For yn a momentes space tenne thousand menne maie die.

## Æ L L A.

Beshrew thee for thie newes! I mooste be gon.

Was ever locklefs dome so hard as myne!

Thos from dysportyfmente<sup>166</sup> to warr to ron, 259

To chaunge the felke<sup>\*166</sup> veste for the gaberdyne! 167

<sup>158</sup> Drowned. <sup>159</sup> Shoals. <sup>160</sup> Valiant. <sup>161</sup> Stilled, quenched.  
<sup>162</sup> Lightning. <sup>163</sup> Ravagers. <sup>164</sup> Before. \* <sup>164</sup> Near. <sup>165</sup> Battle.  
<sup>166</sup> Enjoyment. \* <sup>166</sup> Silk. <sup>167</sup> Military cloak.

BIRTHA.

Æ L L A,

# BIRTHA.

O! lyche a nedere,<sup>168</sup> lette me rounde thee twyne,<sup>169</sup>  
 And hylte<sup>169</sup> thie boddie from the schaftes of warre.  
 Thou shalte nott, must not, from thie Birtha ryne,<sup>170</sup>  
 Botte kenn the dynne of flughornes<sup>171</sup> from asarre. 225

Æ L L A,

O love, was thys thie joie, to shewe the treate,  
 Than groffylhe<sup>172</sup> to forbydde thie hongered guesstes to  
 eate?

O mie upswalynge<sup>173</sup> harte, whatt wordes can saie  
 The peynes, thatte passethe ynn mie soule ybrente?<sup>174</sup>  
 Thos to bee torne uponne mie spousalle daie, 260  
 O! 'tys a payne beyond entendement.<sup>175</sup>  
 Yee mychtie Goddes, and is yor favoures sente  
 As thou faste dented<sup>176</sup> to a loade of payne?  
 Moste wee aie holde yn chace the shade content,  
 And for a bodykyn<sup>177</sup> a swarthe<sup>178</sup> obteyne? 365

<sup>168</sup> Adder. <sup>169</sup> Hide. <sup>170</sup> Rite. <sup>171</sup> Warlike instruments of music. <sup>172</sup> Rude-  
 ly, sternly. <sup>173</sup> Swelling. <sup>174</sup> Burnt up. <sup>175</sup> Comprehension. <sup>176</sup> Spoiled.  
<sup>177</sup> Body, substance. <sup>178</sup> Ghost, or shadows.

# A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 29

O! whie, yee feynctes, oppres yee thos mie fowle?  
 How shalle I speke mie woe, mie fremē,<sup>179</sup> mie dreerie<sup>180</sup>  
 dole?<sup>181</sup>

## CELMONDE.

Sometyme the wyfeste lacketh pore mans rede.<sup>182</sup>  
 Reasonne and counynge wytte este<sup>183</sup> flees awaie.  
 Thanne, loverde<sup>184</sup> lett me saie, wyth hommaged drede  
 (Bieneth your fote ylayn)<sup>185</sup> mie counselle saie; 271  
 Gyff thos wee lett the matter lethlen<sup>186</sup> laie,  
 The foemenn, everych honde-poynte,<sup>187</sup> getteth fote.  
 Mieloverde, lett the speere-menne, dyghte<sup>188</sup> for fraie,<sup>189</sup>  
 And all the sabbataners<sup>190</sup> goe aboute. 275

I speke, mie loverde, alleyn<sup>191</sup> to upryfe  
 Your wytte from maruelle, and the warriour to alyfe.<sup>192</sup>

## Æ L L A:

Ah! nowe thou pottest takells<sup>193</sup> yn mie harte;  
 Mie foulge<sup>194</sup> dothe nowe begynne to see herselfe;  
 I wylle upryfe mie myghte, and doe mie parte, 280  
 To flea the foemenne yn mie furie felle.<sup>195</sup>

<sup>179</sup> Strange. <sup>180</sup> Dire, grievous. <sup>181</sup> Sorrow. <sup>182</sup> Counsel, advice. <sup>183</sup> Often.  
<sup>184</sup> Lord. <sup>185</sup> Prostrate, lying. <sup>186</sup> Still, dead. <sup>187</sup> Moments. <sup>188</sup> Prepared.  
<sup>189</sup> Battle. <sup>190</sup> Booted soldiers. <sup>191</sup> Only. <sup>192</sup> Set free. <sup>193</sup> Arrows, darts.  
<sup>194</sup> Soul. <sup>195</sup> Pernicious.

Botte howe canne tynge<sup>196</sup> mierampynge fourie<sup>197</sup> telle,

Whyche ryfeth from mie love to Birtha fayre?

Ne coulde the queede,<sup>198</sup> and alle the myghte of Helle;

Founde out impleasance<sup>199</sup> off yke blacke ageare.<sup>200</sup> 285

Yette I wylle bee miefelfe, and rouze mie spryte

To acte wythe rennome,<sup>201</sup> and goe meet the bloddie  
fyghte.

### B I R T H A.

No, thou schalfe never leave thie Birtha's syde;

Ne schall the wynde uponne us blowe alleyn;

I, lyche a nedre,<sup>202</sup> wylle untoe thee byde; 290

Tyde \* <sup>203</sup> lyfe, tyde deathe, ytte shall behoulde us  
twayne.

I have mie parte of drierie<sup>203</sup> dole<sup>204</sup> and peyne;

Itte brasteth<sup>205</sup> from mee atte the holtred<sup>206</sup> eyne;

Ynne tydes of teares mie swarthyng<sup>207</sup> spryte wyll  
drayne,

Gyff drerie dole ys thyne, tys twa tymes myne. 295

Goe notte, O Ælla; wythe thie Birtha staie;

For wyth thie femmlykeed<sup>208</sup> mie spryte wyll goe awaie.

<sup>196</sup> Tongue. <sup>197</sup> Fury. <sup>198</sup> Devil. <sup>199</sup> Unpleasantness. <sup>200</sup> Appearance, dress.  
<sup>201</sup> Renown. <sup>202</sup> Adder. \* <sup>203</sup> Betide. <sup>204</sup> Grievous. <sup>205</sup> Sorrow. <sup>206</sup> Burfeth.  
<sup>207</sup> Hidden. <sup>208</sup> Dying. <sup>209</sup> Countenance.

# A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 37

Æ L L A.

O! tys for thee, for thee alayne I fele;

Yett I muste bee myselfe; with valoures gear

I'lle dyghte mie hearte, and notte<sup>209</sup> mie lymbes yn

stele, 300

And shake the bloddie swerde and steyned spere.

## B I R T H A.

Can Ælla from hys breaste hys Birtha teare?

Is thee so rou<sup>210</sup> and ugsumme<sup>211</sup> to hys fyghte?

Entrykeynge<sup>212</sup> wyght!<sup>\*213</sup> yslleathall<sup>213</sup> warrefodeare?

Thou pryzeft mee belowe the joies of fyghte. 305

Thou scalte notte leave mee, albeytte the erthe

Hong pendaunte<sup>214</sup> bie thie swerde, and craved for thy

morte.<sup>215</sup>

Æ L L A.

Dydest thou kenne howe mie woes, as starres ybrente,<sup>216</sup>

Headed bie these thie wordes doe onn mee falle,

Thou woulde stryve to gyve mie harte contente, 310

Wakyng mie slepyng mynde to honnours calle.

<sup>209</sup> Cloath, prepare, fasten. <sup>210</sup> Horrid, disgusting. <sup>211</sup> Terrible. <sup>212</sup> Deceitful. \* <sup>213</sup> Man. <sup>213</sup> Deadly. <sup>214</sup> Depending. <sup>215</sup> Death. <sup>216</sup> Burning.

Of felynesse<sup>217</sup> I pryze thee moe yea all  
 Heaven can mee fende, or counynge wyth acquyre,  
 Yette I wyll leave thee, onne the foe to falle,  
 Retournynge to this cyne with double fyres. 315

BIRTHA

Moste Birtha boon<sup>218</sup> requeste and bee denyd?  
 Receyve attenes<sup>219</sup> a darte yn felynesse and pryde?  
 Doe staie, att leaste tylle morrowes sonne apperes.  
 Thou kermeste welk the Dacyannes myttee<sup>220</sup> power;  
 Wythe them a mynnute wurchethe<sup>221</sup> barte<sup>222</sup> for  
 yeares; 320

Theie undoe reaulmes wythyn a fynge hower.  
 Rouze all thie honnoure, Birtha; look attoure<sup>223</sup>  
 Thie bledynge countrie, whych for haste dede<sup>224</sup>  
 Calls, for the reddeynge<sup>225</sup> of some doughtie<sup>226</sup> power,  
 To roya<sup>227</sup> yttes rhyers; make yttes foemenne  
 bledde. 325

Of fever, 220 Of myght, 221 Of Ca-  
 lumny, damage. 222 Assault, 223 Combated, 224 Fallen, 225 Ravagers.

BIRTHA.

# A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 483

B I R T H A.

Rouze all this love; false and entrykyng<sup>227</sup> wyghte!  
 Ne leave this Birtha thos uponne pretense of fyghte.

Thou nedeſt notte goe, untill thou haſte command  
 Under the ſygnette<sup>228</sup> of our lord the kyng.

Æ L L A.

And wouldeſt thou make me then a recreande?<sup>229</sup> 330

Hollie Seynſte Marie, keepe mee from the thyng!

Heere, Birtha, thou haſt potte a double ſtyng,

One for this love, anodher for this mynde.

B I R T H A.

Agylted<sup>230</sup> Ælla, this abredynge<sup>231</sup> blyng<sup>232</sup>.

Twas love of thee thatt ſoule intente ywrynde.<sup>233</sup> 335

Yette heere mie ſupplycate, to mee attende,

Hear from mie groted<sup>234</sup> harte the lover and the friende.

<sup>227</sup> Deceyfulnes. <sup>228</sup> Seal. <sup>229</sup> Ground. <sup>230</sup> Offended. <sup>231</sup> Up-  
 braiding. <sup>232</sup> Griefe. <sup>233</sup> Discloſed. <sup>234</sup> Swollen.

Lett Celmonde yn thie armour-brace<sup>235</sup> be dyghte<sup>236</sup>;  
 And yn thie stead unto the battle goe;  
 Thie name alleyn wyll putte the Danes to flyghte,<sup>340</sup>  
 The ayre thatt bearesytt woulde presse downe the foe.

## Æ L L A.

Birtha, yn vayne thou wouldeste mee recreand<sup>237</sup> doe;  
 I moſte, I wyll, fyghte for mie countries wele,<sup>238</sup>  
 And leave thee for ytt. Celmonde, ſweetlie goe,  
 Telle mie Bryſtowans to dyghte yn ſtele; 345  
 Tell hem I ſcorne to kenne hem from afar,  
 Botte leave the vyrgyn brydall bedde for bedde of warre.

## Æ L L A, B I R T H A.

## B I R T H A.

And thou wylt goe: O mie agroted,<sup>239</sup> harte!

## Æ L L A.

Mie cōuntry waites mie marche; I muſte awaie;  
 Albeytte I ſchulde goe to mete the darte 350  
 Of certen Dethe, yette here I woulde notte ſtaie.

<sup>235</sup> Suit of armour. <sup>236</sup> Cloathed. <sup>237</sup> Coward. <sup>238</sup> Welfare. <sup>239</sup> Swollen.

# A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 35

Botte thos to leave thee, Birtha, dothe affwaie <sup>240</sup>

Moe torturynge peynes yanne canne be sedde bie  
tyngue. <sup>241</sup>

Yette rouze thie honoure uppe, and wayte the daie,

Whan rounde aboute mee songe of warre heie <sup>242</sup>  
fyngue. 355

O Birtha, strev <sup>243</sup> mie agreeme <sup>244</sup> to accaie <sup>245</sup>,

And joyous seemie armes, dyghte oute ynn warre arraie.

## B I R T H A.

Difficile <sup>246</sup> ys the pennaunce, yette I'lle strev

To keepe mie woe behyltren <sup>247</sup> yn mie breaste.

Albeytte nete maye to mee pleasaunce yev, <sup>248</sup> 360

Lyche thee, I'lle strev to sette mie mynde atte reste,

Yett oh! forgeve, yff I have thee dystreste;

Love, doughtie love, wylle beare no odher swaie.

Juste as I was wythe Ælla to be bleste,

Shappe <sup>249</sup> foullie thos hathe snatched hym awaie. 365

It was a tene <sup>250</sup> too doughtie to bee borne,

Wydhout an ounde <sup>251</sup> of feares and breaste wyth fyghes  
ytorne <sup>252</sup>.

<sup>240</sup> *Assay.* <sup>241</sup> *Tongue.* <sup>242</sup> *They.* <sup>243</sup> *Strive.* <sup>244</sup> *Torture.* <sup>245</sup> *Af-  
fwage.* <sup>246</sup> *Difficult.* <sup>247</sup> *Hid.* <sup>248</sup> *Give.* <sup>249</sup> *Fate.* <sup>250</sup> *Pain or  
Torment.* <sup>251</sup> *Flood.* <sup>252</sup> *Rent.*

## ÆLLA

This mynde y<sup>e</sup> now thine selfe, who wyte thou dost I

All blanch<sup>e</sup> <sup>253</sup>, all kynge, all for wyse yn mynde, <sup>254</sup>

Alleyne to lett pore wretched Ælla see, <sup>255</sup> 370

Whatte wondrous biggles <sup>256</sup> he now muste leave

behynde?

O Birtha fayre, warde <sup>257</sup> everyche commynge wynde,

On everych <sup>258</sup> wynde I wyll a token fende:

Onn mie longe shielde ycorne <sup>259</sup> this name thou'rt fynde

Butte here comes Celmonde, wordhite <sup>260</sup> knyghte

and friende. <sup>261</sup> 375

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE *speaking.*

This Brystowe knyghtes for this forth-comynge lynge <sup>262</sup>

Echone athwarthe hys backe hys longe warre-shield dothe

flynge.

## Æ L L A.

Birtha, adieu; but yette I cannotte goe.

<sup>253</sup> Fair. <sup>254</sup> Jewels. <sup>255</sup> Watch. <sup>256</sup> Every. <sup>257</sup> Engraved.

<sup>258</sup> Wherby. <sup>259</sup> Stay.

BIRTHA.

# A TRAGICAL ENTERLUDE.

37

B I R T H A.

Lyfe of this fpyte, mie gentle Ælla staie. 380

Engyned<sup>260</sup> mee, none wyth fyke a dierie woe.

381

382 æ l l a.

I muste, I wylle; tys honnoure cald awaie.

383

B I R T H A.

O mie agroted<sup>261</sup> harte, braste<sup>262</sup>, braste yun twaie<sup>263</sup>.

384 Ælla, for honnoure, flyes awaie from mee.

385

Æ L L A.

Birtha, adieu; I maie notte here obaie<sup>264</sup>. 385

I'm flyyng from miefelfe yn flying thee.

386

B I R T H A.

O Ælla, housband, friend, and loverde<sup>265</sup>, staie.

He's gon, he's gone, alas! percase<sup>266</sup> he's gone for aie.

387

<sup>260</sup> Torture. <sup>261</sup> Swelling. <sup>262</sup> Burst. <sup>263</sup> Twaine. <sup>264</sup> Wait. <sup>265</sup> Lord.

<sup>266</sup> Perhaps.

388

D 3

CEL

ANTHIS

## CELMONDE,

Hope, hallie <sup>267</sup> fuster <sup>268</sup>, sweepeynge thro' the skie,  
 In crowe of goulde, and robe of lillie whyte, 390  
 Whyche farre abroad ynne gentle ayre doe flie,  
 Meetynge from dystaunce the enjoyous <sup>269</sup> fyghte,  
 Albeytte <sup>270</sup> este thou takest thie hie flyghte  
 Hocket <sup>271</sup> ynne a myste, and wyth thyne eyneyblente <sup>272</sup>,  
 Nowe comest thou to mee wythe starrie lyghte; 395  
 Ontoe thie veste the rodde sonne ys adente <sup>273</sup>;  
 The Sommer tyde, the month of Maie appere,  
 Depycte <sup>274</sup> wythe skylledd honde uppōn thie wyde  
 aumere <sup>275</sup>,

I from a nete <sup>276</sup> of hopelen <sup>277</sup> am adawed <sup>278</sup>,  
 Awhaped <sup>279</sup> atte the fetyveness <sup>280</sup> of daie; 400  
 Ælla, bie nete <sup>281</sup> moe than hys myndbruche <sup>282</sup> awed,  
 Is gone, and I moſte follows, toe the fraie.

<sup>267</sup> Holy. <sup>268</sup> Sister. <sup>269</sup> Enraptured, joyful. <sup>270</sup> Although. <sup>271</sup> Wrapped closely, covered. <sup>272</sup> Blinded. <sup>273</sup> Fastened. <sup>274</sup> Painted.  
<sup>275</sup> Robe or girdle. <sup>276</sup> Night. <sup>277</sup> Hopelessness. <sup>278</sup> Awakened. <sup>279</sup> Astonished. <sup>280</sup> Agreeableness. <sup>281</sup> Nought. <sup>282</sup> Emulation.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 39

Celmonde canne ne'er from anie byker <sup>283</sup> staie.

Dothe warre begynne? there's Celmonde yn the place

Botte whanne the warre ys donne, I'll haste awaie.

The reste from neth <sup>284</sup> tymes masque must shew yttes

face,

405

I see ~~numbered~~ joies arounde mee ryse;

Blake <sup>285</sup> stonde the future doome, and joie dothe mee

alyse <sup>286</sup>.

O honnoure, honnoure, what ys bie thee hanne <sup>287</sup>?

Hailie <sup>288</sup> the robber and the bordelyer <sup>289</sup>,

410

Who kens ne thee, or ys to thee bestanne <sup>290</sup>;

And nothyng does thie myckle <sup>291</sup> gastnes <sup>292</sup> fere.

Faygne woulde I from mie bosomme all thee tate.

Thou there dysperpellest <sup>293</sup> thie levynne-bronde <sup>294</sup>;

Whylest mie soulegh's <sup>295</sup> forwyned <sup>296</sup>, thou art the

gare <sup>297</sup>;

415

Sleene <sup>298</sup> ys mie comforte bie thie ferie <sup>299</sup> honde;

As somme talle hylle, whann wynds doe shake the

ground,

<sup>283</sup> Conteſt, battle. <sup>284</sup> Beneath, <sup>285</sup> Naked. <sup>286</sup> Quit, <sup>287</sup> Had.  
<sup>288</sup> Happy. <sup>289</sup> Peasant, cottager. <sup>290</sup> Opposed, left. <sup>291</sup> Great. <sup>292</sup> Ter-  
riblenes. <sup>293</sup> Scatterest. <sup>294</sup> Lightning. <sup>295</sup> Soul. <sup>296</sup> Withered.  
<sup>297</sup> Cause, <sup>298</sup> Slain. <sup>299</sup> Fiery.

A TRAGY OF THE REVENGE OF

Itte kerveth <sup>300</sup> all abroad, bie brasteynge <sup>301</sup> hyltren <sup>302</sup>

MAGNUS, HURRA, and HIE PRINCE

Honnoure, whate be ytte <sup>303</sup> shadows shade,

A thyng of wychencref <sup>304</sup>, an idle dreame; 420

On of the fonnis <sup>305</sup> whyll the clerche <sup>306</sup> have made

Manne wythoute spaytes, and womanen for to flume <sup>307</sup>;

Knyghtes, who este kenne the lorde <sup>308</sup> of the

beme <sup>309</sup>, to fyke onfesblyng wales,

Schulde be forgarde <sup>310</sup> to fyke onfesblyng wales,

Make overych <sup>311</sup> alyche <sup>312</sup> theyr soules, be

breme <sup>313</sup>, 425

And for theyre chyvalkietalleynic have paffe.

O thou, whatteer thie name, <sup>314</sup>

Or Zabalus <sup>315</sup> on Qued <sup>316</sup>,

Comme, stech <sup>317</sup> the fable spaytes, <sup>318</sup>

For frende <sup>319</sup> and dolefull <sup>320</sup> obde 430

<sup>300</sup> Cutteth, layeth waste. <sup>301</sup> Burfling. <sup>302</sup> Hidden. <sup>303</sup> Witchcraft.  
<sup>304</sup> Devices. <sup>305</sup> Church. <sup>306</sup> Terrify. <sup>307</sup> Trumpets. <sup>308</sup> Left. <sup>309</sup> Like.  
<sup>310</sup> Furious. <sup>311</sup> The devil. <sup>312</sup> The devil. <sup>313</sup> Strange.

# A TRAGICAL ENTERLUDE. 21

the kerveth too all aprode, die prastynge too hytten

MAGNUS, HURRA, and HIE PREESTE, wyth the

Honourable ~~Abbot~~ <sup>Abbot</sup> ~~Ward~~ <sup>Ward</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~monastery~~ <sup>monastery</sup>

A thyng of wylchance, an idle dreame;

On the fourth day of the month of Maye

SWYTHE, the daye of the offrendes, by the Goddes

begynne, the daye of the offrendes

To knowe of hem the issue of the fyghte.

Potte the bloddie-stryned sword and payres ynned;

Spredde swythyn all arounde the hallie unlyghte.

214

HIE PREESTE *syngeth*:

Yee, who hie yn mokke <sup>118</sup> ayre 435

Delethe seasonnes foule or fayre,

Yee, who, whanne yee weere agguylt <sup>119</sup>,

The mone yn bloddie gyttles <sup>120</sup> hyte,

Moooved the starres, and dyd unbynde

Everyche barriere <sup>121</sup> to the wynde; 440

<sup>114</sup> Quickly. <sup>115</sup> Offerings. <sup>116</sup> Daggers. <sup>117</sup> Holy. <sup>118</sup> Murky, gloomy.  
<sup>119</sup> Offended. <sup>120</sup> Mantles. <sup>121</sup> Boundary.

Whanne the oundynge <sup>322</sup> waves dystresse,  
 Storven <sup>323</sup> to be overest <sup>324</sup>,  
 Sockeynge <sup>325</sup> yn the spyre-gynte towne,  
 Swolteryng <sup>326</sup> wole natyones downe,  
 Sendynge dethe, on plagues astrodde <sup>327</sup>, 443  
 Moovyng lyke the erthys <sup>328</sup> Godde;  
 To mee fend your heste <sup>329</sup> dyvyne,  
 Lyghte eletten <sup>330</sup> all myne eyne,  
 Thatt I maie now undeuyse <sup>331</sup>.  
 All the actyonnes of th'empprize <sup>332</sup>. 450

*[falleth downe and este <sup>333</sup> rysethe.*

Thus sayethe the Goddess; goe, yssue to the playne;  
 Forr there shall meynte of mytte <sup>334</sup> menne bee slayne,

# M A G N U S.

Whie, foe there evere was, whanne Magnus foughte.  
 Este have I treynted <sup>335</sup> noyance <sup>336</sup> throughe the hoaste,  
 Athorowe <sup>337</sup> fwerdes, alyche the Queed <sup>338</sup> dystraughte, <sup>339</sup>  
 Have Magnus pressynge wroghte hys foemen loaste <sup>340</sup>,

<sup>322</sup> *Foaming, undulating.* <sup>323</sup> *Strove.* <sup>324</sup> *Uppermost.* <sup>325</sup> *Sucking.*  
<sup>326</sup> *Overwhelming.* <sup>327</sup> *Astride.* <sup>328</sup> *Earth's.* <sup>329</sup> *Command.* <sup>330</sup> *En-*  
*lighten.* <sup>331</sup> *Expain.* <sup>332</sup> *Understanding.* <sup>333</sup> *Afterwards.* <sup>334</sup> *Mighty.*  
<sup>335</sup> *Scattered.* <sup>336</sup> *Defraction.* <sup>337</sup> *Through.* <sup>338</sup> *The devil.* <sup>339</sup> *Dis-*  
*tracted.* <sup>340</sup> *Loss.*

# A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 43

As whanne a tempeste vexethe soare the coaste,  
 The dyngeynge<sup>341</sup> ounde<sup>342</sup> the sandeie stronde doe tare,  
 So dyd I inne the warre the jaylyne toste<sup>343</sup>,  
 Full meynthe<sup>344</sup> a champyones breaste received mie  
 spear. 469

Mie sheelde, lyche sommere morie<sup>345</sup> gronfer<sup>346</sup> droke<sup>347</sup>,  
 Mie lethalle<sup>348</sup> speere, alyche a levyn-mylted<sup>349</sup> oke.

## H U R R A.

Thie wordes are greate, full hyghe of found, and ecke<sup>349</sup>  
 Lyche thonderre, to the whych dothe comme no rayne.  
 Itte lacketh notte a doughtie<sup>351</sup> honde to speke; 465  
 The cocke faiethe drefte<sup>352</sup>, yett armed ys he alleyne,  
 Certis thie wordes maie, thou motest have sayne  
 Of mee, and meynthe of moe, who eke canne fyghte,  
 Who haveth troiden downe the adventayle<sup>353</sup>,  
 And tore the heaulmes<sup>354</sup> from heades of myckle  
 myghte. 470

Sythence<sup>355</sup> fyke myghte ys placed yn thie honde,  
 Lette blowes thie actyons specke, and bie thie corrage  
 stonde.

<sup>341</sup> Noisy, sounding. <sup>342</sup> Wave. <sup>343</sup> Toss. <sup>344</sup> Many. <sup>345</sup> Morphy.  
<sup>346</sup> Fen-fire, or meteor. <sup>347</sup> Dry. <sup>348</sup> Deadly. <sup>349</sup> Melted with lightning.  
<sup>350</sup> Amplification, or boast. <sup>351</sup> Valiant. <sup>352</sup> Least, rather vauntingly.  
<sup>353</sup> Beaver. <sup>354</sup> Helmets. <sup>355</sup> Since.

MAGNUS.

MAONUS. 471

Thou art a warriour, Hurra, that I kenne,

And myckle famed for this handle dede.

Thou fyghtest ahenne <sup>356</sup> maydens and ne menne, <sup>475</sup>

Nor aie thou makest armed hartes to blede.

Este <sup>357</sup> I, caparyon'd on bloddie stede,

Havethe thee seene binethe mee ynn the fyghte.

Wythe corfes I investyng <sup>358</sup> everich mede,

And thou aston <sup>359</sup>, and wondryng at mie myghte: <sup>480</sup>

Thanne wouldest thou comme yn for mie renome <sup>360</sup>,

Albeytte thou wouldest reyne <sup>361</sup> awaile from bloddie

dome <sup>362</sup>.

HURRA.

How! butte bee bourne <sup>363</sup> mie rage. I kenne aryghte

Bothe thee and thyne maie ne bee wordhye <sup>364</sup> peene <sup>365</sup>.

Eftsoones I hope wee scalle engage yn fyghte; <sup>485</sup>

Thanne to the fouldyers all thou wylte be wreehe <sup>366</sup>.

I'll prove mie courage onne the burled <sup>367</sup> greene;

Tys there alleyne I'll telle thee whatte I bee.

<sup>368</sup> Against. <sup>369</sup> Oppose. <sup>370</sup> Assaulting. <sup>371</sup> Assaulted. <sup>372</sup> Redoubt.  
<sup>373</sup> Run. <sup>374</sup> Fate. <sup>375</sup> Confined, stopped. <sup>376</sup> Mordant. <sup>377</sup> Punishment.  
<sup>378</sup> Declared, exposed. <sup>379</sup> Armed.

# A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 45

Gyf I weelde notte the deadlie sphere <sup>368</sup> adeene <sup>368\*</sup>,

Thanne lett mie name be fulle as lowe as thee. <sup>490</sup>

Thys mie adented <sup>369</sup> shilde, thys mie warre speare,

Schallettelle the falleynge foe gyf Hurra's harte can feare.

shold or rather hounis fiedom nout eis n 71

M A G N U S.

Magnus woulde speke, butte thatte hys noble spryte

Dothe foe enrage, he knowes notte whatte to saie,

He'dde speke yn blowes, yn gottes <sup>370</sup> of blodde he'd

wryte, <sup>495</sup>

And on thie heafod <sup>371</sup> peyncte <sup>372</sup> hys myghte for aie.

Gyf thou anent <sup>373</sup> an wolfynnes <sup>374</sup> rage wouldest staie,

'Tys here to meet ytt; botte gyff nott, bee goe;

Left I in furrie <sup>374\*</sup> shulde mie armes dysplaie,

Whyche to thie boddie wylle wurche <sup>375</sup> myckle

woe. <sup>500</sup>

Oh! I bee madde, dysstraughte <sup>376</sup> wyth brendyng rage <sup>377</sup>;

Ne seas of smethynge <sup>378</sup> gore wylle mie chafed <sup>379</sup> harte

affwage.

<sup>368</sup> Spear. <sup>369\*</sup> Worthy. <sup>370</sup> Braided, battered. <sup>371</sup> Dropt. <sup>372</sup> Head.  
<sup>373</sup> Point. <sup>374</sup> Against. <sup>374</sup> Wolf's. <sup>375\*</sup> Fury. <sup>376</sup> Work. <sup>377</sup> Dys-  
 tracted. <sup>378</sup> Burning. <sup>379</sup> Smoking. <sup>380</sup> Enflamed.

HURRA.

H U R R A.

I kenne thee, Magnus, welſe; a wyghte thou art

That doest aſſee<sup>380</sup> alonge yn doled<sup>381</sup> dyſtreſſe,

Strynge<sup>382</sup> bulle yn boddie; lyoncelle<sup>383</sup> yn harte, 505

I almoſt wyſche<sup>384</sup> thie prowes were made leſſe.

Whan Ælla (name dreſt uppe yn ugſomneſſe<sup>385</sup>

To thee and recreandes<sup>386</sup>) thondered on the playne;

Howe dydſte thou thorowe fyrſte of fleers<sup>387</sup> preſſe!

Sweſter thanne federed<sup>388</sup> takelle<sup>389</sup> dydſte thou

reïne<sup>390</sup>.

510

A ronnynge<sup>391</sup> pryze onn ſeynſte daie to ordayne,

Magnus, and none botte hee, the ronnynge pryze wylle

gayne.

M A G N U S.

Eternalle plagues devour thie baned<sup>392</sup> tyngue<sup>393</sup>!

Myrriades of neders<sup>394</sup> pre<sup>395</sup> upponne thie ſpryte!

Maieſt thou ſele al the peynes of age whylſt yynge<sup>396</sup>, 515

Unmanned, uneyned<sup>397</sup>, excloded aie the lyghte,

<sup>380</sup> Slide, or creep. <sup>381</sup> Painful. <sup>382</sup> Strong. <sup>383</sup> Lion's cub. <sup>384</sup> Wiſh.  
<sup>385</sup> Terror. <sup>386</sup> Cowards. <sup>387</sup> Fugitives. <sup>388</sup> Feathered. <sup>389</sup> Arrow.  
<sup>390</sup> Run. <sup>391</sup> Running. <sup>392</sup> Curſed. <sup>393</sup> Tongue. <sup>394</sup> Adders. <sup>395</sup> Prey.  
<sup>396</sup> Young. <sup>397</sup> Blind.

Thie

## A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 347

Thie senses, lyche thieselfe, enwrapped yn nyghte,  
 A scoff to foemen and to beastes a p<sup>heere</sup><sup>398</sup>;  
 Maie furched<sup>399</sup> levynne<sup>400</sup> onne thie head alyghte,  
 Maie on thee falle the fhuyr<sup>401</sup> of the anweere<sup>402</sup>; 320  
 Fen vaipoures blaste thie everiche manlie powere,  
 Maie thie bante<sup>403</sup> boddie quycke the wolfsome<sup>404</sup> peenes<sup>405</sup>  
 devoure.

Faygne<sup>406</sup> woulde I curse thee further, botte mie tyngue  
 Denies mie harte the favoure foe toe doe.

### H U R R A.

Nowe bie the Dacyanne goddes, & Welkyns<sup>407</sup> kyng, 525  
 Wythe fhurie<sup>408</sup>, as thou dydste begynne, persue;  
 Calle on mie heade all tortures that bee rou<sup>409</sup>,  
 Bane<sup>410</sup> onne, tylle thie owne tongue thie curses fele.  
 Sende onne mie heade the blyghteynge levynne blewe,  
 The thonder loude, the swellynge azure rele<sup>411</sup> 530  
 Thie wordes be hie of dynne<sup>412</sup>, botte nete besyde;  
 Bane on, good chieftayn, fyghte wythe wordes of myckle  
 pryde.

Botte doe notte waste thie breath, lest Ælla come.

<sup>398</sup> Companion, equal. <sup>399</sup> Forked. <sup>400</sup> Lightning. <sup>401</sup> Fury. <sup>402</sup> Storm.  
<sup>403</sup> Cursed. <sup>404</sup> Loathsome. <sup>405</sup> Tortures. <sup>406</sup> Willingly. <sup>407</sup> Heaven's.  
<sup>408</sup> Fury. <sup>409</sup> Rough, terrible. <sup>410</sup> Curse. <sup>411</sup> Wave. <sup>412</sup> Sound.

MAGNUS.

## M A G N U S.

Ælla & thee togyder <sup>411</sup> synke tee helle !

Bee youre names blasted from the rolle of dome ! 535

I feere noe Ælla, thatte thou kennast welle.

Unlydgefulle <sup>414</sup> traytoure, wylt thou nowe rebelle ?

'Tys knowen, thatte yie menn bee lyncked to myne,

Bothe sente, as troupes of wolves, to sleete <sup>415</sup> felle ;

Botte nowe thou lackest hem to be all yyne <sup>416</sup>. 540

Nowe, bie the goddes yatte reule the Dacyanne state,

Speacke thou yn rage once moe, I wyll thee dyfregate <sup>417</sup>.

## H U R R A.

I pryze thie threattes joste <sup>418</sup> as I doe thie banes <sup>419</sup>,

The fede of malyce and recendize <sup>420</sup> al.

Thou arte a steyne unto the name of Danes ; 545

Thou alleyne to thie tyngue for prooffe canst calle.

Thou beest a worme so groffile <sup>421</sup> and so smal,

I wythe thie bloude woulde scorne to foul mie sworde,

Botte wythe thie weaponnes woulde upon thee falle,

Alyche thie owne feare, slea thee wythe a worde. 550

I Hurra amme miefel, and aie wyll bee,

As greate yn valourous actes, & yn commande as thee.

<sup>412</sup> Together. <sup>413</sup> Rebellious, unloyal. <sup>414</sup> Slaughter. <sup>415</sup> Thing. <sup>416</sup> Break  
connection with. <sup>417</sup> Just. <sup>418</sup> Gurses. <sup>419</sup> Cowardice. <sup>420</sup> Abject.

A T R A G E D Y  
A TRAGICAL ENTERLUDE. 49  
Z I N G A R I

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMYE & MESSENGER.

M E S S E N G E R.

Blynne <sup>422</sup> your contekions <sup>423\*</sup>, chiefs, for, as I stode  
Uponne mie wache, I spiede an armie commynge,  
Notte lyche ann handfulle of a fremded <sup>423</sup> foe, 555  
Botte blacke wythe armoure, movynge ugfolmie <sup>424</sup>,  
Lyche a blacke fulle cloude, thatte dothe goe alonge  
To droppe yn hayle, & hele <sup>425</sup> the thönder storme,

M A G N U S.

Ar there meynthe of them?

M E S S E N G E R.

Thycke as the ante-flyes ynne a sommer's none, 560  
Seemyng as tho' theie styng as perfante <sup>426</sup> too.

H U R R A.

Whatte matters thatte? lettes sette ourt warr-arraje.

Goe, founde the beme <sup>427</sup>, lette champyons prepare;

<sup>422</sup> Cease. <sup>423\*</sup> Contentions. <sup>423</sup> Frighted. <sup>424</sup> Terribly. <sup>425</sup> Help.  
<sup>426</sup> Piercing. <sup>427</sup> Trumpet.

E

Ne

Ne doubtynge, we wylle styng as faste as heie.

Whatte? doest forgard <sup>428</sup> thie blodde? ys ytte for  
feare? 565

Wouldest thou gayne the towne, & castle-~~here~~ <sup>429</sup>,

And yette ne byker <sup>430</sup> wythe the foldyer garde?

Go, hyde thee ynn mie tente annethe <sup>431</sup> the lere <sup>432</sup>;

I of thie boddie wylle keepe watche & warde.

### M A G N U S.

Ourē goddes of Denmarke know mie harte ys goode. 570

### H U R R A.

For nete <sup>433</sup> uppon the erthe, botte to be choughens<sup>434</sup>  
foode.

## MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMIE, SECONDE MES- SENGERRE.

### SECONDE MESSENGERRE.

As from mie towre I kende <sup>435</sup> the commynge foe,

I spied the crossed shielde, & bloddie swerde,

<sup>428</sup> Lose. <sup>429</sup> The hold of the castle. <sup>430</sup> Battle. <sup>431</sup> Underneath.  
<sup>432</sup> Leather, stuff. <sup>433</sup> Nought. <sup>434</sup> Ravens. <sup>435</sup> Perceived.

# A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 51

The furyous Ælla's banner; wythynne kenne  
 The armie ys. Dyforder throughe oure hoaste 575  
 Is fleyng, borne onne wynges of Ælla's name;  
 Styr, styr, mie lordes!

M A G N U S.

What? Ælla? & foe neare?

Thenne Denmarques roiend<sup>436</sup>; oh mie ryfynge feare!

H U R R A.

What doeste thou mene? thys Ælla's botte a manne.  
 Nowe bie mie sworde, thou arte a verie berne<sup>437</sup>. 580  
 Of late I dyd thie creand<sup>438</sup> valoure scanne,  
 Whanne thou dydst boaste foe moche<sup>439</sup> of aycton derne<sup>440</sup>.  
 Botte I toe warr mie doeynges moſte atturme<sup>441</sup>,  
 To cheere the Sabbataneres<sup>442</sup> to deere<sup>443</sup> dede.

M A G N U S.

I to the knyghtes onne everyche fyde wylle burne, 585  
 Telleynge 'hem alle to make her foemen bléde;  
 Sythe ſhame or deathe onne eider fyde wylle bee,  
 Mie harte I wylle upryſe<sup>444</sup>, & inne the battalle ſlea.

<sup>436</sup> Ruined. <sup>437</sup> Child. <sup>438</sup> Cowardly. <sup>439</sup> Much. <sup>440</sup> Terrible.  
<sup>441</sup> Turn. <sup>442</sup> Booted ſoldiers. <sup>443</sup> Terrible. <sup>444</sup> Rouſe up.

ÆLLA, CELMONDE, & ARMIE *near*  
WATCHETTE.

Æ L L A.

NOW havynge done oure mattynes<sup>445</sup> & oure vowes,  
Lette us for the intended fyghte be boune<sup>446</sup>, 590  
And everyche champyone potte the joyous crowne  
Of certane masterschyppe<sup>447</sup> upon hys glestreyng<sup>448</sup>  
browes.

As for mie hartè, I owné ytt ys, as erè  
Ætte has beene ynn the sommer-sheene of fate,  
Unknowen to the ugsumme<sup>449</sup> gratche<sup>450</sup> of fere; 595  
Mie blodde embollen<sup>451</sup>, wythe masterie elate,  
Boyles ynnie mie veynes, & rolles ynn rapyd state,  
Impatyente forr to mete the perfante<sup>452</sup> stele,  
And telle the worlde; thatte Ælla dyed as greate,  
As anie knyghte who foughte for Englonde's weale. 600  
Friends, kynne; & fouldyerres, ynnie blacke armore  
drere<sup>453</sup>,

Mie actyons ynytate, mie presente redyng<sup>454</sup> here.

<sup>445</sup> Morning devotion. <sup>446</sup> Ready. <sup>447</sup> Victory. <sup>448</sup> Glittering. <sup>449</sup> Hideous.  
<sup>450</sup> Garb, dress. <sup>451</sup> Swelling. <sup>452</sup> Piercing. <sup>453</sup> Terrible. <sup>454</sup> Advice.

There ys ne houle, athrow thys shap-scurged <sup>455</sup> ille,  
 Thatte has ne losse a kynne yn these fell fyghtes,  
 Fatte blodde has forfeeted <sup>456</sup> the hongerde foyle, 605  
 And townes enlowed <sup>457</sup> lemed <sup>458</sup> oppe the nyghtes.  
 Innegyte <sup>459</sup> offyre oure hallie <sup>460</sup> churche dheie dyghtes <sup>461</sup>;  
 Oure sounneslie storven <sup>462</sup> ynne theyre smethynge <sup>463</sup> gore;  
 Oppe bie the rootes oure tree of lyfe dheie pyghtes <sup>464</sup>,  
 Vexynge oure coaste, as byllowes doe the shore. 610  
 Yee menne, gyf ye are menne, displaie yor name,  
 Ybrende <sup>465</sup> yer tropes, alyche the roarynge tempest flame.

Ye Chrystyans, doe as wordhie of the name;  
 These roynneres <sup>466</sup> of oure hallie houses flea;  
 Braste <sup>467</sup>, lyke a cloude, from whence doth come the  
 flame, 615

Lyche torrentes, gushynge downe the mountaines, bee.  
 And whanne alonge the grene yer champyons flee,  
 Swefte as the rodde for-weltrynge <sup>468</sup> levyn-bronde <sup>469</sup>,  
 Yatte hauntes the flyinge mortherer pere the lea,  
 Soe flie oponne these roynners of the londe. 620

<sup>455</sup> Fate-scurged. <sup>456</sup> Surfeited, cloyed. <sup>457</sup> Flamed, fired. <sup>458</sup> Lighted.  
<sup>459</sup> Drefs. <sup>460</sup> Holy. <sup>461</sup> Cloath. <sup>462</sup> Dead. <sup>463</sup> Smoking. <sup>464</sup> Pluck. <sup>465</sup> Burn.  
<sup>466</sup> Ravagers. <sup>467</sup> Burst. <sup>468</sup> Blasting. <sup>469</sup> Flash of lightning.

Lette those yatte <sup>470</sup> are unto yer battayles <sup>471</sup> fledde,  
Take slepe eterne <sup>471\*</sup> uponne a feerie<sup>472</sup> lowynge<sup>473</sup> bedde,

Let cowarde Londonne see herre towne on fyre,  
And strev <sup>474</sup> wythe goulde to staie the royners honde,  
Ælla & Brystowe have the thoughtesthattes hygher, <sup>625</sup>  
Wee fyghte notte forr ourselves, botte all the londe.  
As Severnes hyger <sup>475</sup> lyghethe <sup>476</sup> banckes of fonde,  
Pressynge ytte downe binethe the reynynge<sup>477</sup> streme,  
Wythe dreerie<sup>478</sup> dynn enfwolters<sup>479</sup> the hyghe stronde,  
Beerynge the rockes alonge ynn fhurye<sup>480</sup> breme<sup>481</sup>, <sup>630</sup>  
Soe wylle wee beere the Dacyanne armie downe,  
And throughe a storme of blodde wyl reache the cham-  
pyon crowne.

Gyff ynn thys battelle locke <sup>482</sup> ne wayte oure gare<sup>483</sup>,  
To Brystowe dheie wylle tourne yeyre fhuyrie dyre;  
Brystowe, & alle her joies, wylle synke toe ayre, <sup>635</sup>  
Brendeynge perforce wythe unenhantende <sup>484</sup> fyre :

<sup>470</sup> That. <sup>471</sup> Ships, boats. <sup>471\*</sup> Eternal. <sup>472</sup> Fiery. <sup>473</sup> Flaming. <sup>474</sup> Strive.  
<sup>475</sup> The bore of the Severn. <sup>476</sup> Lodgeth. <sup>477</sup> Running. <sup>478</sup> Terrible. <sup>479</sup> Swal-  
lows, sucks in. <sup>480</sup> Fury. <sup>481</sup> Fierce. <sup>482</sup> Luck. <sup>483</sup> Cause. <sup>484</sup> Unaccustomed.

Thenne lette oure safetie double moove oure ire,  
 Lyche wolfyns <sup>485</sup>, rovyng for the evnyng pre <sup>486</sup>,  
 See[ing] the lambe & shepsterr <sup>487</sup> nere the brire,  
 Doth th'one forr safetie, th'one for hongre flea; 640  
 Thanne, whanne the ravenne crokes uponne the playne,  
 Oh! lette ytte bee the knelle to myghtie Dacyanns slayne.

Lyche a rodde gronfer <sup>488</sup>, shalle mie anlace <sup>489</sup> sheene,  
 Lyche a stryng <sup>490</sup> lyoncelle <sup>491</sup> I'lle bee ynne fyghte,  
 Lyche fallynge leaves the Dacyannes shall bee sleene <sup>492</sup>.  
 Lyche[a] loud dynnyng <sup>493</sup> streeme scalle <sup>494</sup> be nie myghte.  
 Ye menne, who woulde deserve the name of knyghte,  
 Lette bloddie teares bie all your paves <sup>495</sup> be wepte;  
 To commyng tymes no poyntelle <sup>496</sup> shalle ywrite,  
 Whanne Englonde han her foemenn, Brystow slepte. 650  
 Yourselfes, youre chyldren, & youre fellowes crie,  
 Go, fyghte ynn rennomes <sup>497</sup> gare <sup>498</sup>, be brave, & wyne  
 or die.

<sup>485</sup> Wolves. <sup>486</sup> Prey. <sup>487</sup> Shepherd. <sup>488</sup> Fen meteor. <sup>489</sup> Sword. <sup>490</sup> Strong.  
<sup>491</sup> Lion's whelp. <sup>492</sup> Slain. <sup>493</sup> Sounding. <sup>494</sup> Shall. <sup>495</sup> Daggers. <sup>496</sup> Pen.  
<sup>497</sup> Reputation. <sup>498</sup> Cause.

I faie ne moe; youre spryte the felle wyll faie;

Your spryte wyll wrynne <sup>499</sup>, thatte Brystow ys yer  
place;

To honoures houe I nede notte marcke the waie; 655

Inne youre owne hartes you mai the foote-pathe trace.

'Twexte <sup>500</sup> shappe <sup>501</sup> & us there ys botte lyttelle space;

The tyme ys nowe to proove yourselves bee menne;

Drawe forthe the bornyshed <sup>502</sup> bylle wythe fetyve <sup>503</sup> grace,

Rouze, lyche a wolffynne rouzing from hys denne. 660

Thus I enrone <sup>504</sup> mie anlace <sup>505</sup>; go thou shethe;

I'lle potte ytt ne ynn place, tyll ytte ys fycke wythe deathe.

### S O L D Y E R S.

Onn, Ælla, onn; we longe for bloddie fraie;

Wee longe to here the raven synge yn vayne;

Onn, Ælla, onn; we certys gayne the daie, 665

Whanne thou doste leade us to the leathal <sup>506</sup> playne.

### C E L M O N D E.

This speche, O Loyerde <sup>507</sup>, fyreth the whole trayne;

Theie panctē for war, as honted wolves for breathe;

Go, & fyttē crowned on corfes of the flayne;

Go, & ywielde <sup>508</sup> the massie swerde of deathe, 670

<sup>499</sup> Discover. <sup>500</sup> Between. <sup>501</sup> Fate. <sup>502</sup> Burnished. <sup>503</sup> Agreeable, comely.  
<sup>504</sup> Unsheath. <sup>505</sup> Sword. <sup>506</sup> Deadly. <sup>507</sup> Lord. <sup>508</sup> Wield.

SOLDYERRES.

From thee, O Ælla, alle oure courage reygnes ;  
Echone yn phantasie do lede the Danes ynnē chaynes,

Æ L L A.

Mie cuntrymēne, mie friendes, your noble sprytes  
Speke yn youre eyne, & doe yer master telle.  
Swepte as the rayne-storme to the erthe alyghtes, 675  
Soe wylle we fall upon these royners selle,  
Oure mowynge swerdes shalle plunge hem downe to  
helle ;  
Theyre throngynge corfes shall onlyghte <sup>509</sup> the starres ;  
The barrowes <sup>510</sup> brastyng <sup>511</sup> wythe the fleene schall  
fwele,  
Brynnynge <sup>512</sup> to commyng tymes our famous warres ;  
Inne everie eyne I kenne the lowe <sup>513</sup> of nyghte, 681  
Sheenyng abrode, alyche a hylle-fyre ynne the nyghte.

Whanne poyntelles <sup>514</sup> of oure famous fyghte shall faie,  
Echone wylle maruelle atte the dernie <sup>515</sup> dede,

<sup>509</sup>Darken, <sup>510</sup>Tombs, <sup>511</sup>Burffing, <sup>512</sup>Declaring, <sup>513</sup>Flame, <sup>514</sup>Pens, <sup>515</sup>Valiant.

Echone wylle wyffen <sup>516</sup> hee hanne seene the daie, 685  
 And bravelie holped to make the foemenn-blede;  
 Botte for yer holpe oure battelle wylle notte nedé;  
 Oure force ys force enowe to staie theyre honde;  
 Wee wylle retourne unto thys grened mede,  
 Oer corfes of the foemen of the londe. 690  
 Nowe to the warre lette all the flughornes <sup>517</sup> founde,  
 The Dacyanne troopes appere on yinder <sup>518</sup> ryfyng  
 grounde.

Chiefes, heade youre bandes, and leade.

<sup>516</sup> *Wish.* <sup>517</sup> *Warlike instruments of music.* <sup>518</sup> *Yonder.*

DANES *flyinge, neare* WATCHETTE.

F Y R S T E D A N E.

FLY, fly, ye Danes; Magnus, the chiefe, ys fleene;  
The Saxonnnes come wythe Ella atte theyre heade; 695  
Lette's flev<sup>519</sup> to gette awaie to yinder greene;  
Flie, flie; thys ys the kyngdomme of the deadde.

S E C O N D E D A N E.

O goddes! have thoufandes þie mie anlacc<sup>520</sup> bledde,  
And muste I nowe for safetie flie awaie?  
See! farre besprenged<sup>521</sup> alle oure troopes are spreade,  
Yette I wyllle synglie dare the bloddie fraie. 701  
Botte ne<sup>522</sup>; I'lle flie, & morth<sup>523</sup> yn retrete;  
Deathe, blodde, & fyre, scalle<sup>524</sup> marke the goeynge of  
my feete.

<sup>519</sup> Strive. <sup>520</sup> Sword. <sup>521</sup> Scattered. <sup>522</sup> No. <sup>523</sup> Murder. <sup>524</sup> Shall.

T H Y R D E

## T H Y R D E D A N E.

Enthoghteynge<sup>525</sup> forr to scape the brondeyng<sup>526</sup> foe,  
 As nere unto the byllowd beche I came, 705  
 Farr offe I spied a fyghte of myckle woe,  
 Oure spyrynge<sup>527</sup> battayles<sup>528</sup> wrapte ynn fayles of flame.  
 The burled<sup>529</sup> Dacyannes, who were ynn the same,  
 Fro fyde to fyde fledde the purfuyte of deathe;  
 The swelleynge fyre yer corrage doe enflame, 710  
 Theie lepe ynto the sea, & bobblynge<sup>530</sup> yield yer breathe;  
 Why left those thatt bee uponne the bloddie playne,  
 Beedeathe-doomed captyvestaene, or yn the battle flayne?

## H U R R A.

Npwe bie the goddes, Magnus, dyscourteous<sup>531</sup> knyghte,  
 Bie cravente<sup>532</sup> havyqure<sup>533</sup> havethe don oure woe, 715  
 Despendynge<sup>534</sup> all the talle menne yn the fyghte,  
 And placeyng valourous menne where draffs<sup>535</sup> mote  
 goe.

Sythence<sup>536</sup> oure fourtunie<sup>537</sup> havethe tourned foe,  
 Gader<sup>538</sup> the souldyers lefte to future shappe<sup>539</sup>,

<sup>525</sup> Thinking. <sup>526</sup> Furious, enflamed. <sup>527</sup> Lofty. <sup>528</sup> Ships. <sup>529</sup> Armed. <sup>530</sup> The noise made by a man in drowning. <sup>531</sup> Ungenerous. <sup>532</sup> Coward. <sup>533</sup> Behavior. <sup>534</sup> Expending. <sup>535</sup> Refuse. <sup>536</sup> Since then. <sup>537</sup> Fortune, or conflict. <sup>538</sup> Collected. <sup>539</sup> Fate.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 61

To somme newe place for safetie we wylle goe, 720

Inne future daie wee wylle have better happe.

Sounde the loude flughorne for a quicke forloyne<sup>540</sup>;

Lette all the Dacyannes swythe<sup>541</sup> unto oure banner joyne.

Throw hamlettes<sup>542</sup> wee wylle sprengge<sup>543</sup> sadde dethe

& dole<sup>544</sup>.

Bathe yn hotte gore, & wasch<sup>545</sup> ourselves there-

ynne:

525

Goddes! here the Saxonnes lyche a byllowe rolle.

I heere the anlacis<sup>546</sup> detested dynne.

Awaie, awaie, ye Danes, to yonder penne<sup>547</sup>;

Wee now wylle make forloyne yn tyme to fyghte agenne.

<sup>540</sup> Retreat. <sup>541</sup> Quickly. <sup>542</sup> Villages. <sup>543</sup> Scatter. <sup>544</sup> Lamentation.

<sup>545</sup> Wash. <sup>546</sup> Sword. <sup>547</sup> Eminence.

CELMONDE, *near* WATCHETTE.

O forr a spyte al feere ! to telle the daie, 730  
 The daie whyche skal<sup>548</sup> astounde<sup>549</sup> the herers rede<sup>550</sup>,  
 Makeynge oure foemennes envyyng hartes to blede,  
 Ybereynge<sup>551</sup> thro the worlde oure rennomde<sup>552</sup> name  
 for aie.

Bryghte sonne han ynn hys roddie robes byn dyghte<sup>553</sup>,  
 From the rodde Easte he flytted<sup>554</sup> wythe hys trayne,  
 The howers drewe awaie the geete<sup>555</sup> of nyghte, 736  
 Her fable tapistrie was rente yn twayne.

The dauncynge streakes bedecked heavennes playne,  
 And on the dewe dyd smyle wythe shemrynge<sup>556</sup> eie,  
 Lyche gottes<sup>557</sup> of blodde whyche doe blacke armour  
 steine, 740

Sheenyng upon the borne<sup>558</sup> whyche stondeth bie ;  
 The fouldyers stoode uponne the hillis fyde,  
 Lyche yonge enlefed<sup>559</sup> trees whyche yn a forreste byde.

<sup>548</sup> Shall. <sup>549</sup> Astonish. <sup>550</sup> Wisdom. <sup>551</sup> Bearing. <sup>552</sup> Renowned. <sup>553</sup> Cloathed.  
<sup>554</sup> Flew. <sup>555</sup> Mantle. <sup>556</sup> Glittering. <sup>557</sup> Drops. <sup>558</sup> Burnish, rather hill. <sup>559</sup> In leaf.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 63

Ælla rose lyche the tree besette wyth brieres;  
 Hys talle speere sheenyng as the starres at nyghte, 745  
 Hys eyne ensemeynge <sup>560</sup> as a lowe <sup>561</sup> of fyre;  
 Whanne he encheered everie manne to fyghte,  
 Hys gentle wordes dyd moove eche valourous knyghte;  
 Itte moovethe 'hem, as houterres lyoncelle;  
 In trebled armoure ys theyre courage dyghte; 750  
 Eche warrynge harte forr prayse & rennome swelles;  
 Lyche flowelie dynnyng of the croucheynge <sup>562</sup> streame,  
 Syche dyd the mormryng <sup>563</sup> founde of the whol armie  
 feme.

Hee ledes 'hem onne to fyghte; oh! thenne to saie  
 How Ælla loked, and lokyng dyd encheere, 755  
 Moovynge alyche a mountayne yn affraie,  
 Whanne a lowde whyrlevynde doeyttes bæfomme tare  
 To telle howe everie lōke wuld banyshe feere,  
 Woulde aske an angelles poyntell <sup>564</sup> or hys tyngue <sup>565</sup>.  
 Lyche a talle rocke yatte ryfeth heaven-were <sup>566</sup>, 760  
 Lyche a yonge wolfynne brondeous <sup>567</sup> & stryng <sup>568</sup>,

<sup>560</sup> Appearing. <sup>561</sup> Flame. <sup>562</sup> Crooked, winding. <sup>563</sup> Murmuring. <sup>564</sup> Pen.  
<sup>565</sup> Tongue. <sup>566</sup> Towards heaven. <sup>567</sup> Furious. <sup>568</sup> Strong.

Soe dydde he goe, & myghtie warriours hedde;  
 Wythe gore-depycted wynges masterie arounde hym  
 fledde.

The battelle jyned; swerdes uponne swerdes dydrynge;  
 Ælla was chafed, as lyonns madded bee; 765  
 Lyche fallynge starres, he dydde the javlynn flynge;  
 Hys mightie anlace mightie menne dyd flea;  
 Where he dydde comme, the flemed <sup>569</sup> foe dydde flee,  
 Or felle benethe hys honde, as fallynge rayne,  
 Wythe fythe a fhuyrie he dydde onn 'hemim dree<sup>570, 770</sup>  
 Hylles of yer bowkes <sup>571</sup> dyd ryse opponne the playne;  
 Ælla, thou arte—botte staie, mie tynge; saie nee;  
 Howe greate I hymme maye make, styлле greater hee  
 wylle bee.

Nor dydde hys fouldyerres fee hys actes yn vayne.  
 Heetè a stoute Dane uponne hys compheere<sup>572</sup> felle; 775  
 Heere lorde & hyndlette <sup>573</sup> fonkè uponne the playne;  
 Heere sonne & fadre trembled ynto helle.  
 Chief Magnus fought hys waie, &, shame to telle!  
 Hee soughte hys waie for flyghte; botte Ælla's speere

<sup>569</sup> Frighted. <sup>570</sup> Drive. <sup>571</sup> Bodies. <sup>572</sup> Companion. <sup>573</sup> Peasant.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 65

Upōne the flyynge Dacyannes schoulder felle, 780  
 Quyte throwe hys boddie, & hys harte ytte tare,  
 He groned, & fonke uponne the gorie greene,  
 And wythe hys corse encreased the pyles of Dacyannes  
 fleene.

Spente wythe the fyghte, the Dany the champions stonde,  
 Lyche bulles, whose strengthe & wondrous myghte  
 ys fledde; 785  
 Ælla, a javelynne grypped <sup>574</sup> yn eyther honde,  
 Flyes to the thronge, & doomes two Dacyannes deadde.  
 After hys acte, the armie all yspedde <sup>575</sup>;  
 Fromm everich on unmyflynge javlynnes flewe;  
 Theie straughte <sup>576</sup> yer doughtie <sup>577</sup> fwerdes; the foe-  
 menn bledde; 790  
 Fulle three of foure of myghtie Danes dheie flewe;  
 The Danes, wythe terroure rulynge att their head,  
 Threwe downe theyr bannere talle, & lyche a ravenne  
 fledde.

<sup>574</sup> Grasped. <sup>575</sup> Dispatched. <sup>576</sup> Stretched. <sup>577</sup> Valiant.

The soldyerres followed wythe a myghtie crie,  
 Cryes, yatte welle myghte the stouteste hartes af-  
 fraie. 795

Sweſte, as yer ſhyppes, the vanquyſhed Dacyanica  
 flie;

Sweſte, as the rayne uponne an Aprylle daie,  
 Preſſyng behynde, the Englyſche ſoldyerres flaic.  
 Botte halfe the tythes of Danyſhe menne remayne;  
 Ælla commaundes 'heie ſhoulde the fleetre <sup>578</sup> ſtaie,  
 Botte bynde 'hem pryſonners on the bloddie playne.  
 The fyghtyng beyng done, I came awaie,  
 In odher fieldes to fyghte a moe unequalle fraie.  
 Mie ſervant ſquyre!

## CELMONDE, SERVITOUR

### CELMONDE.

Prepare a fleing horſe,  
 Whoſe feete are wynges, whoſe pace ys lycke the  
 wynde, 805

<sup>578</sup> Slaughter

Whoe

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 67

Whoe wyllle outestreppe the morneynge lyghte yn  
course,

Leaveynge the gyttelles <sup>579</sup> of the merke <sup>580</sup> behynde.

Somme hyltren <sup>581</sup> matters doe mie presence fynde.

Gyv quete to alle yatte I was sleene ynne fyghte.

Gyff ynne thys gare <sup>582</sup> thou doest mie order mynde, 810

Whanne I retorne, thou shalte be made a knyghte ;

Flie, flie, be gon ; an howerre ys a daie ;

Quycke dyghte <sup>583</sup> mie beste of stedes, & brynge hymn  
beere—awale !

C E L M O N D E.

Ælla ys woundedd fore, & ynne the tounne

He waytethe, tylle hys woundes be broghte to ethe <sup>584</sup>.

And shalle I from hys browes ploeke off the croune,

Makynge the vyctore yn hys vyctorie blethe ?

O no ! fulle sooner schulde mie hartes blodde smethe <sup>585</sup>,

Fulle soonere woulde I tortured bee toe deathe ;

Botte—Birtha ys the pryze ; ahe ! ytte were ethe <sup>586</sup> 820

To gayne so gayne <sup>587</sup> a pryze wythe losse of breathe ;

<sup>579</sup> Mantle, cloathing. <sup>580</sup> Darknes. <sup>581</sup> Hidden. <sup>582</sup> Cause. <sup>483</sup> Prepare.  
<sup>584</sup> Relief, ease. <sup>585</sup> Smoke. <sup>586</sup> Easy. <sup>587</sup> Great, advantageous.

Botte thanne rennome æterne<sup>588</sup>—ytte ys botte ayre ;  
 Bredde ynne the phantasie, & alleyn lyvyngre there.

Albeytte everyche thyngre yn lyfe conspyre  
 To telle me of the faulte I now schulde doe, 825  
 Yette woulde I battentlie<sup>589</sup> assuage mie fyre,  
 And the same menes, as I scall nowe, pursue.  
 The qualytyes I fro mie parentes drewe,  
 Were blodde, & morthere, masterie, and warre;  
 Thie I wylle holde to now, & hede ne moe 830  
 A wounde yn rennome, yanne a boddie scarre.  
 Nowe, Ælla, nowe Ime plantynge of a thorne,  
 Bie whyche thie peace, thie love, & glorie shalle be torne.

<sup>588</sup> Eternal. <sup>589</sup> Boldly, or violently.

B R Y S T O W E,

B I R T H A, E G W I N A.

B I R T H A.

GENTLE Egwina, do notte preche <sup>590</sup> me joie ;  
 I cannotte joie ynne anie thyng botte weere <sup>591</sup>. 835  
 Oh ! yatte aughte schulde oure fellyness <sup>592</sup> destroie,  
 Floddyng the face wythe woe, & brynne teare !

E G W I N A.

You muste, you muste endeavour for to cheere  
 Youre harte unto somme cherifaunied <sup>593</sup> reste.  
 Youre loverde <sup>594</sup> from the battelle wylle appere, 840  
 Ynne honnoure, & a greater love, be dreste ;  
 Botte I wylle call the mynstrelles roundelaie ;  
 Perchaunce the swotic <sup>595</sup> founde maie chafe your wiere <sup>596</sup>  
 awaie.

<sup>590</sup> Exhort, recommend. <sup>591</sup> Grief. <sup>592</sup> Happiness. <sup>593</sup> Comfortable.  
<sup>594</sup> Lord. <sup>595</sup> Sweet. <sup>596</sup> Grief.

BIRTHA, EGWINA, MYNSTRELLES.

MYNSTRELLES SONGE.

O ! fynge untoe mie roundelaie,

O ! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee, 845

Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,

Lycke a reynynge <sup>597</sup> ryver bee ;

Mie love ys dedde,

Gon to hys death-bedde,

Al under the wyllowe tree. 850

Blacke hys cryne <sup>598</sup> as the wyntere nyghte,

Whyte hys rode <sup>599</sup> as the sommer snowe,

Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,

Cale <sup>600</sup> he lyes ynne the grave belowe ;

Mie love ys dedde, 855

Gon to hys deathe-bedde,

Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote <sup>601</sup> hys tyngue as the throstles note,

Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,

<sup>597</sup> Running. <sup>598</sup> Hair. <sup>599</sup> Complexion. <sup>600</sup> Cold. <sup>601</sup> Sweet.

Defte

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 71

Defte <sup>602</sup> hys taboure, codgelle ftothe, 860

O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree:

Mie love ys dedde,

Gonne to his deathe-bedde,

Alle underre the wyllowe tree,

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynges, 685

In the briered delle belowe;

Harke! the dethe-owle loud dothe fynges,

To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;

Mie love ys dedde,

Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,

Al under the wyllowe tree.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;

Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;

Whyterre yanne the motnynges skie,

Whyterre yanne the evenynges cloude; 875

Mie love ys dedde,

Gon to hys deathe-bedde,

Al under the wyllowe tree,

<sup>602</sup> Neat,

F 3

Heere,

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,  
 Schalle the baren fleurs be layde, 880  
 Nee one hallie <sup>603</sup> Seyncte to save  
 Al the celnefs <sup>604</sup> of a mayde,

Mie love ys dedde,  
 Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,  
 Alle under the wyllowe tree, 885

Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente <sup>605</sup> the brieres

Rounde his hallie corse to gre <sup>606</sup>,

Ouphante <sup>607</sup> fairie, lyghte youre fyres,

Heere mie boddie styлле schalle bee,

Mie love ys dedde, 890

Gon to hys deathe-bedde,

Al under the wyllowe tree,

Comme, wythe a corme-coppe & thorne,

Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;

Lyfe & all yttes goode I scorne, 895

Daunce bie nete <sup>608</sup>, or feaste by daie,

<sup>603</sup> Holy. <sup>604</sup> Coldnefs, <sup>605</sup> Fasten. <sup>606</sup> Grow. <sup>607</sup> Elfin. <sup>608</sup> Night.

Mie love ys dedde,  
Gon to hys death-bedde,  
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wythes, crownede wythe reytes<sup>609</sup>, 900

Bere mee to yer leathalle<sup>610</sup> tyde.

I die; I comme; mie true love waytes.

Thos the damselle spake, and dyed.

# B I R T H A.

Thys syngeyng haveth whatte coulde make ytte please;

Butte mie uncourtlye<sup>611</sup> shappe<sup>612</sup> benymmes<sup>613</sup> mee of  
all ease. 905

<sup>609</sup> Waterflags, <sup>610</sup> Deadly, <sup>611</sup> Unpleasant, cruel, <sup>612</sup> Fate, <sup>613</sup> Berzoups.

Æ L L A, *atte* WATCHETTE.

CURSE onne mie tardie woundes ! brynge mee a  
stede !

I wylle awaie to Birtha bie thys nyghte ;

Albeytte fro mie woundes mie foul doe blede,

I wylle awaie, & die wythynne her fyghte.

Brynge mee a stede, wythe eagle-wynges for flyghte ;

Sweste as mie wyshe, &, as mie love ys, stronge. 911

The Danes have wroughte mee myckle woe ynne  
fyghte,

Inne kepeynge mee from Birtha's armes so longe.

O ! whatte a dome was myne, fythe masterie

Canne yeve <sup>614</sup> ne pleasaunce, nor mie londes goode  
leme <sup>615</sup> myne eie ! 915

Yee goddes, howe ys a loverres temper formed !

Sometymes the samme thyng wylle bothe bane <sup>616</sup>,  
& bleffe ;

<sup>614</sup> Give. <sup>615</sup> Enlighten. <sup>616</sup> Curse.

# A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 75

On tyme encalede <sup>617</sup>, yanne bie the same thyng  
warmd,

Estroughted <sup>618</sup> foorth, and yanne ybrogten lefs.

'Tys BIRTHA'S los whyche doe mie thoughtes possesse;

I wyll, I muste awaie: whie staies mie stede? 921

Mie huscarles <sup>619</sup>, hyther haste; prepare a dresse,

Whyche couracyers <sup>620</sup> yn haste journies nede.

O heavens! I muste awaie to BYRTHA eyne,

For yn her lookes I fynde mie beyng. doe entwyne. 925

<sup>617</sup> Frozen, cold. <sup>618</sup> Stretched forth. <sup>619</sup> Attendants, <sup>620</sup> Horse  
coursers, couriers.

## CELMONDE, att BRYSTOWE.

The worlde ys darke wythe nyghte; the wyndes are  
 styлле;

Fayntelie the mone her palyde lyghte makes gleme;

The upryfte <sup>621</sup> sprytes the fylente letten <sup>622</sup> fylle,

Wythe ouphant <sup>623</sup> faeryes joynyng ynne the dreame;

The forreste sheenethe wythe the sylver leme <sup>624</sup>; 930

Nowe maie mie love be fated ynn yttes treate;

Uponne the lynche <sup>625</sup> of somme swefte reynyng <sup>626</sup> streame,

At the swote banquette I wyll swotelie eate.

Thys ys the howse; yee hyndes, fwythyn appere.

## CELMONDE, SERVYTOURE.

## CELMONDE.

Go telle to Birtha straye, a straungerr waytethe here. 935

<sup>621</sup> Risen. <sup>622</sup> Church-yard. <sup>623</sup> *Elfin*. <sup>624</sup> *Light*. <sup>625</sup> *Brink*,  
*border*. <sup>626</sup> *Running*.

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Celmonde ! yee feynſtes ! I hope thou haſte goode newes.

CELMONDE.

The hope ys loſt ; for heaue newes prepare.

BIRTHA.

Is *Ælla* welle ?

CELMONDE.

Hee lyves ; & ſtylle maie uſe

The behylte <sup>627</sup> bleſſynges of a future yeare.

BIRTHA.

Whatte heaue tydynges thenne haue I to feare ? 940

Of whatte miſchaunce dydſte thou ſo latelie ſaie ?

<sup>627</sup> Promiſed.

## C E L M O N D E.

For heavie tydynges fwythyn nowe prepare.

Ælla fore wounded ys, yn bykerous <sup>628</sup> fraie;

In Wedecefter's wallid toune he lyes.

## B I R T H A.

O mie agroted <sup>629</sup> breast!

## C E L M O N D E.

Wythoute your fyghte, he dyes. 945

## B I R T H A.

Wylle Birtha's prefence ethe <sup>630</sup> her Ælla's payne?

I flie; newe wynges doe from mie schoulderrs sprynge.

## C E L M O N D E.

Mie ftede wydhoute wylle deftelie <sup>631</sup> beere us twayne.

## B I R T H A.

Oh! I wyl flie as wynde, & no waie lynge <sup>632</sup>;

<sup>628</sup> Warlike. <sup>629</sup> Swelling, or bursting. <sup>630</sup> Relieve, ease. <sup>631</sup> Easily, comfortably. <sup>632</sup> Linger.

# A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 79

Sweftlie caparifons for rydyng brynge; 950

I have a mynde wynged wythe the levyn plome<sup>633</sup>.

O Ælla, Ælla! dydſte thou kenne the ſynge,

The whyche doeth canker ynne mie hartys roome,

Thou wouldſte ſee playne thieſelfe the gare<sup>634</sup> to bee;

Aryſe, uponne thie love, & ſie to meeten me. 955

## C E L M O N D E.

The ſtede, on whyche I came, ys ſweſte as ayre<sup>635</sup>;

Mie ſervytours doe wayte mee nere the wode;

Swythynne wythe mee unto the place repayre;

To Ælla I wylle geve you conducte good.

Youre eyne, alyche a baulme, wylle ſtaunche hys

bloode, 960

Holpe oppe hys woundes, & yev<sup>636</sup> hys harte alle

cheere;

Uponne your eyne he holdes hys lyvelyhode<sup>637</sup>;

You doe hys ſpryte, & alle hys pleaſaunce bere.

Comme, lette's awaie, albeytte ytte ys moke<sup>638</sup>,

Yette love wille be a tore<sup>639</sup> to tourne to feere<sup>640</sup> nyghte;

ſmoke. 965

<sup>633</sup> Feathered lightning. <sup>634</sup> Cause. <sup>635</sup> Give. <sup>636</sup> Life. <sup>637</sup> Dark.  
<sup>638</sup> Torch. <sup>639</sup> Fire.

## B I R T H A .

Albeytte unwears <sup>640</sup> dyd the welkynn <sup>641</sup> rende,  
 Reyne <sup>642</sup> alyche fallynge ryvers, dyd ferse <sup>643</sup> bee,  
 Erthe wythe the ayre enchiafed <sup>644</sup> dyd contende,  
 Everychone breathe of wynde wythe plagues dyd flee,  
 Yette I to Ælla's eyne eftsoones woulde flee;      970  
 Albeytte hawethornes dyd mie fleshe enseme <sup>645</sup>,  
 Owlottes, wythe scrychyng, shakeyng everyche tree,  
 And water-neders <sup>646</sup> wrygglyng yn echē streme,  
 Yette woulde I fle, ne under coverte staie,  
 Botte seke mie Ælla owte; brave Celmonde, leade the  
 waie.      975

<sup>640</sup> Tempesti. - <sup>641</sup> Sky, or heaven. <sup>642</sup> Rain. <sup>643</sup> Fierce. <sup>644</sup> Heated.  
<sup>645</sup> Furrow, or make seams in. <sup>646</sup> Water serpents.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 81

A W O D E.

H U R R A, D A N E S,

H U R R A,

HEERE ynn yis forreste lette us watche for preë,  
Bewreckeynge <sup>647</sup> on oure foemenne oure ylle warre;  
Whatteverre schalle be Englysch wee wyllle slea,  
Spreddyng our uglomme <sup>648</sup> rennome <sup>649</sup> to afarre.  
Ye Dacyanne menne, gyff Dacyanne menne yee are, 980  
Lette nete <sup>650</sup> botte blodde suffycyle <sup>651</sup> for yee bee;  
On everich breaste yn gorie letteres scarre <sup>652</sup>,  
Whatt sprytes you have, & howe those sprytes maie  
dree <sup>653</sup>,  
And gyf yee gette awaie to Denmarkes shore,  
Eftsoones <sup>654</sup> we will retourne, & wanquished bee ne  
moere, 985

<sup>647</sup> Revenging. <sup>648</sup> Terrible. <sup>649</sup> Renown. <sup>650</sup> Nought. <sup>651</sup> Sufficient.  
<sup>652</sup> Mark. <sup>653</sup> Drive. <sup>654</sup> Quickly.

The battelle losfe, a battelle was yndede;  
 Note queedes<sup>655</sup> hemfelves culde stonde fo harde a fraie;  
 Oure verie armoure, & oure heaulmes<sup>656</sup> dyd blede,  
 The Dacyannes sprytes, lyche dewe drops, fledde awaie,  
 Ytte was an Ælla dyd commaunde the daie; 990  
 Ynn spyte of foemanne, I moſte faie hys myghte;  
 Botte wee ynn hynd-lettes<sup>657</sup> blodde the lofs wylle paie,  
 Brynnynge<sup>658</sup>, thatte we knowe howe to wynne yn  
 fyghte;  
 Wee wylle, lyke wylfes<sup>659</sup> enloofed from chaynes,  
 deſtroie;—  
 Oure armoures—wynter nyghte ſhotte<sup>660</sup> oute the daie  
 of joie. 995

Whene ſweſte-fote tyme doe rolle the daie alonge,  
 Somme hamlette ſcalle onto oure fhuyrie<sup>661</sup> brende<sup>662</sup>;  
 Braſtynge<sup>663</sup> alyche a rocke, or mountayne ſtronge,  
 The talle chyrche-ſpyre upon the grene ſhalle bende;  
 Wee wylle the walles, & auntyante<sup>664</sup> tourrettes  
 rende, 1000

Pete<sup>665</sup> everych tree whych goldyn fruyte doe beere,

<sup>655</sup> Devils. <sup>656</sup> Helmets. <sup>657</sup> Peaſants. <sup>658</sup> Shewing. <sup>659</sup> Wolves. <sup>660</sup> Shut.  
<sup>661</sup> Fury. <sup>662</sup> Burn. <sup>663</sup> Buſſing. <sup>664</sup> Ancient. <sup>665</sup> Pluck up.

## A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 83

Downe to the goddes the ownerrs dhereof sende,  
Besprengynge<sup>666</sup> alle abrode sadde warre & bloddiewcere<sup>667</sup>.

Botte fyrste to yynder oke-tree wee wylle flie ;  
And thence wylle yffue owte onne all yatte commeth  
bie. 1005

## ANODHER PARTE OF THE WOODE.

### CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

#### BIRTHA.

Thys merknesh<sup>668</sup> doe affraie mie wommanns breake.

Howe fable ys the spreddyng skie arrayde !

Hallie<sup>669</sup> the bordeleire<sup>670</sup>, who lyves to reste,

Ne ys att nyghtys flemynge<sup>671</sup> hue dysmayde ;

The starres doe scantillie<sup>672</sup> the fable brayde<sup>673</sup>; 1010

Wyde ys the fylver lemes<sup>674</sup> of comforte wove ;

Speke, Celmonde, does ytte make thee notte afraide ?

### CELMONDE.

Merker<sup>675</sup> the nyghte, the fiter tyde<sup>676</sup> for love,

<sup>666</sup> Scatterings. <sup>667</sup> Tempest. <sup>668</sup> Darknes. <sup>669</sup> Happy. <sup>670</sup> Cottage. <sup>671</sup> Tem-  
rifying. <sup>672</sup> Scarcely, sparingly. <sup>673</sup> Embroider. <sup>674</sup> Rays, beams. <sup>675</sup> Darker.  
<sup>676</sup> Time.

## B I R T H A.

Saieſt thou for love? ah! love is far awaite.

Faygne would I ſee once moe the roddie lemes <sup>677</sup> of  
daie. 1015

## C E L M O N D E.

Love maie bee nie, woulde Birtha calle ytte here,

## B I R T H A.

How, Celmonde, dothe thou mene?

## C E L M O N D E.

Thys Celmonde menes,

No leme, no cynt, ne mortalle manne appere,

Ne lyghte, an acte of love for to bewreane <sup>678</sup>;

Nete <sup>679</sup> in thys forreſte, botte thys tore <sup>680</sup>, dothe  
ſheene, 1020

The whych, pottede oute, do leave the whole yn nyghte;

See! howe the brauncynge <sup>681</sup> trees doe here entwine,

Makeynge thys bower ſo pleaſynge to the ſyghte;

<sup>677</sup> Beams. <sup>678</sup> Discover. <sup>679</sup> Nought. <sup>680</sup> Torch. <sup>681</sup> Branching.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 85

Thys was for love fyrste made, & heere ytt stondes,  
Thatte hereynne lovers maie enlyncke yn true loves  
bondes. 1025

B I R T H A.

Celmonde, speake whatte thou meneft, or alse mie  
thoughtes.

Perchaunce maie robbe thie honestie so fayte.

C E L M O N D E.

Then here, & knowe, hereto I have you broughte,  
Mie longe hydde love unto you to make clere.

B I R T H A.

Oh heaven & earthe! whatte ys ytt I doe heare? 1030  
Am I betraſte<sup>682</sup>? where ys my Ella, ſaie!

C E L M O N D E.

Oh do nete<sup>683</sup> nowe to Ella ſyke love bere,  
Botte geve ſome onne Celmondes hedde.

<sup>682</sup> Betrayed. <sup>683</sup> Not.

## B I R T H A.

Awake!

I, wylle be gone, & groape mie passage oute,

Albeytte neders<sup>684</sup> stynges mie legs do twyne aboute. 1035

## C E L M O N D E.

Nowe bie the seynctes I wylle notte lette thee goe,

Ontylle thou doeste mie brendyng<sup>685</sup> love amate<sup>686</sup>.

Thofe eyne have caused Celmonde myckle woe,

Yenne lette yer smyle fyrst take hym yn regrave<sup>687</sup>.

O! didst thou see mie breastis troblous state, 1040

Theere love doth harrie<sup>688</sup> up mie joie, and ethe<sup>689</sup>!

I wretched bee, beyonde the hele<sup>690</sup> of fate,

Gyff BIRTHA styll wylle make mie harte-veynes blethe<sup>691</sup>.

Softe as the sommer flowreets, BIRTHA, looke,

Full ylle I canne thie frownes & harde dyspleasaunce

brooke.

1045

## B I R T H A.

This love ys foule; I woulde bee deafe for aie,

Radher thanne heere fyche dellavatie<sup>692</sup> sedde.

<sup>684</sup> Adders. <sup>685</sup> Burning. <sup>686</sup> Quench. <sup>687</sup> Favor. <sup>688</sup> Tear up. <sup>689</sup> Ease.  
<sup>690</sup> Help. <sup>691</sup> Bleed. <sup>692</sup> Lethery.

Swythynne

## A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 87

Swythynne flie from mee, and ne further saie;  
 Radher thanne heare this love, I woulde bee dead.  
 Yee seynctes! & shal I wronge mie Ella's bedde, 1050  
 And wouldst thou, Celmonde, tempte me to the thyng?  
 Lett mee be gone—alle curfes onne this hedde!  
 Was ytte for thys thou dydste a message brynge!  
 Lette mee be gone, thou manne of fable harte!  
 Or. welkyn <sup>693</sup> & her farres wyll take a maydens  
 parte. 1055

## CELMONDE.

Sythence you wylle notte lette mie fuyte avele <sup>694</sup>,  
 Mie love wylle have yttes joie, altho wythe guylte;  
 Youre lymbes shall bende, albeytte strynge as stele;  
 The merkye <sup>695</sup> seefonne wylle your blosches hylte <sup>696</sup>.

## BIRTHA.

Holpe, holpe, yee seynctes! oh thatte mie blodde was  
 fpylte! 1060

<sup>693</sup> Heaven. <sup>694</sup> Prevail. <sup>695</sup> Dark. <sup>696</sup> Hide.

HURRA

CEL MONDE

The feynctes att distaunce stonde ynn tyme of nede.

Stre<sup>697</sup> notte to goe thou castte notte, gyff thou wylte.

Unto mis wyfche<sup>698</sup> bee kins, & mete also hede.

BIRTHA

No, foule befoykerre<sup>699</sup>, I wylle rende the ayre,

Tylle de the do faie mie dynne, or some hynde roder<sup>700</sup>  
heare. 1065

Holpe! holpe! oh godde!

CEL MONDE, BIRTHA, HURRA, DANES.

HURRA

Ah! thatts a wommanne cries.

I kenn hem; faie, who are you, yatte be there?

CEL MONDE

Yee hyndes, awaie! orre bie thys swerde yee dies.

<sup>697</sup> Strive. <sup>698</sup> Wife. <sup>699</sup> Deceiver. <sup>700</sup> Traveller.



**H U R R A:**

**This wordes wyllt in my hartis fete) 701 affere 701\*.**

21-00000-101 **BIRTH** A. 100-00000-101

Save mee, oh! save me from thys roynere <sup>702</sup> heere! "1070

**H U R R A .**

**Stonde thou bie mee; nowe saie thie name & londe;**

\* Or swythynne schall mie swerde thie boddie tare.

**C E L M O N D E.**

**Bothe I wylle shewe thee bie mie brondeous <sup>703</sup> honde.**

H U R R A .

**Befette hym roundé, yee Danes.**

C É L M O N D E.

**Comme onne, and see**

**Gyf mie ftrynge anlac<sup>704</sup> maie bewryen<sup>705</sup> whatte I bee.**

**[F]yghte al anenſte Celmonde, meynthe Danes he fleath,**

*and faletb to Hurra.*

701 *Stability.* 701<sup>10</sup> *Affright.* 702 *Ruiner.* 703 *Furious.* 704 *Sword.* 705 *Discover.*

CELMONDE.

Oh! I forslagen <sup>706</sup> be, ye Danes, now lenne,

I amme yatte Celmonde, seconde yn the fyghte,

Who dydd, atte Watchette, so forflege <sup>707</sup> youre menne;

I fele myne eyne to fwymme yn æterne <sup>708</sup> nyghte,—

To her be kynde. [Dieth.

HURRA.

Thenne felle a wordhie knyghte. 1980

Saie, who bee you?

BIRTHA.

I am greate Ælla's wyfe.

HURRA.

Ah!

BIRTHA.

Gyff anenſte <sup>709</sup> hym you harboure foule deſpyte,

Nowe wythe the lethal <sup>710</sup> anlace <sup>711</sup> take mie lyfe,

<sup>706</sup> Slain. <sup>707</sup> Slew. <sup>708</sup> Eternal. <sup>709</sup> Against. <sup>710</sup> Deadly. <sup>711</sup> Sword.

## A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 791

Bie thanks I ever omne you wyll bestowe,  
 From ewherye <sup>712</sup> you mee pyghte <sup>713</sup>, the worlde of  
 mortal woe 1085

## H U R R A.

I wyll; ytte scalle bee foe: yee Dacyans, heere.  
 Thys Ælla havethe been oure foe for aie.  
 Thorrowe the battelle he dyd brondeous <sup>714</sup> teare,  
 Beyng the lyfe and head of everych fraie;  
 From everych Dacyanne power he won the daie, 1090  
 Forflagen <sup>715</sup> Magnus, all our schippes ybrente <sup>716</sup>;  
 Bie hys felle arme wee now are made to straie;  
 The speere of Dacya he ynne pieces shente <sup>717</sup>;  
 [[ Whanne hantoned <sup>718</sup> barckes unto our londe dyd comme,  
 Ælla the gare <sup>719</sup> dheie fed, & wysched <sup>720</sup> hym bytter  
 dome <sup>721</sup>. 1095

## B I R T H A.

Mercie!

## H U R R A.

Bee styll.

<sup>712</sup> Adultery. <sup>713</sup> Plucked. <sup>714</sup> Furious. <sup>715</sup> Slew. <sup>716</sup> Burnt. <sup>717</sup> Broken.  
<sup>718</sup> Accused. <sup>719</sup> Cause. <sup>720</sup> Wished. <sup>721</sup> Fate.

Botte yette dayes a foemanne good and fayre;  
 Whanne who answered, he founde the the forloyn<sup>711</sup>  
 The captyves chayne he tosse the ynne the ayre,  
 Cheered the wounded bothe wythe bredde & wyne;  
 Has hee notte untoe somme of you bynn dygne<sup>712</sup> 1100  
 You would have smeth<sup>714</sup> on the Wedecestrian fiede,  
 Botte hee behylte<sup>715</sup> the slughorne<sup>716</sup> for to cleyne<sup>717</sup>,  
 Throwynge onne hys wyde backe, hys wyder spred-  
 dyng shilde.

Whanne you, as caytysned<sup>718</sup>, yn fiede dyd bee,  
 He oathed<sup>719</sup> you to bee styll, & straye didd sette you  
 free.

1105

Scalle wee forslege<sup>720</sup> hys wyfe, because he's brave?  
 Bicaus hee fyghteth for hys cuntryes gare<sup>721</sup>?  
 Wylle hee, who havith bynne yis Aella's slave,  
 Robbe hym of whatte percase<sup>722</sup> he holdith deere?  
 Or scalle we menne of mennys<sup>723</sup> spytes appere, 1110  
 Doeynge hym favoure for hys favoure donne,  
 Swepte to hys pallace thys damoiselle<sup>724</sup> bere,  
 Bewryne<sup>725</sup> oure case, and to oure waie be gone?

<sup>711</sup> Retreat. <sup>712</sup> Noble, worthy of praise. <sup>714</sup> Smoked. <sup>715</sup> Forbid. <sup>716</sup> War-  
 like instrument of music. <sup>717</sup> Sound. <sup>718</sup> Captives. <sup>719</sup> Swore. <sup>720</sup> Slay. <sup>721</sup> Cause.  
<sup>722</sup> Perhaps. <sup>723</sup> Men. <sup>724</sup> Damsel. <sup>725</sup> Declares.

# A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 93

The last you sh<sup>d</sup> approve; so lette y<sup>e</sup> beap  
 Damoyfelle, comme awaie; your last scalle hearwythe  
 mee!

## B I R T H A.

Al blessings maie the feynetes unto yee gyve!  
 Alpleasaunce maie your longe straughte<sup>736</sup> livynges bee!  
 Ælla; whanne knowynge thatte bie' you I lyve,  
 Wylle thyncke too smalle a guyfte<sup>737</sup> the londe & sea,  
 O Celmonde! I maie deſtlie<sup>738</sup> rede by thee, 1120  
 Whatte ille betyde the<sup>739</sup> the enſouled<sup>740</sup> kynde;  
 Maie ne thie croſs-ſtone<sup>741</sup> of thie cryme bewree<sup>742</sup>;  
 Maie alle menne ken thie valoure, fewe thie mynde!  
 Soldyer! for lyke thou arte ynn noble fraie,  
 I wylle thie goinges<sup>743</sup> tende, & doe thou lede the waie. 1125

## H U R R A,

The mornynge 'gyns alonge the Eaſte to ſheene;  
 Darklinge the lyghte doe onne the waters plaie;  
 The feynete rodde leme<sup>743</sup> ſlowe creeperthoere the greene,  
 To chaſe the merkynels<sup>744</sup> of nyghte awaie;

<sup>736</sup> Lengthened. <sup>737</sup> Gift. <sup>738</sup> Properly. <sup>739</sup> Awaiteth. <sup>740</sup> Prisoner.  
<sup>741</sup> Monument. <sup>742</sup> Declare. <sup>743</sup> Ray. <sup>744</sup> Darkness.

Swifte flies the howers thatte wylle brynge oute the  
daie ; 1130

The softe dewe falleth onne the greeynge <sup>745</sup> grasse ;

The shepster <sup>746</sup> mayden, dyghtynge <sup>747</sup> her arraie,

Scante <sup>748</sup> fees her vylage yn the wauie glasse ;

Bie the fulle daylieghte wee scalle Ælla see, 1134

Or Brystowes wallyd towne ; damoyfelle, followe mee.

<sup>745</sup> Growing. <sup>746</sup> Shepherdes. <sup>747</sup> Preparing. <sup>748</sup> Scarce.

AT BRYSTOWE.

ÆLLA AND SERVITOURES.

ÆLLA.

TYS nowe fulle morne; I thoughten, bie laste nyghte  
 To have been heere ! mie stede han notte mie love ;  
 Thys ys mie pallace ; lette mie hyndes <sup>748</sup> alyghte,  
 Whylste I goe oppe, & wake mie slepeynge dove.  
 Staie here, mie hyndlettes ; I shal goe above. 1140  
 Nowe, Birtha, wyll thie loke enhele <sup>749</sup> mie spryte,  
 Thie fmyles unto mie woundes a baulme wyllle prove ;  
 Mie ledanne <sup>750</sup> boddie wyllle bee sette aryghte.  
 Egwina, haste, & ope the portalle doore,  
 Yatte I on Birtha's breste maie thynke of warre ne  
 more. 1145

<sup>748</sup> Servants. <sup>749</sup> Heal, cure, <sup>750</sup> Heavy.

ÆLLA.

Æ L L A;

Æ L L A, E G W I N A,

E G W I N A,

Oh Ælla!

Æ L L A.

Ah! that femmlykeene <sup>751</sup> to mee

Spēeketh a legendary tale of woe.

E G W I N A,

Birtha is—

Æ L L A.

Whatt? where? how? saie, whatte of thee?

E G W I N A,

Gone—

Æ L L A.

Gone! ye goddes!

<sup>751</sup> Appearance.

E G W I N A.

EGWINA.

Alas! ytte ys toe true.

Yee feynctes, hee dies awaie wythe myckle woe! 1150

Ælla! what? Ælla! oh! hee! lyves agen.

ÆLLA.

Cal mee notte Ælla; I am hymme ne mœ.

Where ys shee gon awaie? ah! speake! how? when?

EGWINA.

I will,

ÆLLA.

Caparyson a score of stedes; fle, fle.

Where ys shee? swythynne speeke, or instante thou  
shalte die. 1155

EGWINA.

Stylle thie loud rage, & here thou whatte I knowe.

ÆLLA.

Oh! speek.

H. EGWINA.

## E G W I N A.

Lyche prymrose, droopynge wythe the heaue rayne,  
 Laste nyghte I lefte her, droopynge with her wiere<sup>752</sup>,  
 Her love the gare<sup>753</sup>, thatte gave her harte lyke peyne—

## Æ L L A.

Her love ! to whomme ?

## E G W I N A.

To thee, her spouse alleyne<sup>754</sup>. 1160

As ys mie hentylle<sup>755</sup> everyche morne to goe,  
 I wente, and oped her chamber doore ynn twayne,  
 Botte found her notte, as I was wont to doe ;  
 Thanne alle arounde the pallace I dyd seere<sup>756</sup>,  
 Botte culde (to mie hartes woe) ne fynde her anie  
 where. 1165

## Æ L L A.

Thou lyeft, foul hagge ! thou lyeft ; thou art her ayde  
 To chere her louste ;—botte noe ; ytte cannotte bee.

<sup>752</sup> Grief. <sup>753</sup> Cause. <sup>754</sup> Only, alone. <sup>755</sup> Custom. <sup>756</sup> Search.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 99

EGWINA.

Gyff trouthe appear notte inne whatte I have sayde,  
Drawe forthe thie anlace fwythyn, thanne mee flea.

Æ L L A.

Botte yette ytte muste, ytte must bee foe; I see, 1170  
Shee wythe somme loustie <sup>757</sup> paramoure ys gone;  
Itte moste bee foe—oh! how ytte wracketh mee!  
Mie race of love, mie race of lyfe ys ronne;  
Nowe rage, & brondeous <sup>758</sup> storm, & tempeste comme;  
Nete lyvyng upon erthe can now enswote <sup>759</sup> mie  
domme. 1175

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE.

SERVYTOURE.

Loverde <sup>760</sup>! I am aboute the trouthe to saie.  
Laste nyghte, fulle late I dydde retourne ta reste.  
As to mie chamber I dydde bende mie waie,  
To Birtha onne hys name & place addreste;

<sup>757</sup> Lustful. <sup>758</sup> Furious. <sup>759</sup> Sweeten. <sup>760</sup> Lord,

Downe to hym camme shee ; butte thereof the reste  
I ken ne matter ; so, mie homage made— 1181

## Æ L L A.

O! speake ne moe ; mie harte flames yn yttes heste <sup>761</sup> ;  
I once was Ælla ; nowe bee notte ytte's shadé.  
Hanne alle the fuirie of mysfortunes wylle  
Fallen onne mie benned <sup>762</sup> headde I hanne been Ælla  
style. 1185

Thys alleyn was unburled <sup>763</sup> of alle mie spryte :  
Miehonnoure, honnoure, frownd on the dolce <sup>764</sup> wynde,  
Thatte steeked <sup>765</sup> on ytte; nowe wythrage Im pyghte <sup>766</sup>;  
A brondeous <sup>767</sup> unweere <sup>768</sup> ys mie engyned <sup>769</sup> mynde.  
Mie honneur <sup>770</sup> yette somme drybblet <sup>771</sup> joie maie  
fynde, 1190

To the Danes woundes I wylle another yeve <sup>772</sup> ;  
Whanne thos mie rennome <sup>773</sup> & mie peace ys rynde <sup>774</sup>,  
Itte were a recrandize <sup>775</sup> to thyncke toe lyve ;

<sup>761</sup> Command. <sup>762</sup> Cursed, tormented. <sup>763</sup> Unarmed. <sup>764</sup> Soft, gentle.  
<sup>765</sup> Stealed. <sup>766</sup> Tortured. <sup>767</sup> Furious. <sup>768</sup> Tempest. <sup>769</sup> Racked. <sup>770</sup> Honor.  
<sup>771</sup> Inconsiderable. <sup>772</sup> Give. <sup>773</sup> Renown. <sup>774</sup> Ruined. <sup>775</sup> Cowardice.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 101

Mie huscarles <sup>776</sup>, untōe everie asker telle,  
Gyffe noblie Ælla lyved, as noblie Ælla felle. 1195  
[*Stabbeth hys breste.*

S E R V Y T O U R E,

Ælla ys fleene; the flower of Englonde's marrde!

Æ L L A,

Be styлле: stythe lette the chyrches ryngie mie knelle.  
Call hyther brave Coernyke; he, as wardē  
Of thys mie Brystowe castle, wyll doe welle,  
[*Knelle ryngeth.*

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE.

Æ L L A.

Thee I ordeyne the wardē; so alle maie telle. 1200  
I have botte lyttel tym to dragge thys lyfe;  
Mie lethall <sup>777</sup> talē, alyche a lethalle belle,  
Dyenne <sup>778</sup> yn the eares of her I wyschd <sup>779</sup> mie wyfe!

<sup>776</sup> *Servants.* <sup>777</sup> *Deadly.* <sup>778</sup> *Sound.* <sup>779</sup> *Wished.*

Æ L L A;

Botte, ah ! shee maie be fayre.

E G W I N A.

Yatte shee moſte bee,

Æ L L A.

Ah ! ſaie notte foe ; yatte worde woulde Ælla dobblie  
ſlee.

1205

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE,  
BIRTHA, HURRA.

Æ L L A.

Ah ! Birtha here !

B I R T H A.

Whatte dynne <sup>780</sup> ys thys? whatte menes yis leathalle  
knelle?

Where ys mie Ælla? ſpeeke ; where? howe ys h̄ee?

Oh Ælla ! art thou yanne alyve and welle !

<sup>780</sup> Sound.

ÆLLA.

Æ L L A.

I lyve yndeed; botte doe notte lyve for thee.

B I R T H A,

Whatte menes mie Ælla?

Æ L L A,

Here mie meneynge fee. 1210

This foulness urged mie honde to gyve thys wounde,

Ytte me<sup>t</sup> unsprytes<sup>781</sup>.

B I R T H A,

Ytte hathe unspryt<sup>e</sup>d mee,

Æ L L A,

Ah heavens! mie Birtha fallethe to the grounde!

Botte yette I am a manne, and so wyll<sup>e</sup> bee.

<sup>781</sup> Un-fouls.

H 4

H U R R A.

## H U R R A.

Ælla ! I amme a Dane ; botte yette a friende to thea. 1215

Thys damoyfelle I founde wythynne a woode,  
 Strevynge fulle harde anenste <sup>782</sup> a burled <sup>783</sup> swayne ;  
 I sente hym myrynge <sup>784</sup> ynne mie compheeres <sup>785</sup> blodde,  
 Celmonde hys name, chief of thie warrynge trayne.  
 Yis damoiselle foughte to be here agayne ; 1220  
 The whyche, albeytte foemen, wee dydd wylle ;  
 So here wee broughte her wythe you to remayne.

## C O E R N I K E.

Yee nobylle Danes ! wythe goulde I wyll you fylle,

## Æ L L A.

Birtha, mie lyfe ! mie love ! oh ! she ys fayre.  
 Whatte faultes coulde Birtha have ; whatte faultes coulde  
 Ælla feare ? 1225

<sup>782</sup> *Against*. <sup>783</sup> *Armed*. <sup>784</sup> *Wallowing*. <sup>785</sup> *Companions*.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 195

B I R T H A.

Amm I yenne thyne? I cannotte blame thie feere,  
Botte doe reste mee uponne mie Ælla's breaste;  
I wylle to thee bewryen <sup>786</sup> the woefulle gare <sup>787</sup>,  
Celmonde dyd comme to mee at tyme of reste.  
Wordeynge <sup>788</sup> for mee to fle, att your requeste, 1239  
To Watchette towne, where you deceafynge laie;  
I wyth hym fledde; thro' a murke <sup>789</sup> wode we prestē,  
Where hee foule love unto mie eares dyd saie;  
The Danes—

Æ L L A,

Oh! I die contente.— *[dieth.]*

B I R T H A.

Oh! ys mie Ælla dedde?

O! I will make hys grave mie vyrgyn spousal bedde. 1235

*[Birtha feyneth.]*

C O E R N Y K E.

Whatt? Ælla deadde! & Birtha dyynge toe!

Soe falles the fayrest flourettes of the playne.

<sup>786</sup> Declare. <sup>787</sup> Cause. <sup>788</sup> Bringing me word. <sup>789</sup> Dark.

Who

Who canne unplyte <sup>790</sup> the wurchys <sup>791</sup> heaven can doe,  
 Or who untweste the role of shappe <sup>792</sup> yn twayne?  
 Ælla, thie rennome <sup>793</sup> was thie onlie gayne; 1240  
 For yatte, thie pleasaunce, & thie joie was loste,  
 Thie countrymen shall rere thee, on the playne,  
 A pyle of carnes <sup>794</sup>, as anie grave can boaste;  
 Further, a just amede <sup>795</sup> to thee to bee,  
 Inne heaven thou synge of Godde, on ertoe we'lle synge  
 of thee. 1245

<sup>790</sup> Unfold. <sup>791</sup> Works. <sup>792</sup> Fate. <sup>793</sup> Renown. <sup>794</sup> Stones. <sup>795</sup> Reward.

THE ENDE,

GODDWYN;

G O D D W Y N;

A T R A G E D I E,

BY T H O M A S R O W L E I E,

## PERSONS REPRESENTED,

HAROLDE,           bie *T. Rowleie*, the Authoure.

GODDWIN,           bie *Johan de Iscamme*.

ELWARDE,           bie Syrr *Thybbot Gorges*.

ALSTAN,            bie Syrr *Alan de Vere*.

KYNGE EDWARDE,   bie Mastre *Willyam Canynge*.

Odhers bie *Knyghtes Mynnstrells*.

## P R O L O G U E.

Made bie Maistre WILLIAM CANYNGE.

**W**Hylomme <sup>1</sup> bie pensmenne <sup>2</sup> moke <sup>3</sup> ungentle <sup>4</sup> name  
 Have upon Goddwynne Erle of Kente bin layde,  
 Dherebie benymmynge <sup>5</sup> hymme of faie <sup>6</sup> and fame;  
 Unliart <sup>7</sup> divinistres <sup>8</sup> haveth faide,  
 Thatte he was knowen toe noe hallie <sup>9</sup> wurche <sup>10</sup>; 5  
 Botte thys was all hys faulte, he gyfted ne <sup>11</sup> the church.

The aucthoure <sup>12</sup> of the piece whiche we enacte,  
 Albeytte <sup>13</sup> a clergyon <sup>14</sup>, trouthe wyll wrytte.  
 Inne drawyng of hys mēne no wytte ys lackte;  
 Entyn <sup>15</sup> a kynge mote <sup>16</sup> bee full pleased to nyghte. 10  
 Attende, and marcke the partes nowe to be done;  
 Wee better for toe doe do champion <sup>17</sup> anie onne.

<sup>1</sup> Of old, formerly. <sup>2</sup> Writers, historians. <sup>3</sup> Much. <sup>4</sup> Inglorious.  
<sup>5</sup> Bereaving. <sup>6</sup> Faith. <sup>7</sup> Unforgiving. <sup>8</sup> Divines, clergymen, monks.  
<sup>9</sup> Holy. <sup>10</sup> Work. <sup>11</sup> Not. <sup>12</sup> Author. <sup>13</sup> Though, notwithstanding.  
<sup>14</sup> Clerk, or clergyman. <sup>15</sup> Entyn, even. <sup>16</sup> Might. <sup>17</sup> Challenge.

GODDWYN;

G O D D W Y N ; A T R A G E D I E.

G O D D W Y N A N D H A R O L D E.

G O D D W Y N.

H A R O L D E !

H A R O L D E.

Mie loverde <sup>18</sup> !

G O D D W Y N.

O ! I weepe to thyncke,

What foemen <sup>19</sup> riseth to ifrete <sup>20</sup> the londe.

Theie batten <sup>21</sup> onne her flesh, her hartes bloude  
dryncke;

And all ys graunted from the roical honde.

<sup>18</sup> Lord. <sup>19</sup> Foes, enemies. <sup>20</sup> Devour, destroy. <sup>21</sup> Fatten.

H A R O L D E.

## H A R O L D E.

Lette notte thie agreme <sup>22</sup> blyn <sup>23</sup>, ne aledgē <sup>24</sup> stonde; <sup>5</sup>  
 Bee I toe wepe, I wepe in tēres of gore:  
 Am I, betrayed <sup>45</sup>, fyke <sup>26</sup> shulde mie burlie <sup>27</sup> bronde  
 Depeyncte <sup>28</sup> the wronges on hym from whom I bore.

## G O D D W Y N.

I ken thie spryte <sup>29</sup> ful welle; gentle thou art,  
 Stringe <sup>30</sup>, ugſomme <sup>31</sup>, rou <sup>32</sup>, as smethynge <sup>33</sup> armyes  
 ſeeme; 10  
 Yett este <sup>34</sup>, I feare, thie cheſes <sup>35</sup> toe grete a parte,  
 And that thie rede <sup>36</sup> bee este borne downe bis brema<sup>37</sup>,  
 What tydynges from the kynge!

## H A R O L D E.

His Normaffs knowe.

I make noe compheere <sup>38</sup> of the ſhemrynge <sup>38\*</sup> traynē.

<sup>22</sup> Grievance; a ſenſe of it. <sup>23</sup> Cease, be ſtill. <sup>24</sup> Idly. <sup>25</sup> De-  
 ceived, impoſed on. <sup>26</sup> So. <sup>27</sup> Fury, anger, rage. <sup>28</sup> Paint, diſplay.  
<sup>29</sup> Soul. <sup>30</sup> Strong. <sup>31</sup> Terrible. <sup>32</sup> Horrid, grim. <sup>33</sup> Smoking,  
 bleeding. <sup>34</sup> Oft. <sup>35</sup> Heat, raſhneſs. <sup>36</sup> Counſel, wiſdom.  
<sup>37</sup> Strength, alſo ſtrong. <sup>38</sup> Companions. <sup>38\*</sup> Taddery, glimmering.

## G O D D W Y N:

Ah Harolde! tis a fyghte of myckle woe, 15  
 To kenne these Normannes everich rennome gayne.  
 What tydynges wythe the foulke 39?

## H A R O L D E.

Stylle mormorynges atte yer shap 40, stylle toe the  
 kynges  
 Theire rolle theire trobbles, lyche a forgie fea.  
 Hane Englonde thenne a tongue, butte notte a stynges? 20  
 Dothe alle compleyne, yette none wylle ryghted bee?

## G O D D W Y N.

Awayte the tyme, whanne Godde wylle sende us ayde.

## H A R O L D E.

No, we muste streve to ayde oureselves wyth powre.  
 Whan Godde wylle sende us ayde! tis fetelie 41 prayde.

39 People. 40 Fate, destiny. 41 Nobly,

Mofe we thofe calke<sup>42</sup> awaie the lyve-longe howre? 25  
 Thos croche<sup>43</sup> oure armes, and as we lyve dareygne<sup>44</sup>,  
 Unburled<sup>45</sup>, undelievre<sup>46</sup>, unefpyre<sup>47</sup>.  
 Far fro mie harte be fled thyk<sup>48</sup> thoughte of peyne,  
 Ile free mie countrie, or Ile die yn fyghte.

G O D D W Y N.

Botte lette us wayte untylle fomme feafon fyttē. 30  
 Mie Kentyfmen, thie Sumnertons fhall ryfe;  
 Adented<sup>49</sup> prowefs<sup>50</sup> to the gite<sup>51</sup> of witte,  
 Agayne the argent<sup>52</sup> horfe fhall daunce yn skies.  
 Oh Harolde, heere forftraughteynge<sup>53</sup> wanhope<sup>54</sup> lies.  
 Englonde, oh Englonde, tys for thee I blethe<sup>55</sup>. 35  
 Whylfte Edwardē to thie fonnes wyllē nete alyfe<sup>56</sup>,  
 Shalde anie of thie fonnes fele aughte of ethe<sup>57</sup>?  
 Upponne the trone<sup>58</sup> I fette thee, helde thie crowne;  
 Botte oh! twere hommage nowe to pyghte<sup>59</sup> thee downe.

<sup>42</sup> Caff. <sup>43</sup> Crofs, from crouche, a crofs. <sup>44</sup> Attempt, or endeavour.  
<sup>45</sup> Unarmed. <sup>46</sup> Unactive. <sup>47</sup> Unspirited. <sup>48</sup> Such. <sup>49</sup> Fastened,  
 annexed. <sup>50</sup> Might, power. <sup>51</sup> Mantle, or robe. <sup>52</sup> White, alluding  
 to the arms of Kent, a horfe faliant, argent. <sup>53</sup> Distracting. <sup>54</sup> Despair.  
<sup>55</sup> Bleed. <sup>56</sup> Allow. <sup>57</sup> Ease. <sup>58</sup> Throne. <sup>59</sup> Pluck.

Thou arte all preeſte, & notheynge of the kyng. 40  
 Thou arte all Norman, nothyng of mie blodde.  
 Know, ytte beſeies <sup>60</sup> thee notte a maſſe to ſynge;  
 Servynge thie leegefolcke <sup>61</sup> thou arte ſervynge Godde.

## H A R O L D E.

Then Ille doe heaven a ſervyce. To the ſkyes  
 The dailie contekes <sup>62</sup> of the londe aſcende. 45  
 The wyddowe, fahdreleſſe, & bondemennes cries.  
 Acheke. <sup>63</sup> the mokie <sup>64</sup> aire & heaven aſtende <sup>65</sup>.  
 On us the rulers doe the folcke depende;  
 Hancelled <sup>66</sup> from erthe theſe Normanne <sup>67</sup> hyndes  
 ſhalle be;  
 Lyche a battently <sup>68</sup> low <sup>69</sup>, mie ſwerde ſhalle brende <sup>70</sup>;  
 Lyche fallynge ſofte rayne droppes, I wyll hem <sup>71</sup> flea <sup>72</sup>;  
 Wee wayte too longe; our purpoſe wylle defayte <sup>73</sup>;  
 Aboune <sup>74</sup> the hyghe empryze <sup>75</sup>, & rouze the cham-  
 pyones ſtrayte.

<sup>60</sup> Becomes. <sup>61</sup> Subjects. <sup>62</sup> Contentions, complaints. <sup>63</sup> Choke.  
<sup>64</sup> Dark, cloudy. <sup>65</sup> Astoniſh. <sup>66</sup> Cut off, deſtroyed. <sup>67</sup> Slaves.  
<sup>68</sup> Loud roaring. <sup>69</sup> Flame of fire. <sup>70</sup> Burn, conſume. <sup>71</sup> Them.  
<sup>72</sup> Slay. <sup>73</sup> Decay, fail. <sup>74</sup> Make ready. <sup>75</sup> Enterprize.

# A T R A G E D I E. 315

G O D D W Y N.

This suster—

H A R O L D E.

Aye, I knowe, she is his queene.

Albeytte<sup>76</sup>; dyd thee speeke her foemen<sup>77</sup> fayre, 55

I wulde dequace<sup>78</sup> her comlie femlykeene<sup>79</sup>,

And foulde mie bloddie anlace<sup>80</sup> yn her hayre.

G O D D W Y N.

Thye fhuir<sup>81</sup> blyn<sup>82</sup>,

H A R O L D E.

No, bydde the leathal<sup>83</sup> mere<sup>84</sup>,

Upriste<sup>85</sup> withe hiltrene<sup>86</sup> wyndes & cause unkend<sup>87</sup>,

Beheste<sup>88</sup> it to be lete<sup>89</sup>; so twylle appeare, 60

Eere Harolde hyde hys name, his countries frende.

<sup>76</sup> Notwithstanding. <sup>77</sup> Foes. <sup>78</sup> Mangle, destroy. <sup>79</sup> Beauty, countenance. <sup>80</sup> An ancient sword. <sup>81</sup> Fury. <sup>82</sup> Cease. <sup>83</sup> Deadly. <sup>84</sup> Lake. <sup>85</sup> Swollen. <sup>86</sup> Hidden. <sup>87</sup> Unknown. <sup>88</sup> Command. <sup>89</sup> Still.

The gule-steynct <sup>1</sup> brygandyne <sup>2</sup>, the adventayle <sup>3</sup>,  
 The feerie anlace <sup>4</sup> brede <sup>5</sup> shal make mie gare <sup>6</sup> pre-  
 vayle,

I O T H A N

G O D D W Y N.

Harolde, what wuldest doe?  
 I have heard saye that thou art a knyght

H A R O L D E.

Bethyncke thee whatt.

Here liethe Englonde, all her drites <sup>7</sup> unfree, 65Here liethe Nórman's coupynge <sup>8</sup> her bie lotte,Caltysnyng <sup>9</sup> everich native plante to gre <sup>10</sup>,

Whatte woulde I doe? I brondcous <sup>11</sup> wulde hem  
 flee;

Tare owte theyre fable harte bie ryghtefulle breme;

Theyre deathe a meanes untoe mie lyfe shulde bee, 70

Mie spyte shulde revelelle yn theyr harte-blodde streme.

Eftsoones I wyll bewryne <sup>12</sup> mie ragefulle ire,And Goddis anlace <sup>13</sup> wielde yn furie dyre.

Red-stained: <sup>14</sup> Paraded armour, <sup>15</sup> Brude: <sup>16</sup> Cause.  
<sup>17</sup> Rights, liberties. <sup>18</sup> Cutting, mangling. <sup>19</sup> Forbidding, restraining.  
<sup>20</sup> Grow. <sup>21</sup> Furious. <sup>22</sup> Slay. <sup>23</sup> Strength. <sup>24</sup> Declare. <sup>25</sup> Sword.

BENJAMIN

8 1

G O D D -

## G O D D W Y N.

Whatte wouldest thou wythe the kynge?

## H A R O L D E.

Take offe hys crowne;

The ruler of somme mynster<sup>5</sup> hym ordeyne;

Sette uppe som dygner<sup>6</sup> than I han pyghie<sup>7</sup> downe;

And peace in Englonde shulde be brayd<sup>8</sup> agayne.

## G O D D W Y N.

No, lette the super-hallie<sup>9</sup> seyncte kynge reygne.

Ande somme moe reded<sup>10</sup> rule the untentyff<sup>11</sup>

reaulme;

Kynge Edward, yn hys cortefie, wylle deygne<sup>12</sup> 80

To yielde the spoiles, and alleyn<sup>13</sup> were<sup>14</sup> the

heaulme:

Botte from mee harte bee everych thoughte of gayne,

Not anie of mie kin I wysche him to ordeyne.

<sup>5</sup> Monastery. <sup>6</sup> More worthy. <sup>7</sup> Pulled, plucked. <sup>8</sup> Displayed.  
<sup>9</sup> Over-righteous. <sup>10</sup> Counsellied, more-wise. <sup>11</sup> Unceasful, neg-  
 lected. <sup>12</sup> Alone. <sup>13</sup> Wear.

... 118 ... **G O D D W Y N :** ...

... **H A R O L D E :** ...

Tell me the meenes, and I wyll: bente yte Arayte;  
Bete. <sup>12</sup> mee to flea <sup>13</sup> myself, yte shalle be dñe <sup>14</sup> 85

... **G O D D W Y N :** ...

To thee I wyllc Iwythynne <sup>15</sup> the meenes unplayte <sup>16</sup>,  
Bis whyche thou, Harolde, shalte be proved: mic  
fonne

I have longe seen whatte peynes were undergon,  
Whatte agrames <sup>17</sup> braunce <sup>18</sup> out from the general  
tree;

The tye yte comrynge, whan the molleok <sup>19</sup> growt <sup>20</sup> 90  
Drented <sup>21</sup> of alle yte swolyng <sup>22</sup> owades <sup>23</sup> shalle bee;  
Mic remedie is goede; our meene shall rylf:  
Eftsoons the Normans and owre agrame <sup>24</sup> flise:

... **H A R O L D E :** ...

I will to the West, and gemote, <sup>25</sup> alle mic knyghtes,  
Wythe bylles that pancte for blodde, and sheeldes as  
brede <sup>26</sup> 95

<sup>12</sup> Bid, command. <sup>13</sup> Slay. <sup>14</sup> Presently. <sup>15</sup> Explain. <sup>16</sup> Grievance.  
<sup>17</sup> Branch. <sup>18</sup> Wet, moist. <sup>19</sup> Fen, moor. <sup>20</sup> Drained. <sup>21</sup> Swelling.  
<sup>22</sup> Waves. <sup>23</sup> Grievance. <sup>24</sup> Assemble. <sup>25</sup> Broad.

As the ybroched<sup>26</sup> thodn, when blaunch<sup>27</sup> she dyghtes<sup>28</sup>  
 The woodland gronde or water-mantled made;  
 Wythe boundes whose myghte cannt make the dough-  
 tieft<sup>29</sup> blede,  
 Who este have knelte upon forflagen<sup>30</sup> foes;  
 Whoe wythe yer sote ornest<sup>31</sup> a castelle-filde<sup>32</sup>, 100  
 Who dare on kynges, for to bewrecke<sup>33</sup> yere woes;  
 Nowe wylle the menne of Englonde haile the daie,  
 Whan Goddwyn leades them to the ryghtfulle fraie.

## G O D D W Y N.

Botte firste we'll call the loverdes<sup>34</sup> of the West,  
 The erles of Mercia, Conventrie and all; 105  
 The moe wee gayne, the gare<sup>35</sup> wylle prosper beste,  
 Wythe fyke a number wee can never fall.

## H A R O L D E.

True, so wee shal doe best to lyncke the chayne,  
 And alle attenes<sup>36</sup> the spreddyng kyngedomme  
 bynde.

<sup>26</sup>Horned. <sup>27</sup>White. <sup>28</sup>Decks. <sup>29</sup>Mightiest, most valiant. <sup>30</sup>Slain.  
<sup>31</sup>Overfets. <sup>32</sup>A castle. <sup>33</sup>Revenge. <sup>34</sup>Lords. <sup>35</sup>Cause. <sup>36</sup>At once.

No crouched <sup>36</sup> champyone wythe an harte me  
 feygne <sup>37</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>38</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>39</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>40</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>41</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>42</sup> ~~me~~

Dyd yllue owte the hallie <sup>37</sup> swerde to fynne;

Than I nowe strev to ryd mie londe of peyne.

Goddwyn, what thanckes owre laboures wylle enhepe <sup>41</sup>

I'lle ryse mie friendes unto the bloddie peyne;

I'lle wake the honnoure thatte ys now aslepe. 115

When wylle the chiefes mete atte thie feastive halle,

That I wythe voice alowde maie there upon 'em calle?

## G O D D W Y N.

Next eve, mie sonne.

## H A R O L D E.

Nowe, Englonde, ys the tyme,

Whan thee or thie felle foemens cause moste die.

This geason <sup>38</sup> wronges bee reyne <sup>39</sup> ynto theyre  
 pryme; 120

Now wylle thie sonnes unto thie succoure flie.

Alyche a storm egederinge <sup>40</sup> yn the skie,

Tys fulle ande brasteth <sup>41</sup> on the chaper <sup>42</sup> grounde;

<sup>36</sup> One who takes up the cross in order to fight against the Saracens.  
<sup>36\*</sup> Willing. <sup>37</sup> Holy. <sup>37\*</sup> Heap upon us. <sup>38</sup> Rare, extraordinary, strange.  
<sup>39</sup> Rich, hot up. <sup>40</sup> Assembling, gathering. <sup>41</sup> Bursteth. <sup>42</sup> Dry, barren.  
 Sycke

Snake shall nie fluyre on the Normans flie,

And alle theyre mittee <sup>41</sup> menne be fleene <sup>44</sup>

arounde <sup>135</sup>

Nowe, nowe, wylle Harolde or oppressionne falle,

Ne maye the Englyllmenne yn vayne for hele <sup>41</sup> shal

calte.

<sup>41</sup> Mighty. <sup>44</sup> Slain. <sup>41</sup> Help.

KYNGE EDWARDE AND HIS QUEENE.

QUEENE.

BOTTE, loverde<sup>46</sup>, whie so manie Normannes here?

Mee thynckethe wee bee notte yn Englyshe londe.

Theſe browded<sup>47</sup> ſtraungers alwale doe appere, 130

Theie parte yor trone<sup>48</sup>, and ſete at your ryghte  
honde.

K Y N G E.

Go to, goe to, you doe ne underſtonde:

Theie yeave<sup>49\*</sup> mee lyffe, and dyd mie bowkie<sup>49</sup> kepe;

Theie dyd mee feeſte, and did embowre<sup>50</sup> me gronde;

To trete hem yll wulde lette mie kyndneſſe ſlepe. 135

<sup>46</sup> Lord. <sup>47</sup> Embroidered; 'tis conjectured, embroidery was not used in England till Hen. II. <sup>48</sup> Throne. <sup>49\*</sup> Give. <sup>49</sup> Person, body. <sup>50</sup> Lodge.

QUEENE.

## Q U E E N E.

Mancas<sup>51</sup> you have yn store; and to them part<sup>52</sup>;  
 Youre leege-folcke<sup>53</sup> make moke<sup>54</sup> dole<sup>54</sup>, you have  
 theyr worthe afterte<sup>55</sup>.

## K Y N G E.

I haste<sup>56</sup> no rede of you. I ken mie friendes.  
 Hallie<sup>57</sup> dheie are, fulle ready mee to hele<sup>58</sup>.  
 Theyre volundes<sup>59</sup> are ystorven<sup>60</sup> to self endes; 140  
 No denwere<sup>61</sup> yn mie breste I of them fele;  
 I muste to prayers; goe yn, and you do wele;  
 I muste ne lose the dutie of the daie;  
 Go inne, go ynne, ande viewe the azure sele<sup>62</sup>,  
 Fulle welle I wote you have noe mynde toe praie. 145

## Q U E E N E.

I leeeve youe to doe homage heaven-were<sup>63</sup>;  
 To serve yor leege-folcke toe is doeynge homage there.

<sup>51</sup> Marks, rather *mancuses*. <sup>52</sup> Subjects. <sup>53</sup> Much. <sup>54</sup> Lamentation.  
<sup>55</sup> Neglected, or passed by. <sup>56</sup> Require, ask. <sup>57</sup> Holy. <sup>58</sup> Help. <sup>59</sup> Will.  
<sup>60</sup> Dead. <sup>61</sup> Doubt. <sup>62</sup> Waves. <sup>63</sup> Heaven-ward, or God-ward.

K Y N G E AND SYR H U G H E.

K Y N G E.

Mie friende, Syr Hughe, whatte tydynges brynges  
thee here?

H U G H E.

There is no mancas yn mie loverdes ent<sup>64</sup>;

The hus<sup>65</sup> dyspense<sup>66</sup> unpaied doe appere; 150

The laste receivure<sup>66</sup> ys estesoones<sup>67</sup> dispente<sup>68</sup>.

K Y N G E.

Thenne guylde the Waste.

H U G H E.

Mie loverde, I dyd speke

Untoe the mitts<sup>69</sup> Erle Harolde of the thynges;

He rayfed hys honde, and smoke me onne the cheke,

Saieynge, go beare thatte messlage to the kynge. 155

<sup>64</sup> Purse, used here probably as a treasury. <sup>65</sup> House. <sup>66</sup> Expence.  
<sup>67</sup> Receipt. <sup>68</sup> Subh. <sup>69</sup> Expended. <sup>70</sup> A contraction of mighty.

KYNGE.

A T R A G E D I E.

125

H U G H E K Y N G E.

Arace <sup>70</sup> hym of hys powere; bie Goddis wordé,  
Ne moe thatte Haroldé shall ywield the erlies swerde.

H U G H E.

H U G H E.

Atte seefon fytté, mie loverde, lette itt bee;  
Botte nowé the folcke doe fee enalfe <sup>71</sup> hys name,  
Inne strevvyngé to sea hymme, ourselves we sea; <sup>160</sup>  
Syke ys the doughtyness <sup>72</sup> of hys grete fame.

H U G H E.

K Y N G E.

Hughe, I beethyncke, this redé <sup>73</sup> ys notte to blame.  
Botte thou maieft fynde fulle store of marches yn  
Kente.

H U G H E.

Mie noble loverde, Godwynn ys the fame;  
He sweeres he wyllé notte swelle the Normans ent <sup>74</sup>. 165  
H U G H E.

<sup>70</sup> Diverse, <sup>71</sup> Embrace, <sup>72</sup> Mightiness, <sup>73</sup> Counsell, <sup>74</sup> Enter

K Y N G E.

K Y N G E.

S C E N E I I

K Y N G E.

Ah traytours ! bette mie rage I wyll commande,  
Thou arte a Normanne, Hughe, a straunger to the launde,

Thou kenneste howe these Englyfche erle doe bere  
Such stednes<sup>74\*</sup> in the yll and evylle thynges,  
Bette atte the goode theie hover yn denwere<sup>75</sup>, 174  
Onknowlacheinge<sup>76</sup> gif thereunto to clynge.

H U G H E,

Onwordie<sup>76\*</sup> fyke a marvell<sup>77</sup> of a kynge !  
O Edwarde, thou deservest purer leege<sup>78</sup>;  
To thee heie<sup>79</sup> shulden al theire mancas brynge ;  
Thie nodde should save menne, and thie glomb<sup>80</sup>  
forflege<sup>81</sup>. 175  
I anme no curriedowe<sup>82</sup>, I lacke no wite<sup>83</sup>,  
I speke whatte bee the trouthe, and whatte all see is  
ryghte.

<sup>74\*</sup> Firmness, steadfastness. <sup>75</sup> Doubt, suspense. <sup>76</sup> Not knowing.  
<sup>76\*</sup> Unworthy. <sup>77</sup> Wonder. <sup>78</sup> Homage, obedience. <sup>79</sup> They. <sup>80</sup> Frown.  
<sup>81</sup> Kill. <sup>82</sup> Curridowe, flatterer. <sup>83</sup> Reward.

K Y N G E.

## K Y N G E.

Thou arte a hallie <sup>84</sup> manne, I dot thee pryze,  
 Comme, ~~comme,~~ and here and hele <sup>85</sup> mee ynn mie  
 paires.  
 Fullt twentie mancas I wylle thee alife <sup>86</sup>, 180  
 And twayne of hamlettes <sup>87</sup> to thee and thie heyres.  
 Soe shalle all Normannes from mie londe be fed,  
 Theie alleyn <sup>88</sup> have fyke love as to acquyre yer brédde,

<sup>84</sup> Holy. <sup>85</sup> Help. <sup>86</sup> Allow. <sup>87</sup> Manors. <sup>88</sup> Alone.

CHORUS.

## C H O R U S.

*Have you  
the same to remember*  
WHAN Freedom, dreste yn blodde-steyned veste,  
To everie knyghte her warre-longe funge, 185

Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were spredde ;

A gorie anlace bye her honge.

She daunced onne the heathe ;

She hearde the voice of deathe ;

Pale-eyned affryghte, hys harte of sylver hue, 190

In vayne assayled <sup>1</sup> her bosomme to acale <sup>2</sup> ;

She hearde onflemed <sup>3</sup> the shriekynge voice of woe,

And sadnesse ynne the owlette shake the dale.

She shooke the burlud <sup>4</sup> speere,

On hie she jeste <sup>5</sup> her sheelde, 195

Her foemen <sup>6</sup> all appere,

And flizze <sup>7</sup> alonge the feelde.

Power, wythe his heafod <sup>8</sup> straught <sup>9</sup> ynto the skyes,

Hys speere a sonne-beame, and his sheelde a starre,

<sup>1</sup> Endeavoured. <sup>2</sup> Freeze. <sup>3</sup> Undismayed. <sup>4</sup> Armed, pointed,  
<sup>5</sup> Hoisted on high, raised. <sup>6</sup> Foes, enemies. <sup>7</sup> Fly. <sup>8</sup> Head.  
<sup>9</sup> Stretched.

Alyche <sup>10</sup> twaie <sup>11</sup> brendeynge <sup>12</sup> gronfyres <sup>13</sup> rolls hys

eyes, 200

Chafes <sup>14</sup> with hys yronne feete and foundes to war.

She fyttres upon a rocke,

She bendes before hys speere,

She ryfes from the shocke,

Wioldyng her owne yn ayre. 205

Harde as the thonder dothe she drive ytte on,

Wytt scillye <sup>15</sup> wymped <sup>16</sup> gies <sup>17</sup> ytte to hys crowne,

Hys longe sharpe speere, hys spreddyng sheelde ys

gon,

He falles, and fallynge rolleth thousandes down.

War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld <sup>18</sup>,

arist <sup>19</sup>,

210

Hys feerie heaulme <sup>20</sup> noddynge to the ayre,

Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys streynynge fyfte—

\* \* \* \* \*

<sup>10</sup> Like. <sup>11</sup> Two. <sup>12</sup> Flaming. <sup>13</sup> Meteors. <sup>14</sup> Beats, stamps.  
<sup>15</sup> Closely. <sup>16</sup> Mantled, covered. <sup>17</sup> Guides. <sup>18</sup> Armed. <sup>19</sup> Arose.  
<sup>20</sup> Helmet.

## ENGLISH METAMORPHOSIS:

Bie T. ROWLEIE.

B O O K E I<sup>st</sup>.

W HANNE Scythyanne, falvage as the wolves theie  
chacde,

Peyncted in horrowe <sup>1</sup> formes bie nature dyghte <sup>2\*</sup>,  
Heckled <sup>3</sup> yn beaftskyns, flepte uponne the waste,  
And wyth the morneynge rouzed the wolfe to fyghte,  
Swefts as descendsynge lemes <sup>4</sup> of roddie lyghte <sup>5</sup>  
Plonged to the hulfred <sup>5</sup> bedde of laveynge <sup>5\*</sup> seas,  
Gerd <sup>6</sup> the blacke mountayn okes yn drybblets <sup>7</sup>  
twighte <sup>8</sup>,

And ranne yn thoughte alonge the azure mees <sup>8\*</sup>,  
Whose eyne dyd feerie sheene, like blue-hayred defs <sup>9</sup>,  
That dreerie hange upon Dover's emblaunched <sup>10</sup> clefs. <sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I will endgavour to get the remainder of these poems. <sup>2</sup> Un-  
seemly, disagreeable. <sup>2\*</sup> *Dressed*. <sup>3</sup> Wrapped. <sup>4</sup> Rays. <sup>5</sup> Hidden,  
secret. <sup>5\*</sup> *Washing*. <sup>6</sup> Broke, rent. <sup>7</sup> Small pieces. <sup>8</sup> Pulled, rent.  
<sup>8\*</sup> *Meadows*. <sup>9</sup> Vapours, meteors. <sup>10</sup> Emblaunched, *whitened*.

Soft boundeynge over swelleynge azure reles<sup>11</sup>  
 The salvage natyves sawe a shypppe appere ;  
 An uncouth<sup>12</sup> denwere<sup>13</sup> to theire bosomme steles ;  
 Theyre myghte ys knopped<sup>14</sup> ynne the frost of fere.  
 The headed javlyn liffeth<sup>15</sup> here and there ; 15  
 Theie stonde, theie ronne, theie loke wyth eger eyne ;  
 The shyppes fayle, boleynge<sup>16</sup> wythe the kyndelie ayre,  
 Ronneth to harbour from the beateyng bryne ;  
 Theie dryve awaie aghaste, whanne to this stonde  
 A burled<sup>17</sup> Trojan lepes, wythe Morglaien sweerde yn  
 honde. 20

Hymme followede estfoones hys compheeres<sup>18</sup>, whose  
 fwerdes

Glested lyke gledeyng<sup>19</sup> starres ynn<sup>20</sup> frostie nete,  
 Hayleyng<sup>21</sup> theyre capytayne in chirckyng<sup>22</sup> wordes  
 Kyng of the lande, wher<sup>23</sup>on theie set theyre fete.  
 The greete kyng Brutus thanne theie dyd hym  
 greete, 25

Prepared for battle, mareschalled the fyghts ;

<sup>11</sup> Ridges, rising waves. <sup>12</sup>, <sup>13</sup> Unknown tremour. <sup>14</sup> Fastened, chained, congealed, *rather, nipped*. <sup>15</sup> Boundeth. <sup>16</sup> Swelling. <sup>17</sup> Armed. <sup>18</sup> Companions. <sup>19</sup> Lived. <sup>20</sup> A confused noise.

Their urg'd the warre, the natives fledde, as flete  
 As fleayinge cloudes that swymme before the fyghte;  
 Tyll tyred with battles, for to ceese the fraie,  
 Theire united <sup>21</sup> Brutus kynge, and gave the Trojanns  
 swaie. 30

Twayne of twelve years han leined <sup>22</sup> up the myndes,  
 Leggende <sup>23</sup> the salvage unthewes <sup>24</sup> of their breste,  
 Improved in mysterk <sup>25</sup> warre, and lymmed <sup>26</sup> theyre  
 kyndes,

Whenne Brute from Brutons sonke to æterne reste.  
 Eftsoons the gentle Locryne was posselt 35  
 Of swaie, and vested yn the paramente <sup>27</sup>;  
 Halceld <sup>28</sup> the bykrous <sup>29</sup> Huns, who dyd infeste  
 Hys wakeynge kyngdom wyth a foule intente;  
 As hys broade fwerde oer Homberrers heade was honge,  
 He tourned toe ryves wyde, and roarynge rolled alonge.

He wedded Gendolyne of roial fede, 41  
 Upon whose countenance rodde healtie was sprede;

<sup>21</sup> Andinted. <sup>22</sup> Enlightened. <sup>23</sup> Alloyed. <sup>24</sup> Savage barbarity.  
<sup>25</sup> Mystic. <sup>26</sup> Polished. <sup>27</sup> A princely robe. <sup>28</sup> Defeated. <sup>29</sup> Warring.  
 Bloufshing,

Blousshing, alysa<sup>30</sup> the scarlette of henn wrede;<sup>30\*</sup> and  
 She sunke to pleasaunce on the marryage bedde;  
 Eftsoons her peacefull joie of mynde was fledde; 145  
 Elfrida a newen<sup>31</sup> with the kynge Locryne  
 Unnumbered beauties were upon her shedde,  
 Moche fyne, moche fayrer thanne was Gendolyne;  
 The mornyng tynge, the rose, the lillie floure,  
 In ever ronneyng race on her dyd paynēte theyre  
 powere, 50

The gentle fuyte of Locryne gayned her love;  
 Theie lyved soft momentes to a swotie<sup>31\*</sup> age;  
 Eft,<sup>32</sup> wandringe yn the coppye, delle, and grove,  
 Where ne one eyne mete theyre disporte engage;  
 There dydde theie tell the merrie lovyng fage<sup>33</sup>, 55  
 Crophe the prymrosen floure to decke theyre headde;  
 The faerie Gendolyne yn woman rage  
 Gemoted<sup>34</sup> warriours to bewreck<sup>35</sup> her bedde;  
 Theie rose; yme battle was greete Locryne fleene;  
 The faire Elfrida fledde from the enchaſed<sup>36</sup> queene. 60

<sup>30</sup> Like. <sup>30\*</sup> Garment. <sup>31</sup> Met with. <sup>31\*</sup> Sweet. <sup>32</sup> Oft. <sup>33</sup> A Tale.  
<sup>34</sup> Assembled. <sup>35</sup> Revenge. <sup>36</sup> Heated, enraged.

A tye of love, a dawter fayre she hanne,  
 Whose boddeynge <sup>37</sup> morneyng shewed a fayre date,  
 Her fadre Locrynne, once an hailie manne.  
 Wyth the fayre dawterre dydde she haste awaile,  
 To where the Western mittee <sup>37\*</sup> pyles of claie 68  
 Arise ynto the cloudes, and doe them beere;  
 There dyd Elstrida and Sabryna staie;  
 The fyrste tryckde out a whyle yn warryours gratch <sup>38</sup>  
 and gear,  
 Vyncente was she ycleped, butte fulle soone fate  
 Sente deathe, to telle the dame, she was notte yn regrate <sup>39</sup>,

The queene Gendolyne sente a gyaunte knyghte,  
 Whose doughtie heade swepte the emmertleyng <sup>40</sup> skies,  
 To flea her wheresoever she shulde be pyghte <sup>41</sup>,  
 Eke everychone who shulde her eke <sup>42</sup> emprize <sup>43</sup>.  
 Swefte as the roareynge wyndes the gyaunte flies, 75  
 Stayde the loude wyndes, and shaded reathmes yn  
 nyghte,

<sup>37</sup> Budding. <sup>37\*</sup> Mighty, <sup>38</sup> Apparel. <sup>39</sup> Esteem, favour. <sup>40</sup> Glit-  
 tering. <sup>41</sup> Settled. <sup>42</sup> Help. <sup>43</sup> Adventure.

Stepte over cytties, on meint <sup>44</sup> acres lies,  
 Meeteynge the herehaughtes of moynaynge lighte;  
 Tyll mooveynge to the Weste, myschiaunce bysye <sup>45</sup>,  
 He thorowe warriours gratch fayre Elfrid did espie. <sup>80</sup>

He tore a ragged mountayne from the grounde, *(B. 135)*  
 Harried <sup>46</sup> uppe noddynge forrests to the skie,  
 Thanne wythe a fuirie, mote the erthe astounde <sup>47</sup>,  
 To meddle ayre he lette the mountayne flie.  
 The flying wolfynnes sente a yelleynge crie; <sup>85</sup>  
 Onne Vyncente and Sabryna felle the mount;  
 To lyve æternalle dyd theie estfoones die;  
 Thorowe the sandie grave boiled up the purple founte,  
 On a broade graffie playne was layde the hylle,  
 Staieynge the rounynge counse of meint a limmed <sup>48</sup> rylle.

The goddes, who kenned the actyons of the wyghte,  
 To leggen <sup>49</sup> the saddle happe of twayne so fayre,  
 Houton <sup>50</sup> dyd make the mountaine bis theire mighte.  
 Forth from Sabryna ran a ryverre cleere <sup>50\*</sup>,

<sup>44</sup> Many. <sup>45</sup> Guide. <sup>46</sup> Toft. <sup>47</sup> Astonish. <sup>48</sup> Glassy, reflecting.  
<sup>49</sup> Lessen, allay. <sup>50</sup> Hollow. <sup>50\*</sup> Famous.

Roarynge and rolleynge on yn course bysmare<sup>51</sup>; 95  
 From fémalt Wynesste flote wringe offsties,  
 Eche fyde the ryver ryfynghe heavenwere<sup>52</sup>;  
 Sabrynas floode was helde ynné Elstryds bones,  
 So are theie cleped; gentle and the hynde  
 Can telle, that Severnes freeme bid Vyncentes rocke's  
 ywrynde<sup>53</sup>, 100

The bawfyn<sup>54</sup> gyaunt, hwa who dyd them fles,  
 To telle Gendolyne quycklie was ysped<sup>55</sup>;  
 Whanne, as he strod alonge the flakeynghe lee,  
 The roddie levynne<sup>56</sup> glestered on hys headder  
 Into hys hearte the azure vapours sprede;  
 He wrythde arounde yn drearie dernie<sup>57</sup> payne;  
 Whanne from his lyfe blood the roddelemes<sup>58</sup> were fed;  
 He felle an hepe of ashes on the playne:  
 Styllé does hys ashes shoote ynto the lyghte,  
 A wondrous mountayne lie, and Showdon ys ytte  
 hyghte. 110

<sup>51</sup> Bewildered, curious. <sup>52</sup> ~~To shew the~~ <sup>53</sup> ~~At the~~ <sup>54</sup> ~~At the~~ <sup>55</sup> ~~At the~~ <sup>56</sup> ~~At the~~ <sup>57</sup> ~~At the~~ <sup>58</sup> ~~At the~~  
<sup>59</sup> Huge, bulky, <sup>60</sup> Dispatched. <sup>61</sup> Red Lightning. <sup>62</sup> Cruel.  
<sup>63</sup> Flames, rays.

THE TOWER OF BEAUMONT

THE TOURNAMENT

THE TOURNAMENT

AN INTERLUDE

AN INTERLUDE

ENTER AN HERALDE

THE Tournament begynnes; the hammerrs sounde;  
 The counferris lyffe<sup>1</sup> about the menfuredd<sup>2</sup> felde;  
 The shemrynge<sup>3</sup> armour throws the sheene<sup>4</sup> arounde;  
 Quayntyssed<sup>5</sup> fons<sup>6</sup> depicte<sup>7</sup> onn eche sheelde.  
 The feerie<sup>8</sup> heaulmete, wythe the wreathes amielded<sup>9</sup>,  
 Supportes the rampynge lyoncell<sup>10</sup> orr beare;  
 Wythe straunge depyctures<sup>11</sup>, Nature maienottyeelde,  
 Unfeemelic to all orderr doe appere;  
 Yett yatte<sup>12</sup> to menne, who thyncke and have a  
 spyte<sup>13</sup>,

Makes knowne thatt the phantasies unryghte. 10

<sup>1</sup> Sport, or play. <sup>2</sup> Bounded, or measured. <sup>3</sup> Shining. <sup>4</sup> Lustre.  
<sup>5</sup> Curiously devised. <sup>6</sup> Fancys or devices. <sup>7</sup> Painted, or displayed.  
<sup>8</sup> Fiery. <sup>9</sup> Ornamented, enameled. <sup>10</sup> A young lion. <sup>11</sup> Drawings,  
 paintings. <sup>12</sup> That. <sup>13</sup> Soul.

I, Sonne of Honnoure, spencer <sup>14</sup> of her joies,  
 Muste swythen <sup>15</sup> goe to yeve <sup>16</sup> the speeres aronde,  
 Wythe advantayle <sup>17</sup> & borne <sup>18</sup> I meynthe <sup>19</sup> emploie,  
 Who withoute mee woulde fall untoe the grounde.  
 Soe the tall oake the ivie twysteth rounde;                      15  
 Soe the neshe <sup>20</sup> flowerr græs <sup>21</sup> ynne the woodeland shade.  
 The worlde bie diffraunce <sup>22</sup> ys ynne orderr founde;  
 Wydhoute unlikenesse nothyng could bee made.  
 As ynn the bowke <sup>23</sup> nete <sup>24</sup> alleyn <sup>25</sup> cann bee donne,  
 Syke <sup>26</sup> ynn the weal <sup>27</sup> of kynde all thynges are partes of onne.

#### Enterr SYRR SYMONNE DE BOURTONNE.

Herawde <sup>28</sup>, bie heavenne these tylterrs staie too long  
 Mie phantasie ys dyinge forr the fyghte,  
 The mynstrelles have begonne the thyrd warr songe,  
 Yett notte a speere of hemm <sup>29</sup> hath grete mie fyghte.  
 I feere there be ne manne wordhie mie myghte.                      25  
 I lacks a Guid <sup>30</sup>, a Wyllyamm <sup>31</sup> to entylte.

<sup>14</sup> Dispenser. <sup>15</sup> Quickly. <sup>16</sup> Give. <sup>17</sup> Armer. <sup>18</sup> Burnish. <sup>19</sup> Many.  
<sup>20</sup> Young, weak, tender. <sup>21</sup> Grows. <sup>22</sup> Variety. <sup>23</sup> Body. <sup>24</sup> Nothing.  
<sup>25</sup> Alone. <sup>26</sup> So. <sup>27</sup> Government. <sup>28</sup> Herald. <sup>29</sup> A contraction of them.  
<sup>30</sup> *Gaite de Santo Egidio*, the most famous tilter of his age, rather *Guy*  
 of *Wartwick*. <sup>31</sup> *William Rufus*, rather *William the Conqueror*.

To reins <sup>32</sup> aneate <sup>33</sup> a fele <sup>34</sup> embodiedd knyghte,  
 Ytt gettes ne rennome <sup>35</sup> gyff hys blodde bee spylte.  
 Bie heavennes & Marie ytt ys tyme they're here;  
 I lyche nott unshylle <sup>36</sup> thus to wiede the speare. 30

## H E R A W D E,

Methynckes I heare yer flugghornes <sup>37</sup> dynn <sup>38</sup> fromm  
 farre.

## B O U R T O N N E,

Ah! swythenn <sup>39</sup> mie shielde & tytynge launce bee  
 bounde <sup>40</sup>.

Eftfoones <sup>41</sup> beheste <sup>42</sup> mie Squyerr to the warre,  
 I flie before to clayme a challenge grownde.

[*Goeth oute.*]

## H E R A W D E,

This valourous actes woulde meinte <sup>43</sup> of menne  
 astounde; 35

Harde bee yer shappe <sup>44</sup> encontrynge thee ynn fyghte;

<sup>32</sup> Run. <sup>33</sup> Against. <sup>34</sup> Feeble. <sup>35</sup> Honour, glory. <sup>36</sup> Useless. <sup>37</sup> A  
 kind of claryon, or war trumpet. <sup>38</sup> Sound. <sup>39</sup> Quickly. <sup>40</sup> Ready.  
<sup>41</sup> Soon. <sup>42</sup> Command. <sup>43</sup> Most. <sup>44</sup> Fate, or doom.

Anest <sup>45</sup> alle menne thou bereft to the grounde,  
 Lyche the hard hayle dothe the tall roshes pyghte <sup>46</sup>.  
 As whanne the mornynge sonne ydronks <sup>47</sup> the dew,  
 Syche dothe thie valourous actes drocke <sup>48</sup> ech  
 knyghte's hue. 49

THE LYSTES. THE KYNGE, SYRR SYMONNE DE  
 BOURTONNE, SYRR HUGO FERRARIS, SYRR RANULPH  
 NEVILLE, SYRR LODOVICK DE CLYNTON, SYRR JOHAN  
 DE BERGHAMME, AND QDHERR KNYGHTEs, HERAWDE,  
 MYNSTRELLES, AND SERVYTOURS <sup>49</sup>.

### K Y N G E.

The barganette <sup>50</sup>; yee mynstrelles tune the strynge,  
 Somme actyonn dyre of auntyante kynges now fynge.

### M Y N S T R E L L E S.

Wyllyamm, the Normannes floure botte Englotides  
 thorne,

The manne whose myghte delievrenie <sup>51</sup> hadd knite <sup>52</sup>,

<sup>45</sup> Against. <sup>46</sup> Pitched, or bent down. <sup>47</sup> Drinks. <sup>48</sup> Drink. <sup>49</sup> Ser-  
 vants, attendants. <sup>50</sup> Song, or ballad. <sup>51</sup> Activity. <sup>52</sup> Joined.

Sneth<sup>52</sup> opper<sup>53</sup> hys long strunge bowe and sheelde  
 aborne<sup>54</sup>;

Behesteynge<sup>55</sup> all hys hommageres<sup>56</sup> to fyghte.

Goe, rouze the lyonn fromm hys hylted<sup>57</sup> denne,  
 Lett thie floes<sup>58</sup> drenche the blodde of anie thyng bott  
 menne.

Ynn the treed forreste doe the knyghtes appere;

Wylllyamm wythe myghte hys bowe enyronn'd<sup>59</sup> plies<sup>60</sup>;

Loude dynns<sup>61</sup> the arrowe ynn the wolffynn's eare;

Hee ryfeth battent<sup>62</sup>, roares, hee panctes, hee dyes.

Forlagenn<sup>63</sup> att thie feete lett wolvyngs bee,

Lett thie floes drenche theyre blodde, bott do ne bre-  
 dreenn flea.

Throwe the merke<sup>64</sup> shade of twiftynde trees hee rydes;

The flemed<sup>65</sup> owlett<sup>66</sup> flapps herr eve-speckte<sup>67</sup> wynges;

The lordynge<sup>68</sup> toade ynn all hys pass'es bides;

The berten<sup>69</sup> neders<sup>70</sup> att hymm darte the styng;

<sup>52</sup> Bent. <sup>54</sup> Burnished. <sup>55</sup> Commanding. <sup>56</sup> Servants. <sup>57</sup> Hidden.  
<sup>58</sup> Arrows. <sup>59</sup> Worked with iron. <sup>60</sup> Bends. <sup>61</sup> Sounds. <sup>62</sup> Loudly.  
<sup>63</sup> Slain. <sup>64</sup> Dark, or gloome. <sup>65</sup> & <sup>66</sup> Frighted owl. <sup>67</sup> Marked with  
 evening dew. <sup>68</sup> Standing on their hind legs, rather heavy, sluggish.  
<sup>69</sup> Venomous, rather brown. <sup>70</sup> Adders.

Styll, styll, hee passeth onn, hys stede astrodde,  
Nee hedes the daungerous waie gyff leadynge untoe  
    bloodde. 60

The lyoncel, fromme sweltrie <sup>71</sup> countries braughte,  
Coucheynge binethe the sheltre of the brierr,  
Att commyng dynn <sup>72</sup> doth rayse hymselfe distraughte <sup>73</sup>,  
Hee loketh wythe an eie of flames of fyre.  
Goe, sticke the lyonn to hys hyltren <sup>74</sup> denne, 65  
Lette thie fies <sup>75</sup> drenche the blood of anie thyng botte  
    menn.

Wythe passent <sup>76</sup> steppe the lyonn mov'th alonge;  
Wylllyamm hys ironne-woven bowe hee bendes,  
Wythe myghte alych the roghlynge <sup>77</sup> thonderr stronge;  
The lyonn ynn a roare hys spryte foorth sendes. 70  
Goe, flea the lion ynn hys blodde-steyn'd denne,  
Botte bee thie takelle <sup>78</sup> drie fromm blodde of odherr  
    menne.

Swefte fromm the thyckett starks the stagge awaie;  
The couraciers <sup>79</sup> as swefte doe afterr fle.

<sup>71</sup> Hot, sultry. <sup>72</sup> Sound, noise. <sup>73</sup> Distracted. <sup>74</sup> Hidden. <sup>75</sup> Arrows.  
<sup>76</sup> Walking leisurely. <sup>77</sup> Rolling. <sup>78</sup> Arrow. <sup>79</sup> Horse courcers.

Hee lepethe hie, hee stondes, hee kepes at baie, 75  
 Botte metes the arrowe, and esfoones <sup>80</sup> doth die.  
 Forslagenn <sup>81</sup> atte thie fote lette wylde beastes bee,  
 Lett thie flos drenche yer blodde, yett do ne bredrenn  
 flee.

Wythe murtherr tyredd, hee fleynges hys bowe alyne<sup>82</sup>.  
 The stagge ys ouch'd <sup>83</sup> wythe crownes of lillie  
 floweres. 80  
 Arounde theire heaulmes theire greene verte <sup>84</sup> doe  
 entwyne;  
 Joying and rev'lous ynn the grene wode bowerrs.  
 Forslagenn wyth thie flos lette wylde beastes bee,  
 Feeſte thee upponne theire fleſhe, doe ne thie brædrenn  
 flee.

## K Y N G E.

Nowe to the Tourneie <sup>85</sup>; who wylle fyrſte affraie<sup>86</sup>? 85

<sup>80</sup> Full soon. <sup>81</sup> Slain. <sup>82</sup> Across his shoulders, rather *unſprung*.  
<sup>83</sup> Garlands of flowers being put round the neck of the game, it was ſaid to be *ouch'd*, from *ouch*, a chain, worn by earls round their necks. <sup>84</sup> Leaves and branches. <sup>85</sup> Tournament. <sup>86</sup> Fight, or encounter.

## H E R A U L D E.

Neville, a baronne, bee yatte <sup>87</sup> honneure thync.

: B O U R T O N N E . : :

I clayme the passage.

## N E V Y L L E.

I contake <sup>88</sup> thie waie,

## B O U R T O N N E.

Thenn there's mie gauntlette <sup>89</sup> on mie gaberdyne <sup>90</sup>.

## H E R E H A U L D E.

A leegefull <sup>91</sup> challenge, knyghtes & championns  
dygne <sup>92</sup>,

A leegefull challenge, lette the slugghorne founde. <sup>90</sup>

[Syrr Symondne and Neville *tylte*.

Neville ys goeynge, manne and horse, toe grounde.

[Neville *falls*.

Loverdes <sup>93</sup>, how doughtilie <sup>94</sup> the tylterrs joyne!

<sup>87</sup> That. <sup>88</sup> Dispute. <sup>89</sup> Glove. <sup>90</sup> A piece of armour. <sup>91</sup> Lawful.  
<sup>92</sup> Worthy. <sup>93</sup> Lords. <sup>94</sup> Furiouly.

Yee champyonnès, heere Symonne de Bourtonne  
fyghtes,

Onne hee hathe quacedd<sup>95</sup>, assayle<sup>96</sup> hymm, yee  
knyghtes.

## FERRARIS.

I, wyllé aénente<sup>97</sup> hymm goe; mie squierr, mie shielde; <sup>95</sup>

Orr onne orr odherr wyll doe myckle<sup>98</sup> scethe<sup>99</sup>.

Before I doe departe the lissedd<sup>100</sup> fiele,

Mieselfe orr Bourtonne hereupponn wyll blethē<sup>101</sup>.

Mie shielde.

## BOURTONNE.

Comme onne, & fitte thie tylte-launce ethe<sup>102</sup>.

Whanne Bourtonn fyghtes, hee metes a doughtie <sup>103</sup>  
foe. 100

[*Theie tylte. Ferraris falleth.*

Hee falleth; nówē bie heavenne thie woundes doe  
smethe<sup>104</sup>;

I feere mee, I have wroughte thee myckle woe<sup>105</sup>.

<sup>95</sup> Vanquished. <sup>96</sup> Oppose. <sup>97</sup> Against. <sup>98</sup> Much. <sup>99</sup> Damage, mischief. <sup>100</sup> Bounded. <sup>101</sup> Bleed. <sup>102</sup> Easy. <sup>103</sup> Valiant. <sup>104</sup> Smoke.  
<sup>105</sup> Hurt, or damage.

## HERALD.

Bourtonne hys seconde beareth to the feld,  
 Comme onn, yee knyghtes, and wyan the honour'd  
 sheeld,

## BERGHAMME.

I take the challenges; squyre, mie lance and fide.<sup>109</sup>  
 I, Bourtonne, take the gaundettes; forr mee fide.  
 Botte, gyff thou fyghteste mee, thou shalt have mede<sup>106</sup>;  
 Somme odherr I wylle champion toe affraie<sup>107</sup>;  
 Perchaunce fromme hemm I maie possesse the drie,<sup>108</sup>  
 Thenn I schalle bee a foemanne forr thie spere.<sup>109</sup>  
 Herchawde, toe the bannes of Knyghtys faie,  
 De Berghamme wayteth forr a foemann heere.

## CLINTON.

Botte longe thou shalte ne tende<sup>106</sup>; I doe thee fie<sup>109</sup>  
 Lyche forreying<sup>110</sup> levyn<sup>111</sup>, schalle mie tylte-lance  
 flie.  
 [Berghamme & Clinton tylte. Clinton falleth.

<sup>106</sup> Reward. <sup>107</sup> Fight, or engage. <sup>108</sup> Attend, or wait. <sup>109</sup> Defy.  
<sup>110</sup> & <sup>111</sup> Destroying lightning.

# THE TOURNAMENT.

117

## B E R G H A M M E.

Nowe, nowe, Syr Knighte, attoure <sup>113</sup> this bevered <sup>114</sup>  
cyne!

I have borne downe, and este <sup>114</sup> doe gauntlett thee.

Swythenne <sup>115</sup> begynne, and wrynn <sup>116</sup> thie shappe <sup>117</sup> orr  
myne;

Gyff thou dyfcomfytte, ytt wylle dobblie bee.

*[Bourtonne & Burghamm tylteth. Berghamme falls.]*

## H E R A W D E.

Symonde de Bourtonne haveth borne downe thre,

And bie the thyrd hath the honnoure of a fourthe. <sup>120</sup>

Lett hymm bee sett afyde, tyll he doth see

A tyltynge forr a knyghte of gentle wourthe.

Heere commethe straunge knyghtes; gyff corteous <sup>118</sup>  
heie <sup>119</sup>,

Ytt welle beseies <sup>120</sup> to yeve <sup>121</sup> hemm ryghte of fraie <sup>122</sup>,

<sup>113</sup> Turn. <sup>114</sup> Beaver'd. <sup>115</sup> Again. <sup>116</sup> Quickly. <sup>117</sup> Declare.  
<sup>118</sup> Fate. <sup>119</sup> Worthy. <sup>120</sup> They. <sup>121</sup> Becomes. <sup>122</sup> Give. <sup>123</sup> Fyght.

## FIRST KNYGHT.

Straungerrs wee bee, and homblie doe wee clayms.<sup>114</sup>  
 The rennome<sup>115</sup> ynn thys Tourneie<sup>116</sup> forr to tylte,<sup>117</sup>  
 Dherbie to proove fromm cravents<sup>118</sup> owre goods names  
 Bewrynnynge<sup>119</sup> thatt wee gentile blodde have spylte.<sup>120</sup>

## H E R E H A W D E.

Yee knyghtes of cortesie, these straungerrs, fale,  
 Bee you fulle wyllynge forr to yeve<sup>121</sup> hemm fraie.<sup>122</sup>

*[Fyve Knyghtes tylteth wythe the straunge Knyghte,  
 and bee everichone<sup>123</sup> overthrowne.]*

## B O U R T O N N E.

Nowe bie Seyncte Marie, gyff onn all the fiekde  
 Ycrafedd<sup>124</sup> speres and helmetts bee besprente<sup>125</sup>,  
 Gyff everyche knyghte dydd houlde a piercedd<sup>126</sup> sheeld,  
 Gyff all the feelde wythe champyonne blodde be stente<sup>127</sup>,

<sup>114</sup> Honour. <sup>115</sup> Tournament. <sup>116</sup> Cowards. <sup>117</sup> Declaring. <sup>118</sup> Give.  
<sup>119</sup> Every one. <sup>120</sup> Broken, split. <sup>121</sup> Scatter'd. <sup>122</sup> Broken, or  
 pierced through with darts. <sup>123</sup> Stained.

# THE TOURNAMENT. 149

Yett toe encounter hym I bee contente. 135

Anodherr lance, Marshallle, anodherr lance.

Albeyte hee wythe lowes <sup>133</sup> of fyre ybrente <sup>134</sup>,

Yett Bourtonne woulde agenste hys val <sup>135</sup> advance.

Fyve havenn fallenn downe anethe <sup>136</sup> hys speere,

Botte hee schalle bee the next thatt falleth heere. 140

Bie thee, Seyncte Marie, and thy Sonne I sweare,

Thatt ynn whatte place yonn doughtie knyghte shall fall

Anethe <sup>137</sup> the stronge push of mie straught <sup>138</sup> out speere,

There schalle aryse a hallie <sup>139</sup> chyrches walle,

The whyche, ynn honnoure, I will Marye calle, 145

Wythe pillars large, and spyte full hyghe and rounde.

And thys I faifullie <sup>140</sup> wylle stonde to all,

Gyff yonderr straungerr falleth to the grounde.

Straungerr, bee boune <sup>141</sup>; I champyonn <sup>142</sup> you to warre:

Sounde, sounde the flughornes <sup>143</sup>, to be hearde from farre

[Bourtonne & the Straungerr tylt. Straunger falleth.

<sup>133</sup> Flames. <sup>134</sup> Burnt. <sup>135</sup> Healm. <sup>136</sup> Beneath. <sup>137</sup> Against.  
<sup>138</sup> Stretched out. <sup>139</sup> Holy. <sup>140</sup> Faithfully. <sup>141</sup> Ready. <sup>142</sup> Challenge.  
<sup>143</sup> War trumpets.

AND KINGE.

The Mornyng Tykes now cease.

HERAWDE.

Bourtonne ys kyng.

Dysplaie the Englyshe bannorre onn the tente;

Rounde hymm, yee mynstrelles, songs of achments<sup>144</sup>

fyng;

Yee Herawdes, getherr upp the speeres besprente<sup>145</sup>;

To Kyng of Tourney-tyles bee all knees bente. 155

Dames faire and gentle, forr youre loves hee foughte;

Forr you the longe tyke-launce, the swerde hee shente<sup>146</sup>;Hee joustedd<sup>147</sup>, alleine<sup>148</sup> havynge you ynn thoughte.

Comme, mynstrells, found the frynge, goe onn eche fyde,

Whylest hee untow the Kyng ynn state doe ryde. 160

<sup>144</sup> Achievements, glorious actions. <sup>145</sup> Broken spears. <sup>146</sup> Broke, destroyed. <sup>147</sup> Tilted. <sup>148</sup> Only, alone.

MYN-

## M Y N S T R E L L E S.

Whann Battayls, smokyng<sup>149</sup> wythe new quickenn'd  
gore,

Bendynge wythe spoiles, and bloodie droppynge hedde,

Dydd the merke<sup>150</sup> wood of ethe<sup>151</sup> and rest explore,

Seekeynge to lie oon Pleasures downie bedde,

Pleasure, dauncyng fromm her wode, 166

Wreathedd wythe floures of aiglintine<sup>152</sup>,

From hys vyfage washedd the bloude, /

Hylte<sup>153</sup> hys swerde and gaberdyne.

Wythe fyke an eyne shee fwotelie<sup>154</sup> hymm dydd view,

Dydd soe ycorvenn<sup>155</sup> everrie shape to joie, 170

Hys spryte dydd chaunge untoe anodherr hue,

Hys armes, ne spoyles, mote anie thoughts emploie.

All delychtfomme and contente,

Fyre enshotynge<sup>156</sup> fromm hys eyne,

Ynn hys arms hee dydd herr hente<sup>157</sup>, 175

Lyche the merk<sup>158</sup>-plante doe entwynę.

<sup>149</sup> Smoaking, steaming. <sup>150</sup> Dark, gloomy. <sup>151</sup> Ease. <sup>152</sup> Sweet-  
brier. <sup>153</sup> Hid, scattered. <sup>154</sup> Sweetly. <sup>155</sup> Moulded. <sup>156</sup> Shooting,  
darting. <sup>157</sup> Grasp, hold, <sup>158</sup> Night-shade.

Soe, gyff thou lovest Pleasure and herr trayne,

Onknowlachynge <sup>159</sup> ynn whatt place herr to fynde,

Thys rule yspende <sup>160</sup>, and ynn thie mynde retayne;

Seeke Honnoure fyrste, and Pleasaunce lies behynde. 18a

<sup>159</sup> Ignorant, unknowing. <sup>160</sup> Confider.

THE TOWER

And thou lovest pleasure and best it have,  
O knowe that you what place best to have,  
**BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE:**  
The true change of and the manye change

For the true change of and the manye change

OR THE DETHE OF

SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.

**T**HE featherd songster chaunticleer

Han wounde hys bugle horne,

And tolde the earlie villager

The commynge of the morne;

Kynge EDWARDE sawe the ruddie streakes

5

Of lyghte eclypse the greie;

And herde the raven's crokyng throte

Proclayme the fated daie,

"Thou'rt ryght," quod hee, "for, by the Godde

"That fytted entron'd on hyghe!

10

"CHARLES BAWDIN, and hys fellowes twaine,

"To date shall surelie die."

Thenne

Thenne wythe a iugge of nappy ale

Hys knyghtes dydd onne hymn waites

"Goe tell the traytour, thatt to daie"

"Hee leaves thys mortall state."

Syr CANTERLONE thenne bendedd lowe,

Wythe harte brymm-fulle of woe;

Hee journey'd to the castle-gate,

And to Syr CHARLES dydd goe. 20

Butt whenne hee came, hys children twaine,

And eke hys lovyng wyfe,

Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,

For goode Syr CHARLES lyfe.

"O goode Syr CHARLES!" sayd CANTERLONE, 25

"Badde tydyngs I doe brynge."

"Speke boldlie, manne," sayd brave Syr CHARLES,

"Whatte says thie traytor kynge?"

"I greeve to telle, before yonne sonne

"Does fromme the welkinn ' flye, 30

"Hee hathe uponne hys honour sworne,

"Thatt thou shalt surelie die."

"Wee

SYR CHARLES BAWDIN. 33

"Wee all must die," quod brave Syr CHARLES;

"Of thatte I'm not affearde;

"Whatte bootes to lyve a litle space?" 35

"Thanks Jesu, I'm prepar'd;

"Butt telle thye kyng, for myne hee's not;

"I'de sooner die to-dae;

"Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,

"Tho' I shoulde lyve for aie." 40

Thenne CANTERLANT hes dydd goe out,

To tell the maior straits

To gett all thynges ynn reddyness

For goude Syr CHARLES's sake.

Thenne Maisterr CANYNGE laughte the kyng, 45

And felle down onne hys knee;

"I'm come," quod hee, "unto your grace

"To move your clemencye."

Thenne quod the kyng, "Youre tale speke out,

"You have been much oure friends; 50

"Whatever youre request may bee,

"Wee wyll to ytte attende."

"My

" My nobile leige ! alle my requeste "

" Ys for a nobile knyghte ; "

" Who, tho' may hap hee has donnie wronge ; " 55

" Hee thoghte ytte styлле was ryghte : "

" Hee has a spouse and children twaine, "

" Alle rewyn'd are for aie ; "

" Yff thatt you are resolv'd to lett "

" CHARLES BAWDIN die to-dale. "

" Speke nott of such a traytour vile, "

The kynge ynne furie sayde ;

" Before the evening starre doth sheene, "

" BAWDIN shall loofe hys hedde : "

" Justice does loudlie for hym calle, " 65

" And hee shalle have hys meede : "

" Speke, Maister CANYNGE ! Whatte thyng eise "

" Att present doe you neede ? "

" My nobile leige ! " goods CANYNGE sayde, "

" Leave justice to our Godde, "

" And laye the yronne rule asyde ; "

" Be thyne the olyve redde, "

" Was "

" Was Godde to serpe our hertes and raines; "

" The best were synners grete; "

" CHRIST'S vycarr only knowes no synne; 75

" Ynne alle thys mortall state. "

" Lett mercie rule thyne infante reigne, "

" 'Twyll faste thye crowne fulle sure; "

" From race to race thy familie "

" Alle sov'reigns shall endure : 80

" But yff wythe blode and slaughter thou "

" Beginne thy infante reigne; "

" Thy crowne uponne thy childrennes browe "

" Wylle never long remayne." "

" CANYNGE, awaie ! thys traytour vile 85

" Has scorn'd my power and mee; "

" Howe canst thou theme for such a manne "

" Intreate my clemencye?" "

" My nobile leigé ! the trulie brave "

" Wylle val'rous actions prize, 90

" Respect a brave and noble mynde, "

" Altho' ynne enemies." "

" CANYNGE,

" CANYNCE, away! By Godde ynnie Heavyn

" Thatt dydd was beinge gyve,

" I wylle now take a bite of breade

" Whilft thys Syr CHARLES dothe lyve.

" By MARIE, and alle Seinctes ynnie Heavyn,

" Thys soune shall be hys laste."

Thenne CANYNCE dropt a brinie teare,

And from the prefence paffe.

Wyth herts brymme-fulle of gnawynge grief,

Hee to Syr CHARLES dydd goe,

And satt hymme downe uppon a stoeke,

And teares begonne to flowe.

"Wee all must die," quod brave Syr CHARLES;

" Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne;

" Dethe ys the sure, the certayne fate.

" Of all wee mortall manne.

" Saye why, my friend, this honest foul

" Runns overr all thine eye,

" Is ytte for my most welcome doome.

" Thatt thou doste child-like crye?"

Quod

Quod godlie I serue, I the waspe, 117

" Thatt thou for loone must dye, 118

" And leave thyfounnes and helpeles wyfe, 119

" Thyself that wetteth myne eye, 120

" Thennie drif the tears that out thynne eye, 121

" From godlie fountaines sprynge; 122

" Dethe I despise, and alle the power, 123

" Of EDWARDE, traytor kyng, 124

" Whan through the tyrant's welcom means, 125

" I shall resigne my lyfe, 126

" The Godde I serue wylle loone provide, 127

" For bathe mye founnes and wyfe, 128

" Before I sawe that hightfome sunne, 129

" Thyself was appointed mee; 130

" Shall mortal manne repyne or grudge, 131

" Whatt Godde ordeynes to bee? 132

" Howe oft ynne battails have I stode, 133

" Whan thousande dy'd arounde, 134

" Whan smokyng fregnes of crimson bloode, 135

" Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde: 136

" Howe

" Howe dydd I knowe thatt ev'ry darte;

" That cupte the airie waie,

" Myghte nott fynde passage toe my harte; 135

" And clofe myne eyes for aie?

" And shall I nowe, forr feere of dethe;

" Looke wanne and bee dysmayde?

" Ne! fromm my herte flie childyshe feere;

" Bee alle the manne display'd; 140

" Ah, goddelyke HENRIE! Godde forefende;

" And garde thee and thye sonne;

" Yff 'tis hys wylle; but yff 'tis nott,

" Why thenne hys wylle bee donhē.

" My honest friende, my faulte has beene 145

" To serve Godde and mye prynce;

" And thatt I no tyme-server am,

" My dethe wylle soone convynce.

" Ynne Londonne citye was I borne,

" Of parents of grete note; 150

" My-fadre dydd a nobile armes

" Emblazon onne hys cote:

I make

" I make ne doubt: butt hee ys gone

" Where soone I hope to goe;

" Where wee for ever shall bee blest, 155

" From oute the reech of woe:

" Hee taughte mee iustice and the laws

" Wyth pitie to unite;

" And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe

" The wronge cause fromm the ryghte: 160

" Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande

" To feede the hungrie poore,

" Ne lett mye servants dryve awaie

" The hungrie fromme my doore:

" And none can saye, butt alle mye lyfe 165

" I have hys wordyes kept;

" And sum'd the actyonns of the daie

" Eche nyghte before I flept.

" I have a spouse, goe aske of her,

" Yff I defyl'd her bedde? 170

" I have a kynge, and none can laie

" Blacke treason onne my hedde,

" Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,

" Fromm fleshe I dydd refrayne ;

" Whie should I thenne appeare dismay'd 175

" To leave thys worlde of payne ?

" Ne ! hapless HENRIE ! I rejoyce,

" I shalle ne see thye dethe ;

" Moste willynglie ynne thye just cause

" Doe I resign my brethe. 180

" Oh, fickle people ! rewyn'd londe !

" Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe ;

" Whyle RICHARD's sonnes exalt themselves,

" Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

" Saie, were ye tyr'd of godlie peace, 185

" And godlie HENRIE's reigne,

" Thatt you dydd choppe<sup>1</sup> youre easie daies

" For those of bloude and peyne ?

" Whatte tho' I onne a sledde<sup>2</sup> bee drawne,

" And mangled by a hynde, 190

" I doe desye the traytor's pow'r,

" Hee can ne harm my mynde ;

" Whatte

<sup>1</sup> Change. <sup>2</sup> Sledge, hurdle.

" Whatte tho', uphoisted onne a pole,

" Mye lymbes shall rotte ynne ayre,

" And ne ryche monument of brasse 195

" CHARLES BAWDIN's name shall bear;

" Yett ynne the holie booke above,

" Whyche tyme can't eate awaie,

" There wythe the farvants of the Lorde

" Mye name shall lyve for aie. 200

" Thenne welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne

" I leave thys mortall lyfe:

" Farewell, vayne worlde, and alle that's deare,

" Mye sonnes and lovyng wyfe!

" Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes, 205

" As e'er the moneth of Maie;

" Nor woulde I even wyshe to lyve,

" Wyth my dere wyfe to staie."

Quod CANYNGE, "Tys a goodlie thyng

" To bee prepar'd to die; 210

" And from thys world of payne and grefe

" To Godde ynne Heav'n to flie."

And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,

And claryonnes to founde;

Syr CHARLES hee herde the horsfes feete

215

A prauncyng onne the grounde:

And juft before the officers,

His lovyng wyfe came ynne,

Weepyng-unfeigned teeres of woe,

Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne.

220

" Sweet FLORENCE ! nowe I praie forbere,

" Ynne quiet lett mee die ;

" Praie Godde, thatt ev'ry Christian soule

" Maye looke onne dethe as I.

" Sweet FLORENCE ! why thefe brinie teeres ?

225

" Theye washe my foule awaie,

" And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,

" Wyth thee, fweete dame, to staie.

" 'Tys butt a journie I shalle goe

" Untoe the lande of blyffe ;

230

" Nowe, as a prooffe of husbande's love,

" Receive thys holie kyffe."

Thenne

Thenne FLORENCE, fault'ring ynne her faie,

Tremblynge theſe wordyes ſpoke,

“ Ah, cruele EDWARDE ! bloudie kyng ! 235

“ My herte ys welſe nyghe broke :

“ Ah, ſweete SYR CHARLES ! why wylt thou goe,

“ Wythoute thye lovyng wyfe ?

“ The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,

“ Ytte eke ſhall ende myg lyfe,” 240

“ And nowe the officers came ynne

To bryngē SYR CHARLES awaie,

“ Whoe turnedd toe hys lovyng wyfe,

“ And thus toe her dydd faie :

“ I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe ; 245

“ Truſte thou ynne Godde above,

“ And teache thye ſonnes to feare the Lorde,

“ And ynne theyre hertes hym love ;

“ Teache them to runne the nobile race

“ Thatt I theyre faðer runnē : 250

“ FLORENCE ! ſhou'd dethe thee take—adieu !

“ Yee officers, leade onne.”

Thenne. FLORENCE rav'd as anie madde,

And dydd. her tresses tere ;

“ Oh ! staie, mye husbände ! lorde ! and lyfel ! ” — 235

Syr CHARLES thienne dropt a teare.

“ Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravyngs loud,

Shce fellen onne the flore ;

Syr CHAMBERS exerted alle hys myghte,

And march'd fromm oute the dore.

260

Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,

Wythe lookes fulle brave and swete ;

Lookes, thatt enshone <sup>4</sup> ne more concern

Thanne anie ynne the strete.

Before hym went the council-menne,

265

Ynne scarlett robes and golde,

And tassils spanglyng ynne the funne,

Muche glorious to beholde :

The Freers of Seincte AUGUSTYNE next

Appeared to the syghte,

Alle cladd ynne homelie ruffett weedes,

Of godlie monkysh plyghte :

Ynne

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie pfaume  
 Moste sweetlie theye dydd chaunt ;  
 Behynde theyre backes fyx mynstrelles came, 275  
 Who tun'd the strunge bataunt :

Thenne fyve-and-twentye archers came ;  
 Echone the bowe dydd bende,  
 From rescue of kynge HENRYES friends  
 Syr CHARLES fort to defend. 280

Bolde as a lyon came Syr CHARLES,  
 Drawne onne a clothe-layde fletde,  
 Bye two blacke stedes ynne trappynges white,  
 Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde :

Behynde hym fyve-and-twentye moe 285  
 Of archers stronge and stoute,  
 Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,  
 Marched ynne goodlie route :

Seinte JAMES Preers marched next,  
 Echone hys parte dydd chaunt : 290  
 Behynde theyre backes fyx mynstrells came,

Who tun'd the strunge bataunt :

M 4

<sup>s</sup> A stringed instrument.

Thenne

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,  
 Ynne clothe of scarlett deck't ;  
 And theyre attending menne echone, 295  
 Lyke Easterne princes trickt :

And after them, a multitude  
 Of citizenns dydd thronge ;  
 The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes,  
 As hee dydd passe alonge. 300

And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,  
 Syr CHARLES dydd turne and faie,  
 " O Thou, thatt savest manne fromme fynne,  
 " Washe mye soule clean thys daie !"

At the grete mynsterr wyndowe sat 305  
 The kynge ynne mycle state,  
 To see CHARLES BAWDIN gos alonge  
 To hys most welcom fate.

Soone as the fledge drewe nyghe enowe,  
 : Thatt EDWARDE hee myghte heare, 310  
 The brave Syr CHARLES hee dydd fande uppe,  
 And thus hys wordes declare :

" Thou

" Thou seest mee, EDWARDE ! traytour vile !

" Expos'd to infamie ;

" Butt bee assur'd, disloyall manne !

315

" I'm greaterr nowe thanne thee.

" Bye foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,

" Thou wearest nowe a crowne ;

" And hast appoynted mee to dye,

" By power nott thyne owne.

320

" Thou thynkest I shall dye to-daie ;

" I have beene dede 'till nowe,

" And soone shall lyve to weare a crowne

" For aie uponne my browe :

" Whylst thou, perhapps, for som few yeares,

325

" Shalt rule thys fickle lande,

" To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule

" 'Twixt kynge and tyrant hande :

" Thye pow'r unjust, thou traytour slave !

" Shall falle onne thye owne hedde"—

330

Fromm out of hearyng of the kynge

Departed thenne the fledde.

Kynge

Kynge EDWARDE's soule rush'd to hys face,

Hee turn'd hys hedde awaie,

And to hys broder GLOUCESTER

335

Hee thus dydd speke and saie:

" To hym that foe-much-dreaded deth

" Ne ghastlie terrors brynge,

" Beholde the manne ! hee spake the truthe,

" Hee's greater thanne a kynge !"

340

" Soe lett hym die !" Duke RICHARD sayde ;

" And maye echone oure foe

" Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,

" And feede the carryon crowes."

And nowe the horses gentlie drewe

345

Syr CHARLES uppe the hyghe hylle ;

The axe dydd glysterr ynne the sunne,

Hys pretious bloude to spylle:

Syr CHARLES dydd uppe the scaffold gos,

As uppe a gilded carre

Of victorie, by val'rous chiefs

Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre :

And

And to the people hee dydd saie,

“ Beholde: you see mee dye,

“ For servynge loyally mye kynge, 355

“ Mye kynge most rightfullie:

“ As long as EDWARD rules thys lande,

“ Ne quiet you wylle knowe;

“ Your sonnes and husbands shalle bee slayne,

“ And brookes wythe bloude shalle flowe. 360

“ You leave youre goode and lawfull kyng,

“ Whenne ynne adversitee;

“ Lyke mee, untoe the true cause stycke,

“ And for the true cause dye.”

Thenne hee, wyth preestes, uponne hys knees, 365

A pray’r to Godde dydd make,

Beseechynge hym unto hymselfe

Hys partynge soule to take.

Thenne, kneelynge downe, hee layd hys hedde

Most seemlie onne the blocke; 370

Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once

The able heddes-manne stroke:

And

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,

And rounde the scaffolde twyne ;

And teares, enow to washe't awaie, 375

Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.

The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre

Ynnto foure parties cutte ;

And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,

Uponne a pole was putte. 380

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,

One onne the mynster-tower,

And one from off the castles-gate

The crowen dydd devoure ;

The other onne Seynthe Powle's goode gate, 385

A dreery spectacle ;

Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe crosse,

Ynne hyghe-streete most nobile.

Thus was the ende of BAWDIN's fate :

Godde prosper longe oure kynge, 390

And grante hee maye, wyth BAWDIN's soule,

Ynne heav'n Godd's mercie synge !

AN

## AN EXCELENTE BALADE

## OF CHARITIE:

As wroten bie the gode Prieste THOMAS ROWLEY<sup>1</sup>, 1464.

IN Virgyne<sup>1\*</sup> the sweltrie sun gan sheene,  
 And hotte upon the mees<sup>2</sup> did caste his raie;  
 The apple rodde<sup>3</sup> from its palie greene,  
 And the mole<sup>4</sup> peare did bende the leafy spraie;  
 The peede chelandri<sup>5</sup> funge the livelong daie;      5  
 'Twas now the pride, the manhode of the yeare,  
 And eke the grounde was dighte<sup>6</sup> in its mose deste<sup>7</sup>  
 zumere<sup>8</sup>.

The sun was glemeing in the midde of daie,  
 Deadde still the aire, and eke the welken<sup>9</sup> blue,

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Rowley, the author, was born at Norton Mal-reward, in Somersetshire, educated at the Convent of St. Kenna, at Keynesham, and died at Westbury in Gloucestershire. <sup>1\*</sup> *The sign of Virgo.*  
<sup>2</sup> Meads. <sup>3</sup> Reddened, ripened. <sup>4</sup> Soft. <sup>5</sup> Pied goldfinch. <sup>6</sup> Drest, arrayed. <sup>7</sup> Neat, ornamented. <sup>8</sup> A loose robe or mantle. <sup>9</sup> The sky, the atmosphere.

When

When from the sea arift<sup>10</sup> in drear arraie 10  
 A hepe of cloudes of fable fullen hue,  
 The which full fast unto the woodlande drewe,  
 Hiltring<sup>11</sup> attenes<sup>12</sup> the sunnis-fetive<sup>13</sup> face,  
 And the blacke tempeste swolne and gatherd up apace.

Beneathe an holme, faste by a pathwaie side, 15  
 Which dide unto Seyncte Godwine's covent<sup>14</sup> lede,  
 A haples pilgrim moneynge did abide,  
 Pore in his viewe, ungentle<sup>15</sup> in his weede<sup>15\*</sup>,  
 Longe bretful<sup>16</sup> of the miseries of neede,  
 Where from the hail-stone coulde the almer<sup>17</sup> fle? 20  
 He had no housen theere, ne anie covent nie.

Look in his glommed<sup>18</sup> face, his sprighte there scanne;  
 Howe woe-be-gone, how withered, forwynd<sup>19</sup>, deade!

<sup>10</sup> Arose. <sup>11</sup> Hiding, shrouding. <sup>12</sup> At once. <sup>13</sup> Beauteous. <sup>14</sup> It would have been *charitable*, if the author had not pointed at personal characters in this Ballad of Charity. The Abbot of St. Godwin's at the time of the writing of this was Ralph de Bellomont, a great stickler for the Lancastrian family. Rowley was a Yorkist. <sup>15</sup> Beggarly. <sup>15\*</sup> Drefs. <sup>16</sup> Filled with. <sup>17</sup> Beggar. <sup>18</sup> Clouded, dejected. A person of some note in the literary world is of opinion, that *glum* and *glow* are modern cant words; and from this circumstance doubts the authenticity of Rowley's Manuscripts. Glum-mong in the Saxon signifies twilight, a dark or dubious light; and the modern word *gloomy* is derived from the Saxon *glum*. <sup>19</sup> Dry, sapless.

Haste

Haste to thie church-glebe-house<sup>20</sup>, afshrewed<sup>21</sup> manne!  
 Haste to thie kiste<sup>22</sup>, thie onlie durtoure<sup>23</sup> bedde. 25  
 Cale, as the claie whiche will gye on thie hedde,  
 Is Charitie and Love aminge<sup>24</sup> highe elves;  
 Knightis and Barons live for pleasure and themselves.

The gatherd storme is rype; the bigge drops falle;  
 The forfwat<sup>25</sup> meadows smethe<sup>26</sup>, and drench<sup>27</sup> the  
                   raine; 30  
 The comyng ghaftness<sup>28</sup> do the cattle pall<sup>29</sup>,  
 And the full flockes are drivynge ore the plaine;  
 Dashed from the cloudes the waters flott<sup>30</sup> againe;  
 The welkin opes; the yellow levynne<sup>31</sup> flies;  
 And the hot fierie smothe<sup>32</sup> in the wide lowings<sup>33</sup> dies. 35

Liste! now the thunder's rattling clymmynge<sup>34</sup> found  
 Gheves<sup>35</sup> flowlie on, and then embollen<sup>36</sup> clangs,

<sup>20</sup> The grave. <sup>21</sup> Accursed, unfortunate. <sup>22</sup> Coffin. <sup>23</sup> A sleeping  
 room. <sup>24</sup> Among. <sup>25</sup> Sun-burnt. <sup>26</sup> Smoke. <sup>27</sup> Drink. <sup>28</sup> *Ghaftness*.  
<sup>29</sup> Fall, a contraction from *appall*, to fright. <sup>30</sup> Fly, rather float.  
<sup>31</sup> Lightning. <sup>32</sup> Steam, or vapours. <sup>33</sup> Flames. <sup>34</sup> Noisy. <sup>35</sup> Moves,  
 rather advances to an end. <sup>36</sup> Swelled, strengthened.

176 AN EXCELENTE BALADE

Shakes the hie spyre, and losit, dispended, drown'd,  
 Still on the gallard <sup>35</sup> eare of terroure hanges;  
 The windes are up; the lofty elmen swanges; 40  
 Again the levynne and the thunder poures,  
 And the full cloudes are braste <sup>36</sup> attenes in stonen  
 showers.

Spurreynge his palfrie oere the watrie plainē,  
 The Abbote of Seyncte Godwythes convente came;  
 His chapournette <sup>37</sup> was drented with the reine, 45  
 And his penete <sup>38</sup> gyrdle met with mickle shame;  
 He aynewarde tolde his bederoll <sup>39</sup> at the same;  
 The storme encreasen, and he drew aside,  
 With the mist <sup>40</sup> almes craver neere to the holme to bide.

His cope <sup>41</sup> was all of Lyncolne clothe so fyne, 50  
 With a gold button fasten'd neere his chynne;  
 His autremete <sup>42</sup> was edged with golden twynne,

<sup>35</sup> Frighted. <sup>36</sup> Burst. <sup>37</sup> A small round hat, not unlike the chapournette in heraldry, formerly worn by Ecclesiastics and Lawyers.  
<sup>38</sup> Painted. <sup>39</sup> He told his beads backwards; a figurative expression to signify cursing. <sup>40</sup> Poor, needy. <sup>41</sup> A cloke. <sup>42</sup> A loose white robe, worn by Priests.

And

And his shoone pyke<sup>42\*</sup> a loverds<sup>43</sup> mighte have binne ;

Full well it shewn he thoughten coste no sinne :

The trammels of the palfrye pleasde his sighte, 56

For the herse-millanare<sup>44</sup> his head with roses dighte.

An almes, sir prieste ! the droppynge pilgrim saide,

O let me waite within your covente dore,

Till the sunne sheneth hie above our heade,

And the loude tempeste of the aire is oer ; 60

Helplefs and ould am I alas ! and poor ;

No house, ne friend, ne moneie in my pouche ;

All yatte I call my owne is this my silver crouche<sup>45\*</sup>.

Varlet, replyd the Abbatte, cease your dinne ;

This is no season almes and prayers to give ; 65

Mie porter never lets a faitour<sup>46</sup> in ;

None touch mie rynges who not in honour live.

And now the sonne with the blacke cloudes did stryve,

And shettyng<sup>47\*</sup> on the grounde his glairie<sup>48</sup> raie,

The Abbatte spurrd his steede, and eftsoones roadde awaie.

<sup>42\*</sup> Picked shoe. <sup>43</sup> A lord. <sup>44</sup> I believe this trade is still in being, though but seldom employed. <sup>45</sup> Crosspiece. <sup>46</sup> A beggar, or vagabond. <sup>47\*</sup> Shooting. <sup>48</sup> Glaring.

178 AN EXCELENTE BALADE

Once moe the skie was blacke, the thunder rolde;  
 Faste reyneynge <sup>46\*</sup> oer the plaine a prieste was seen;  
 Ne dighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde;  
 His cope and jape <sup>47</sup> were graie, and eke were cleue;  
 A Limitoure <sup>47\*</sup> he was of order seene; 75  
 And from the pathwaie side then turned hee,  
 Where the pore almer laie binethe the holmen tree,

An almes, fir priest! the droppynge pilgrim fayde,  
 For sweete Seynthe Marie and your order sake.  
 The Limitoure then loosen'd his pouchs threade,  
 And did thereoute a groate of silver take;  
 The mistre pilgrim dyd for halline <sup>48</sup> shake.  
 Here take this silver, it maie eathe <sup>48\*</sup> this care;  
 We are Goddes stewards all, nete <sup>49</sup> of oure owne we bare.

But ah! unhailie <sup>50</sup> pilgrim, learne of me,  
 Scathe <sup>50\*</sup> anie give a rentrolle to their Lorde.  
 Here take my samcope <sup>51</sup>, thou arte bare I see;

<sup>46\*</sup> Running. <sup>47</sup> A short surplice, worn by Friars of an inferior class, and secular priests. <sup>47\*</sup> Alienated begging friar. <sup>48</sup> Joy. <sup>48\*</sup> Eat. <sup>49</sup> Nought. <sup>50</sup> Unhappy. <sup>50\*</sup> Scarce. <sup>51</sup> A short under-cloke.

Tis thynē, the Seynctes will give me mie rewardes.

He left the pilgrim, and his waie aborde <sup>32</sup>.

Virgynne and hallie Seyncte, who fitte yn gloure <sup>33</sup>,

Or give the mitte <sup>34</sup> will, or give the gode man power.

<sup>32</sup> Went on. <sup>33</sup> Glory. <sup>34</sup> Mighty, rich.

TO **JOHNE LADGATE.**[Sent with the following *Songe to Ælla.*]

**W**ELL thanne, goode Johne, fythe <sup>1</sup> ytt must needes  
be foe,

Thatt thou & I a bowtyng matche <sup>2</sup> must have,  
Lette ytt ne breakyng of ould friendshyppe bee,  
Thys ys the onelic all-a-boone <sup>3</sup> I crave.

Rememberr Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carnalyte,  
Who whanne Johne Clarkyng, one of myckle lore <sup>4</sup>,  
Dydd throwe hys gauntlette-penne, wyth hym to fyghte,  
Hee showd smalle wytte, and showd hys weaknesse more.

Thys ys mie formance, whyche I nowe have wrytte,  
The best performance of mje lyttel wytte.

**SONGE TO ÆLLA, LORDE OF THE CASTEL OF  
BRYSTOWE YNNE DAIES OF YORE.**

On thou, orr what remaynes of thee,  
Ælla, the darlyng of futurity,  
Lett thys mie songe bolde as thie courage be,  
As everlastyng to posteritye.

Whanne

<sup>1</sup> Since. <sup>2</sup> Contest. <sup>3</sup> Favor. <sup>4</sup> Learning.

# SONG TO ELLA. 181

Whanne Dacya's sonnes, whose hayres of bloude redde hue

Lyche kynge-cuppes brastyng wythe the morning due,

Arraung'd ynn dreare arrate,

Upponne the lethale daie,

Spredde farre and wyde onne Watchets shore;

Than dyddst thou furiouse stande,

And bie thie valyante hande

Beefprengedd<sup>5</sup> all the mees<sup>6</sup> wythe gore.

Drawne bie thyn anlace<sup>7</sup> felle,

Downe to the depthe of helle

Thoufandes of Dacyanns went;

Brystowannes, menne of myghte,

Ydar'd the bloudie fyghte,

And actedd deeds full quent<sup>8</sup>.

Oh thou, whereer (thie bones att reste)

Thye Spryte to haunte delyghteth beste,

Whetherr upponne the bloude-embrewedd pleyne,

Orr whare thou kennst fromm farre

The dysmall crye of warre,

Orr feest fomme mountayne made of corse of sleyne;

N 2

Orr

<sup>5</sup> Sprinkled. <sup>6</sup> Meadows. <sup>7</sup> Sword. <sup>8</sup> Strange.

Orr fast the hatched<sup>9</sup> steed,  
 Yprauuncyng<sup>10</sup> o'er the made,  
 And neighe to be asenged<sup>10</sup> the poynted<sup>10</sup> speeres;  
 Orr ynne blacke armoure stauke arounde  
 Embattel'd Brystowe, once thie grounde,  
 And glowe arduous<sup>11</sup> onn the Castle speeres;  
 Orr fierys round the mynsterr glare;  
 Lette Brystowe styll be made thie care;  
 Guarde ytt fromme foemenne & consumyng<sup>12</sup> fyre;  
 Lyche Avones streame enfyrke<sup>12</sup> ytte rounde,  
 Ne lette a flame enharme the grounde,  
 Tylle ynne one flame all the whole worlde expyre.

<sup>9</sup> Covered with achievements. <sup>10</sup> Among. <sup>11</sup> Burning. <sup>12</sup> Encircle.

The underwritten Lines were composed by JOHN  
LADGATE, a Priest in London, and sent to  
ROWLIE, as an Answer to the preceding Song  
of Ælla.

**H**AVYNGE wythe mouche attentyon redde

Whatt you dydd to mee sende,  
Admyre the varfes mouche I dydd,  
And thus an answer lende.

Amongs the Greeces Homer was  
A Poett mouche renownde,  
Amongs the Latyns Vyrgilius  
Was beste of Poets founde,

The Brytish Merlyn oftenne hanne  
The gyfte of inspyration,  
And Alfred <sup>1</sup> to the Sexonne menne  
Dydd synge wythe elocation <sup>2</sup>.

N 4

Ynne

Ynne Norman tymes, Turgotus and

Geoffrey Chaucer, the

Thenn Stowe, the Bryghtflowe Carmelyte,

Dydd bare awaie the bells

Nowe Rowlie ynne these mokie dayes

Lendes owte hys sheenynghe lyghtes

And Turgotus and Chaucer lyves

Ynne ev'ry lyne he wrytes

*Dark, gloomy*

Yune Norman times, T. 1100 and

## ONN OURE LADIES CHURCHE

The new stowe, the Bishp's stowe, Carmel

AS onn a hille one eve littyng,

At oure Ladie's Chyrche mouche wonderyng,

The counyng handeworke to hye,

Han well nyghte gazed mine eyne;

Quod I; some counyng fairie hande

Yreer'd this chapelle in this lande;

Full well I wote 't so fine a fyghte

Was ne yreer'd of mortall wighte.

Quod Trouthe; thou lackest knowlache<sup>1</sup>;

Thou forsoth ne wotteth of the thyng.

A Rev'rend Fadre, William Canyng hight,

Yreered uppe this chapelle brighte;

And eke another in the Towne,

Where glassie bubblyng Trymme doth roun<sup>2</sup>.

Quod I; ne doubte for all he's given

His fowle will certes goe to heaven.

Yea, quod Trouthe; than goe thou home,

And see thou doe as hee hath donne.

Quod

<sup>1</sup> Know. <sup>2</sup> Knowledge. <sup>3</sup> Run.

Quod I; I doubt, that can ne bee;

I have ne gotten markes thre.

20

Quod Trouthe; as thou hast got, give almes-dedes foe;

Canyngs, and Gaunts, culde doe ne more.

T, R.

**ON THE SAME,**

STAY, curyous traveller, and pass not bye,

1 Until this fetive<sup>2</sup> pile affounds<sup>3</sup> thine eye.

Whole rocks on rocks with yron joynt-surveie,

And okes with okes entremed<sup>4</sup> & disposed<sup>5</sup> lie.

2 This mightie pile, that keeps the wyndes at bate, 5

Fyre-levyn<sup>6</sup> and the mokie<sup>6</sup> storme defie,

3 That shootes aloofe into the realmes of dale,

Shall be the record of the Buylde's fame for aie.

Thou see'st this maystrie of a human hand,

The pride of Brystowe and the Western lande, 10

Yet is the Buylde's vertues much moe greete,

Greeter than can bie Rowlies pen be scande.

Thou see'st the faynctes and kynges in stonen state,

That seemd with breath and human soule dispande.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Elegant.* <sup>2</sup> *Assonish.* <sup>3</sup> *Intermixed.* <sup>4</sup> *Disposed.* <sup>5</sup> *Lightning.* <sup>6</sup> *Gloomy.*

<sup>7</sup> *Expanded.*

As

As payre<sup>a</sup> to us enfeem these men of late, I bou<sup>b</sup> 35  
 Such is greete Canynge's mynde when payrd to God on late.  
 Well maist thou be affound, but view it well;  
 Go not from hence before thou see thy fill,  
 And learn the Bullder's vertues and his name;  
 Of this tall spyre in every countye telle, 29  
 And with thy tale the lazing<sup>c</sup> rych men shame;  
 Showe howe the glorious Canynge did excelle;  
 How hee good man a friend for kynges became,  
 And glorious paved at once the way to heaven and fame,

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.

THIS mornyng starre of Radcleves rysynge raie,  
 A true manne good of mynde and Canynge byghte<sup>d</sup>,  
 Benethe this stone lies moltrynge<sup>e</sup> ynto claie,  
 Untylle the darke tombe beene an eterne lyghte,  
 Thyrd fromme hys loynes the present Canynge came;  
 Houton<sup>f</sup> are wordes for to telle hys doe;

<sup>a</sup> Compared. <sup>b</sup> Inactive. <sup>c</sup> Named. <sup>d</sup> Mouldering. <sup>e</sup> Magnificent.

For aye shall lyve hys heaven-recorded name,  
 Ne shall yt dye whanne tyme shalle bee no moe;  
 Whanne Mychael's trumpe shall founde to rife the folle,  
 He'll wyng to heavn with kynne, and happie bee hys  
 dole.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

**A**NENT / a brooklette as I laie rechynd,  
 Listeyngs to heare the water glyde alonge,  
 Myndeinge how thorowe the grene mees<sup>2</sup> yt twynd,  
 Awhilst the cavys respons'd<sup>3</sup> yts mottring<sup>4</sup> songe,  
 At dystaunt ryfying Avonne to he sped,  
 Amenged<sup>5</sup> wyth ryfying hylles dyd shewe yts head;

Engarlanded wyth crownes of oyer weedes  
 And wraytes<sup>6</sup> of alders of a bercie scent,  
 And slickeynge out wyth clowde agest<sup>6\*</sup> reedes,  
 The hoarie Avonne shew'd dyre semblamente<sup>7</sup>,  
 Whylest blataunt<sup>8</sup> Severne, from Sabryna clepde<sup>9</sup>,  
 Rores flemie<sup>10</sup> o'er the fandes that she hepde.

<sup>4</sup> Sout. <sup>5</sup> Portion. <sup>6</sup> Opposite. <sup>7</sup> Meadows. <sup>8</sup> Answered. <sup>9</sup> Murmuring.  
<sup>10</sup> Mingled. <sup>6</sup> Wreaths. <sup>6\*</sup> Heaped up, <sup>7</sup> Appearance, <sup>8</sup> Nolly. <sup>9</sup> Named.  
<sup>10</sup> Frighted.

These eynegears<sup>11</sup> swythyn<sup>12</sup> bringethe to mie thoughte  
 Of hardie champyons knowne to the floude,  
 How onne the bankes thereof brave Ælle foughte,<sup>13</sup>  
 Ælle descended from Merce kynglie bloude,  
 Warden of Brystowe towne and castel stede,  
 Who ever and anon made Danes to blede.

Methoughte such doughtie<sup>14</sup> menn must have a sprighte  
 Dote<sup>15</sup> yn the arithour brace<sup>16</sup> that Mychael bore,  
 Whan he wyth Satan kynge of helle dyd fyghte,  
 And earthe was drented<sup>17</sup> yn a mere<sup>18</sup> of gore;  
 Orr, soone as theie dyd see the worldis lyghte,  
 Fate had wrott downe, thys mann ys borne to fyghte.

Ælle, I sayd, or els my mynde dyd faie,  
 Whie ys thy actyons left so spare yn storie?  
 Were I toe dispoñe<sup>19</sup>, there should lyvven aie  
 In erthe and hevenis rolles thie tale of glorie;  
 Thie actes soe doughtie should for aie abyde,  
 And bie theyre teste all after actes be tryde.

<sup>11</sup> Objects. <sup>12</sup> Quickly. <sup>13</sup> Valiant. <sup>14</sup> Dressed. <sup>15</sup> Suit of armour. <sup>16</sup> Drenched.

<sup>17</sup> Lake. <sup>18</sup> Dispose.

Next holie Warsburghus fyld mie mynde:  
 As fayre a faynste as this towne can boeste:  
 Or bee the erthe wyth lychte or merke? ywrynde<sup>20</sup>  
 I see hys ymage waulkeyng throughe the coaste;  
 Fitz Hardyng, Bithrickus, and twentie moore  
 Ynn visyonn fore mie phantasie dyd goe.

Thus all mie wandrynge faytour<sup>21</sup> thynkeynge strayed  
 And eche dygne buylder dequac'd<sup>22</sup> onn mie mynde,  
 Whan from the distaunt streeme arose a mayde,  
 Whose gentle tresses mov'd not to the wynde;  
 Lych to the sylver moone yn frostie neete,  
 The damaiselle dyd come soe blythe and swete.

Ne browded<sup>23</sup> mantell of a scarlette hue,  
 Ne shoone pykes<sup>24</sup> plaited o'er wyth ribbande geere,  
 Ne costlie paraments<sup>25</sup> of woden<sup>26</sup> blue,  
 Noughte of a dresse, but bewtie<sup>26\*</sup> dyd thee weere;  
 Naked thee was, and loked swete of youthe,  
 All dyd bewryen<sup>27</sup> that her name was Trouthe.

<sup>19</sup> Darknes. <sup>20</sup> Covered. <sup>21</sup> Deceiving. <sup>22</sup> Dashed. <sup>23</sup> Embroidered.  
<sup>24</sup> Picked shoes. <sup>25</sup> Robes of state. <sup>26</sup> Dyed with wood. <sup>26\*</sup> Beauty. <sup>27</sup> Declare.

# THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANTABE. 199

The ethie <sup>28</sup> ringlets of her ~~hott~~ <sup>29</sup> browne ~~haire~~ <sup>30</sup>   
 What ne a ~~mathe~~ <sup>31</sup> should see dyd ~~twentie~~ <sup>32</sup> chyas, <sup>33</sup>   
 Whych on her milk-white bodykin <sup>34</sup> fo fayre <sup>35</sup>   
 Dyd showelyke browne ~~freemes~~ <sup>36</sup> fowlyng <sup>37</sup> the white tyde.   
 Or veynes of brown hue yn a ~~marble~~ <sup>38</sup>   
 Whyche by the traveller ys kenn'd from farr.

Astounded mickle there I sylente laie, <sup>39</sup>   
 Still scauncing <sup>40</sup> wondrous at the walkynge syghte ;   
 Mie senses forgarde <sup>41</sup> ne could reyn <sup>42</sup> awale ;   
 But was ne forstraughte <sup>43</sup> whan shee dyd alyghte   
 Anie to mee, dresse up yn naked vewe,   
 Whych mote yn ~~some~~ <sup>44</sup> ewbrycious <sup>45</sup> thoughtes abrew <sup>46</sup>. 64

But I ne dyd once thynke of wanton thoughte ;   
 For well I mynded what bie vowe I hete <sup>47</sup>,   
 And yn mie pockate han a crouchee <sup>48</sup> broughte,   
 Whych yn the blossom woulde such firs anete <sup>49</sup> ;   
 I lok'd wyth eyne as pure as angelles doe, <sup>50</sup> 65   
 And dyd the everie thoughte of foule elikewe.

<sup>28</sup> Easy. <sup>29</sup> Sweetly. <sup>30</sup> Body. <sup>31</sup> Defiling. <sup>32</sup> Quarry. <sup>33</sup> Looking obliquely.  
<sup>34</sup> Lost. <sup>35</sup> Run. <sup>36</sup> Confounded. <sup>37</sup> Adultrous. <sup>38</sup> Excite, brew. <sup>39</sup> Promise.  
<sup>40</sup> Crucifix. <sup>41</sup> Annihilated.

Wyth sweet semblance <sup>41</sup> and an angel's grace  
 Shee 'gan to lecture from her gentle brasse;  
 For Trouthis wordes ys her myddes face,  
 Falso oratoryes she dyd aie deteste;  
 Sweetnesse was yn eeche word she dyd ywraunt <sup>42</sup>,  
 Tho shee strove not to make that sweetnesse shew.

Shee sayd; mie manner of appereynge here  
 Mie name and fleyghted myndbruch <sup>43</sup> maye thee telle;  
 I'm Trouthe, that dyd descende fromm heven wra <sup>44</sup>,  
 Goulers <sup>45</sup> and courtiers doe not kenne me welle;  
 Thie inmoste thoughtes, thie labrynge brayne I sawe,  
 And from thie gentle dreeme will thee adawe <sup>47</sup>.

Full manie champyons and menné of lore <sup>48</sup>,  
 Payneters and carvellers <sup>49</sup> have gaine good name,  
 But there's a Canynge, to encrease the store,  
 A Canynge, who shall buie uppe all theyre fame.  
 Take thou mie power, and see yn chyldes and manne  
 What troulie <sup>50</sup> noblenesse yn Canynge ranne.

<sup>41</sup> Appearance. <sup>42</sup> Display. <sup>43</sup> Firmness. <sup>44</sup> Towards heaven. <sup>45</sup> Usurars.  
<sup>46</sup> Awaken. <sup>47</sup> Learning. <sup>48</sup> Carvers, sculptors. <sup>49</sup> True, truly.

# THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. 193

As when a borderien <sup>51</sup> on erthe <sup>52</sup> bedde, 85  
 Tyr'd wyth ~~the~~ laboures maynt <sup>53</sup> of sweltrie daie,  
 Yn slepeis bosom laeth hys deft <sup>54</sup> headde,  
 So, senses fonke to reste, mie boddie laie;  
 Eftsoons <sup>55</sup> mie sprighte, from erthlie bandes untyde,  
 Immengde <sup>56</sup> yn flanch <sup>57</sup> ayre wysh Trouthe afyde. 90

Strayte was I carryd back to tymes of yore,  
 Whyllt Canynge swathed yet yn fleshlie bedde,  
 And saw all actyons whych han been before,  
 And all the scroll of Fate unravelled;  
 And when the fate-mark'd babe acome to fyghte, 95  
 I saw hym eager gaspyng after lyghte.

In all hys shepen <sup>58</sup> gambols and chyldes plaie,  
 In everie merriemakeyng, fayre or wake,  
 I kenn'd a perpled <sup>59</sup> lyghte of Wyfdom's raie;  
 He ate downe learnynge wyth the wastle cake <sup>60</sup>. 100  
 As wise as saie of the eldermenne,  
 He'd wytte enowe to make a mayre at tenne.

<sup>51</sup> Cottager. <sup>52</sup> Easy. <sup>53</sup> Many. <sup>54</sup> Neat, cleanly. <sup>55</sup> Quickly, immediately.  
<sup>56</sup> Mingled. <sup>57</sup> Arched. <sup>58</sup> Innocent, simple. <sup>59</sup> Scattered. <sup>60</sup> Cake of the  
 whitest bread.

194 THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

As the dulce <sup>61</sup> downie barbe beganne to gre<sup>62</sup>,  
 So was the well thyghte <sup>63</sup> texture of hys lore ;  
 Eche daie enhedeynge <sup>64</sup> mockler <sup>65</sup> for to bee, 105  
 Greete yn hys councel for the daies he bore.  
 All tongues, all carrols dyd unto hym synge,  
 Wondryng at ane foe wyfe, and yet foe yinge <sup>66</sup>.

Encreasseyng yn the yeaeres of mortal lyfe,  
 And haffeynge to hys journie ynto heaven, 110  
 Hee thoughte ytt proper for to cheefe <sup>67</sup> a wyfe,  
 And use the sexes for the purpose gevene <sup>68</sup>.  
 Hee then was yothe of comelie femelikeede <sup>69</sup>,  
 And hee had made a mayden's herte to blede.

He had a fader, (Jesus rest his hys soule !)  
 Who loved money, as hys charie <sup>70</sup> joie ;  
 Hee had a broder (happie manne be's dole !)  
 Yn mynde and boddie, hys owne fadre's boie ;  
 What then could Canynge wiffen <sup>71</sup> as a parte  
 To gyve to her whoe had made chop <sup>72</sup> of hearte? 120

<sup>61</sup> Soft. <sup>62</sup> Grow. <sup>63</sup> Connected. <sup>64</sup> Being careful. <sup>65</sup> Stronger, greater.  
<sup>66</sup> Young. <sup>67</sup> Chuse. <sup>68</sup> Given. <sup>69</sup> Countenance. <sup>70</sup> Dear. <sup>71</sup> Wish. <sup>72</sup> Exchange.

But

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. 195

But landes and castle tenures, golde and bighes <sup>73</sup>.  
 And hoardes of sylver rousted yn the ent <sup>74</sup>,  
 Canynge and hys fayre sweete dyd that despyse,  
 To change of troulie love was theyr content;  
 Theie lyv'd togeder yn a house adygne <sup>75</sup>, 125  
 Of goode sendaument <sup>76</sup> commilie <sup>77</sup> and fynne.

But soone hys broder and hys fyre dyd die,  
 And lefte to Willyam states and renteynge rolles,  
 And at hys wyll hys broder Johne supplie.  
 Hee gave a chauntrye to redeeme theyre soules; 130  
 And put hys broder ynto fyke a trade,  
 That he lorde mayor of Londonne towne was made.

Eftsoons hys mornynge tournd to gloomie nyghte;  
 Hys dame, hys seconde selfe, gyve upp her brethe,  
 Seekeynge for eterne lyfe and endles lyghte, 135  
 And ffeed good Canynge; fad mystake of dethe!  
 Soe have I seen a flower ynn Sommer tyme  
 Trodde downe and broke and widder <sup>78</sup> ynn ytts pryme.

<sup>73</sup> Jewels. <sup>74</sup> Purse. <sup>75</sup> Creditable. <sup>76</sup> Appearance. <sup>77</sup> Decent, comely.  
<sup>78</sup> Wither.

196 THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

Next Radcleeve chyrche (oh worke of hande of heav'n,  
 Whare Canynge sheweth as an instrumente;) 140  
 Was to my bisharde <sup>79</sup> eyne-lyghte newlie giv'n;  
 'Tis past to blazonne ytt to good contente.  
 You that woulde faygn the fetyve <sup>80</sup> buyldynge see  
 Repayre to Radcleve, and contented bee.

I sawe the myndbruch <sup>81</sup> of hys nobille soule 145  
 Whan Edwarde meniced <sup>82</sup> a seconde wyfe;  
 I saw what Pheryons yn hys mynde dyd rolle;  
 Nowe fyx'd fromm seconde dames a preeste for lyfe.  
 Thys ys the manne of menne, the vision spöke;  
 Then belle for even-songe mie senses woke. 150

<sup>79</sup> Astonished, deluded. <sup>80</sup> Elegant. <sup>81</sup> Firmness. <sup>82</sup> Menaced.

U. I. A.

All & other copies of this report

For your information from the field of course

I have not been able to find any more

of the same kind as the one you have

sent me, but I have found a few more

of the same kind as the one you have

sent me, but I have found a few more

of the same kind as the one you have

sent me, but I have found a few more

U. I. A.

I have not been able to find any more

of the same kind as the one you have

sent me, but I have found a few more

of the same kind as the one you have

sent me, but I have found a few more

of the same kind as the one you have

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of the same kind as the one you have

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of the same kind as the one you have

sent me, but I have found a few more

of the same kind as the one you have

sent me, but I have found a few more



## ON HAPPINESSE, by WILLIAM CANYNGE.

**M**AIE Selynesse <sup>1</sup> on erthes boundes bee hadde?  
 Maie yt adyghte <sup>2</sup> yn human shape bee founde?  
 Wote yee, ytt was wyth Edin's bower bestadde <sup>3</sup>,  
 Or quite erased <sup>4</sup> from the scaunce-layd <sup>5</sup> grounde,  
 Whan from the secret fontes the waterres dyd abounde?  
 Does yt agrofed <sup>6</sup> shun the bodyed waulke,  
 Lyve to ytfelf and to yttes ecchoe taulke?

All hayle, Contente, thou mayde of turtle-eyne,  
 As thie behoulders thynke thou arte iwreene <sup>7</sup>,  
 To ope the dore to Selynesse ys thine,  
 And Chrystis glorie doth upponne thee sheene.  
 Doer of the foule thyng ne hath thee feene;  
 In caves, ynn wodes, ynn woe, and dole <sup>8</sup> distresse,  
 Whoere hath thee hath gotten Selynesse.

## ONN JOHNE A DALBENIE, by the same.

**J**OHNE makes a jarre bout Lancaster and Yorke;  
 Bee stille, gode manne, and learne to mynde thy worke.

<sup>1</sup> Happiness. <sup>2</sup> Cloathed. <sup>3</sup> Fixed. <sup>4</sup> Banished, erased. <sup>5</sup> Uneven. <sup>6</sup> Frighted.  
<sup>7</sup> Displayed. <sup>8</sup> Grievous.

## THE GOULER'S REQUIEM, by the same.

**M**IE boolie <sup>1</sup> entes <sup>2</sup> adieu ! ne moe the fyghte  
 Of guilden merke shall mete mie joieous eyne,  
 Ne moe the sylver noble sheenyng bryghte  
 Schall fyll mie honde with weight to speke ytt fyne ;  
 Ne moe, ne moe, alafs ! I call you myne ; 5  
 Whydder <sup>3</sup> must you, ah ! whydder must I goe ?  
 I kenn not either ; oh mie emmers <sup>4</sup> dygne,  
 To parte wyth you wyll wurcke mee myckle woe ;  
 I muste be gonne, botte where I dare ne telle ;  
 O storthe <sup>5</sup> unto mie mynde ! I goe to helle. 10  
 Soone as the morne dyd dyghte <sup>6</sup> the roddie funne,  
 A shade of theves eche streake of lyght dyd seeme ;  
 Whann ynn the heavn full half hys course was runn,  
 Eche stirryng nayghbour dyd mie harte asleme <sup>7</sup> ;  
 Thye los, or quyck or slepe, was aie mie dreame ; 15  
 For thee, O gould, I dyd the lawe ycrase <sup>8</sup> ;  
 For thee I gotten or bie wiles or breame <sup>9</sup> ;  
 Ynn thee I all mie joie and good dyd place ;  
 Botte now to mee thie pleasaunce ys ne moe,  
 I kenne notte botte for thee I to the quede <sup>10</sup> must goe. 20

<sup>1</sup> Belov'd. <sup>2</sup> Purges. <sup>3</sup> Whither. <sup>4</sup> Coined money. <sup>5</sup> Death. <sup>6</sup> Drefs.  
<sup>7</sup> Affright. <sup>8</sup> Violate. <sup>9</sup> Violence. <sup>10</sup> Devil.

## THE ACCOUNTE OF W. CANYNGES FEAST.

**T**HOROWE the halle the belle han founde ;

Byelecocyte <sup>1</sup> doe the Grave befeeme <sup>2</sup> ;

The caldermenne doe fyttre arounde,

Ande snoffelle <sup>3</sup> oppe the cheorte <sup>4</sup> steeme.

Lyches asses wyldes ynne defarte waste

Swotelye the morneyng ayre doe taste.

Syke keene theie ate ; the minstrels plaie,

The dynne of angelles doe theie keepe ;

Heie styll the guesstes haue to saie,

Butte nodde yet thanks ande falle aslaue.

Thus echone daie bee I to deene,

Gyf Rowley, Ifcamm, or Tyb. Gorges be ne seene.

<sup>1</sup> Fair welcome. <sup>2</sup> Becomes. <sup>3</sup> Snuff up. <sup>4</sup> Cheerfull.

P O E M S, &c.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

**W**HANNE Englonde, smeethynge <sup>1</sup> from her  
 lethal <sup>2</sup> wounde,  
 From her galled necke dyd twytte <sup>3</sup> the chayne awaie,  
 Kennynge her legeful sonnes falle all arounde,  
 (Myghtie theie fell, 'twas Honoure ledde the fraie,)  
 Thanne inne a dale, bie eve's dark furcote <sup>4</sup> graie, <sup>5</sup>  
 Twayne lonelie shepsterres <sup>5</sup> dyd abrodden <sup>6</sup> flie,  
 (The rostlyng <sup>6\*</sup> liff doth theyr whytte hartes affraie <sup>7</sup>.)  
 And wythe the owlette trembled and dyd crie,  
 Firste Roberte Neatherde hys fore boesom stroke,  
 Then fellen on the grounde and thus yspoke. 10

<sup>1</sup> *Smething*, 'smoking'; in some copies *bletheynge*, but in the or'al as above. <sup>2</sup> *Deadly*. <sup>3</sup> *Pluck* or *pull*. <sup>4</sup> *Surcote*, a cloke, or mantel, which hid all the other drefs. <sup>5</sup> *Shepherds*. <sup>6</sup> *Abruptly*, so Chaucer, Syke he abrodden dyd attourne. <sup>6\*</sup> *Rustling*. <sup>7</sup> *Affright*.

ROBERT E.

Ah, Raufe ! gif thos the howres do comme alonge,  
 Gif thos wee flie in chafe of farther woe,  
 Oure fote wylle fayle, albeytte wee bee stronge,  
 Ne wylle oure pace swefte as oure danger goe.  
 To oure grete wronges we have enheped <sup>8</sup> moe, 15  
 The Baronnys warre ! oh ! woe and well-a-daie !  
 I haveth lyff, bott have escaped foe,  
 That lyff ytfel mie Senfes doe affraie.  
 Oh Raufe, comme lyfte, and hear mie dernie <sup>9</sup> tale,  
 Comme heare the balefull <sup>10</sup> dome <sup>10\*</sup> of Robynne of the  
 Dale. 20

RAUFE.

Saie to mee nete <sup>11</sup> ; I kenne thie woe in myne ;  
 O ! I've a tale that Sabalus <sup>11\*</sup> mote <sup>12</sup> telle.  
 Swote <sup>13</sup> flouretts, mantled meedows, forestes dygne <sup>14</sup> ;  
 Gravots <sup>15</sup> far-kend <sup>16</sup> arounde the Errmiets <sup>17</sup> cell ;

<sup>8</sup> Added. <sup>9</sup> Sad. <sup>10</sup> Woeful, lamentable. <sup>10\*</sup> Lot. <sup>11</sup> Naught. <sup>11\*</sup> The Devil, <sup>12</sup> Might. <sup>13</sup> Sweet. <sup>14</sup> Good, neat, genteel. <sup>15</sup> Groves, sometimes used for a coppice. <sup>16</sup> Far-seen. <sup>17</sup> Hermit.



# ECLOGUE THE FIRST. 203

I amm duresed <sup>37</sup> unto sorrowes blowe,  
I hantend <sup>38</sup> to the peyne, will lette ne salte teare flowe. <sup>40</sup>

## R A U F E.

Here I wille obaie <sup>39</sup> untill Dethe doe 'pere,  
Here lyche a foule empysoned leathel <sup>40</sup> tree,  
Whyche sleaeth <sup>41</sup> everichone that commeth nere,  
Soe wille I fyxed unto thys place gre <sup>42</sup>.  
I to bement <sup>43</sup> haveth moe cause than thee ; 45  
Sleene in the warre mie boolie <sup>44</sup> fadre lies ;  
Oh ! joieous I hys mortherer would slea,  
And bie hys fyde for aie enclose myne eies.  
Calked <sup>45</sup> from everych joie, heere wyll I blede ;  
Fell ys the Cullys-yatte <sup>46</sup> of mie hartes castlle stede. 50

## R O B E R T E.

Oure woes alyche, alyche our dome <sup>47</sup> shal bee.  
Mie sonne, mie sonne alleyn <sup>48</sup>, ystorven <sup>49</sup> ys ;

<sup>37</sup> Hardened. <sup>38</sup> Accustomed. <sup>39</sup> Abide. This line is also wrote,  
" Here wyll I obaie untill dethe appere," but this is modernized.  
<sup>40</sup> Deadly. <sup>41</sup> Destroyeth, killeth. <sup>42</sup> Grow. <sup>43</sup> Lament. <sup>44</sup> Much-  
loved, beloved. <sup>45</sup> Cast out, ejected. <sup>46</sup> Alluding to the portcullis,  
which guarded the gate, on which often depended the castle,  
<sup>47</sup> Fate. <sup>48</sup> My only son. <sup>49</sup> Dead.

Here

204.      ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

Here wylle I staie, and end mie lyff with thee;  
 A lyff lyche myne a borden ys ywis <sup>50</sup>.  
 Now from een logges <sup>50\*</sup> fledden is selyhede <sup>51</sup>,      55  
 Mynsterres <sup>52</sup> alleyn <sup>53</sup> can boaste the hallie <sup>54</sup> Seynste,  
 Now doeth Englonde weare a blondie dresse  
 And wyth her champyonnes gore her face depeyncte <sup>55</sup>;  
 Peace fledde, disorder sheweth her dark rode <sup>56</sup>,  
 And thorow ayre doth flie, yn garments steyned with  
 bloude.      60

<sup>50</sup> *I think.* <sup>50\*</sup> Cottages. <sup>51</sup> Happiness. <sup>52</sup> Monasterys, <sup>53</sup> Only.  
<sup>54</sup> Holy. <sup>55</sup> Paint. <sup>56</sup> Complexion,

ECLOGUE, THE SECOND.

SPRYTES<sup>1</sup> of the bleste, the pious Nygelke fed,  
 Poure owte yer pleasaunce<sup>2</sup> onn mie fadres hedde.  
 Rycharde of Lyons harte to fyghte is gon,  
 Uponne the brede<sup>3</sup> fea doe the banners gleme<sup>4</sup>,  
 The amenused<sup>5</sup> nationnes be aston<sup>6</sup>,  
 To ken<sup>7</sup> fyke<sup>8</sup> large á flete, fyke fyne, fyke breme<sup>9</sup>.  
 The barkis heafods<sup>10</sup> coupe<sup>11</sup> the lymed<sup>12</sup> streme;  
 Oundes<sup>13</sup> synkeynge oundes upon the hard ake<sup>14</sup> riefse;  
 The water flughornes<sup>15</sup> wythe a fwotye<sup>16</sup> cleme<sup>17</sup>  
 Conteke<sup>18</sup> the dynnynge<sup>19</sup> ayre, and reche the skies.  
 Sprytes of the bleste, on gouldyn trones<sup>20</sup> astedde<sup>21</sup>,  
 Poure owte yer pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

<sup>1</sup> Spirits, souls. <sup>2</sup> Pleasure. <sup>3</sup> Broad. <sup>4</sup> Shine, glimmer. <sup>5</sup> Diminished, lessened. <sup>6</sup> Astonished, confounded. <sup>7</sup> See, discover, know. <sup>8</sup> Such, so. <sup>9</sup> Strong. <sup>10</sup> Heads. <sup>11</sup> Cut. <sup>12</sup> Glassy, reflecting. <sup>13</sup> Waves, billows. <sup>14</sup> Oak. <sup>15</sup> A musical instrument, not unlike a hautboy, rather a war trumpet. <sup>16</sup> Sweet. <sup>17</sup> Sound. <sup>18</sup> Confuse, contend with. <sup>19</sup> Sounding. <sup>20</sup> Thrones. <sup>21</sup> Seated.

## 206      ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

The gule <sup>22</sup> depeyncted <sup>23</sup> oares <sup>23\*</sup> from the black tyde,  
 Decorn <sup>24</sup> wyth fonnes <sup>25</sup> rare, doe themrynge <sup>26</sup> ryse;  
 Upfwalynge <sup>27</sup> doe heie <sup>28</sup> shewe ynne drierie <sup>28\*</sup> pryde,  
 Lyche gore-red estells <sup>29</sup> in the eve <sup>30</sup>-merk <sup>31</sup> fkyes;  
 The nome-depeyncted <sup>32</sup> shields, the speres aryse,  
 Alyche <sup>33</sup> talle roshes on the water syde;  
 Alenge <sup>34</sup> from bark to bark the bryghte sheene <sup>35</sup> flyes;  
 Sweft-kerv'd <sup>36</sup> delyghtes doe on the water glyde.    20  
 Sprites of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,  
 Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The Sarafen lokes owte: he doethe feere,  
 That Englonde's brondeous <sup>37</sup> fonnes do cotte the waie.  
 Lyke hented bockes, theye reineth <sup>38</sup> here and there, 25  
 Onknowlachynge <sup>39</sup> inne whatte place to obaie <sup>40</sup>.  
 The banner glesters on the bame of daie;  
 The mitte <sup>41</sup> crosse Jerusalem ys seene;

<sup>22</sup> Red. <sup>23</sup> Painted. <sup>23\*</sup> Wherries. <sup>24</sup> Carved. <sup>25</sup> Devices. <sup>26</sup> Glim-  
 mering. <sup>27</sup> Rising high, swelling up. <sup>28</sup> They. <sup>28\*</sup> Terrible. <sup>29</sup> A  
 corruption of *espoile*, Fr. a star. <sup>30</sup> Evening. <sup>31</sup> Dark. <sup>32</sup> Rebus'd  
 shields; a herald term, when the charge of the shield implies the  
 name of the bearer. <sup>33</sup> Like. <sup>34</sup> Along. <sup>35</sup> Shine. <sup>36</sup> Short-lived.  
<sup>37</sup> Furious. <sup>38</sup> Runneth. <sup>39</sup> Not knowing. <sup>40</sup> Abide. <sup>41</sup> Mighty.

Dhereof the fyghte yer corrage doe affraie <sup>42</sup>,  
 In balefull <sup>43</sup> dole, their faces be ywreane <sup>44</sup>. 30  
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,  
 Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The bollengers <sup>45</sup> and cottes <sup>46</sup>, so swyfte yn fyghte,  
 Upon the fydes of everich bark appere ;  
 Foorthe to his offyce lepethe everych knyghte, 35  
 Eftsoones <sup>46</sup> hys squyer, with hys shielde and spere.  
 The jynynge <sup>46\*</sup> shieldees doe themre and moke glare <sup>47</sup>;  
 The dosheyng <sup>47\*</sup> oare doe make gemoted <sup>48</sup> dynne ;  
 The reynyng <sup>49</sup> foemen <sup>50</sup>, thynckeynge gif <sup>51</sup> to dare,  
 Boun <sup>52</sup> the merk <sup>53</sup> fwerde, theie seche to fraie <sup>54</sup>,  
 theie blyn <sup>55</sup>. 40

Sprytes of the bleste, and everyche Seyncte ydedde,  
 Powre oute yer pleasaunce onne mie fadres hedde.

Now comm the warrynge Sarasyns to fyghte ;

Kynge Rycharde, lyche a lyoncel <sup>56</sup> of warre,

<sup>42</sup> Affright. <sup>43</sup> Woeful. <sup>44</sup> Covered. <sup>45</sup> Different kinds of boats.  
<sup>46</sup> Full soon, presently. <sup>46\*</sup> Joining. <sup>47</sup> Glitter. <sup>47\*</sup> Dashing. <sup>48</sup> United,  
 assembled. <sup>49</sup> Running. <sup>50</sup> Foes. <sup>51</sup> If. <sup>52</sup> Make ready. <sup>53</sup> Dark.  
<sup>54</sup> Engage. <sup>55</sup> Deaf, stand still. <sup>56</sup> A young lion.

Inne sheenyng goulde, lyke ~~feerie~~<sup>57</sup> ~~gronfere~~<sup>58</sup>,  
dyghte<sup>59</sup>, 45

Shaketh alofe hys honde, and seene asfarr.

Syke haveth I espyde a greter starre.

Amenge<sup>59\*</sup> the drybblett<sup>60</sup> ons to sheene fulle bryghte;

Syke sunnys waynie<sup>61</sup> wythamayl'd<sup>62</sup> ~~beames~~<sup>63</sup> dos barr

The blaunchie<sup>64</sup> mone or estells<sup>65</sup> to gev lyghte 50

Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seynste ydedde,

Poure owte your pleasaunce on ~~me~~<sup>66</sup> fadres hedde.

Distraughte<sup>65</sup> affraie<sup>66</sup>, wythe lockes of blodde-red die,

Terrouré, emburled<sup>67</sup> yn the thonders rage,

Deathe, lynked to dismaie, dothe ugosome<sup>68</sup> fle, 55

Enchafynge<sup>69</sup> echone champyonne war to-wage.

Speeres bevytle<sup>70</sup> speres; fwerdes upon fwerdes engage;

Armoure on armoure dynn<sup>71</sup>, shielde upon shielde;

<sup>57</sup> Flaming. <sup>58</sup> A meteor, from *gron*, a *fen*, and *fer*, a corruption of fire; that is, a fire exhaled from a fen. <sup>59</sup> Deckt. <sup>59\*</sup> Among. <sup>60</sup> Small, insignificant. <sup>61</sup> Carr. <sup>62</sup> Enameled. <sup>63</sup> White, silver. <sup>64</sup> Stars. <sup>65</sup> Distracting. <sup>66</sup> Affright. <sup>67</sup> Armed. <sup>68</sup> Terribly. <sup>69</sup> Encouraging, heating. <sup>70</sup> Break, a herald term, signifying a spear broken in tilting, or, bend to. <sup>71</sup> Sounds.

# ECLIQUE THE SECOND. 209

Ne doute of thousands can the warre salue,  
 Botte salleyng numbers fable <sup>72</sup> all the feld, 60  
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everych Seyncte ydedde,  
 Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The foemen fal arounde; the crofs reles <sup>73</sup> hye;  
 Steyned ynne goere, the harte of warre ys seen;  
 Kyng Rycharde, thorough everyche trope dothe fle, 65  
 And becreth meynce <sup>74</sup> of Turkes onto the greene;  
 Bie hymm the floore of Asses menn ys fescne <sup>75</sup>;  
 The waylyng <sup>76</sup> mone doth fadde before hys sonne;  
 Bie hym hys knyghtes bee formed to actions deene <sup>77</sup>,  
 Doeynge fyke marvels <sup>78</sup>, strongers be aston <sup>79</sup>. 70  
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everych Seyncte ydedde,  
 Poure owte your pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

The fyghte ys wonne; Kyng Rycharde master is;  
 The Englonde bannerr kisseth the hie ayre;  
 Full of pure joie the armie is iwys <sup>80</sup>, 75  
 And everych one haveth it onne his bayre <sup>81</sup>;

<sup>72</sup> Blacken. <sup>73</sup> Waves. <sup>74</sup> Many, great numbers. <sup>75</sup> Slain. <sup>76</sup> De-  
 creasing. <sup>77</sup> Glorious, worthy. <sup>78</sup> Wonders. <sup>79</sup> Astonished. <sup>80</sup> Cer-  
 tainly. <sup>81</sup> Brow.

210 ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

Agayne to Englonde comme, and worfchepped there,  
 Twyghte <sup>82</sup> into lovyng arms, and feasted est <sup>83</sup>;  
 In everych eyne aretyng nete of woe <sup>84</sup>,  
 Of all remembrance of past payne berefte. 80  
 Sprites of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,  
 Syke pleasures powre upon mie fadres hedde.

Syke Nigel fed, whan from the bluie sea  
 The upswol <sup>85</sup> fayle dyd daunce before his eyne;  
 Sweete as the wishe, hee toe the beeche dyd flee, 85  
 And founde his fadre steppeynge from the bryne,  
 Lette thyssen menne, who haveth sprite of loove,  
 Bethyncke untoe hemselfes how mote the meetynge  
 proove.

<sup>82</sup> Plucked, pulled. <sup>83</sup> Often. <sup>84</sup> Grief, trouble. <sup>85</sup> Swollen.

### ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

**W**OULDST thou kenn nature in her better parte?  
 Goe, ferche thè logges<sup>1</sup> and bórdels<sup>2</sup> of the hynde<sup>3</sup>;  
 Gyff<sup>4</sup> theie have anie, itte ys roughe-made arte,  
 Inne hem<sup>5</sup> you fee the blakied<sup>6</sup> forme of kynde<sup>7</sup>.  
 Haveth your mynde a lycheynge<sup>8</sup> of a mynde? 5  
 Woulde it kenne everich thyngë, as it mote<sup>9</sup> bee?  
 Woulde ytte here phrafe of the vulgar from the hynde,  
 Withoutè wiseegger<sup>10</sup> wordes and knowlache<sup>11</sup> free?  
 Gyf foe, rede thys, whyche Iche dysporteynge<sup>12</sup> pende;  
 Gif nete befyde, yttes rhyme maie ytte commende. 10

<sup>1</sup> Lodges, huts. <sup>2</sup> Cottages. <sup>3</sup> Servant, slave, peasant. <sup>4</sup> If. <sup>5</sup> A contraction of *them*. <sup>6</sup> Naked, original. <sup>7</sup> Nature. <sup>8</sup> Liking. <sup>9</sup> Might. The sense of this line is, Would you see every thing in its primæval state. <sup>10</sup> Wise-egger, a philosopher. <sup>11</sup> Knowledge. <sup>12</sup> Sporting.

M A N N E.

Botte whether, fayre mayde, do ye goe?

O where do ye bende yer waite?

I wille knowe whether you goe,

I wylle not bee affeled <sup>13</sup> naie.

W O M A N N E.

To Robyn and Nell, all downe in the delle, 15

To hele <sup>14</sup> hem at makeynge of haile.

M A N N E.

Syr Roggerre, the parfons, hav hyred mee there,

Comme, comme, lett us tryppe ytte awaite,

We'lle warke<sup>15</sup> and we'lle synge, and wylle drench<sup>16</sup>

of strange beer.

As longe as the merrie sommers daie. 20

W O M A N N E.

How harde ys mie dome to wurch!

Moke is mie woc.

<sup>13</sup> Answered. <sup>14</sup> Aid, or help. <sup>15</sup> Work. <sup>16</sup> Drink.

Dame Agnes, whoe lies yung the Chyrche

With hirlette <sup>17</sup> golde,  
Wythe gelten <sup>18</sup> aumeres <sup>19</sup> stronge ontolde, 25  
What was shee moe than me, to be foe?

M A N N E.

I kenne Syr Roger from afar

Tryppynge oyer the lea ;

Ich ask whie the lovers <sup>20</sup> fon

Is moe than mee, 30

S Y R R O G E R R E.

The sweltris <sup>21</sup> sonne dothe hie apace hys wayne <sup>22</sup>,

From everish hene a seme <sup>23</sup> of lyfe doe falle ;

Swythyn <sup>24</sup> scille <sup>25</sup> oppe the haie uponne the playne ;

Methynckes the cockes begynneth to gre <sup>26</sup> talle.

Thys ys alyche oure doome <sup>27</sup> ; the great, the finalle, 35

Moste withe <sup>28</sup> and bee forwyned <sup>29</sup> by deathis darte.

See ! the swote <sup>30</sup> flourette <sup>31</sup> hathe noe swote at alle ;

Itte wythe the ranke wede bereth eualle <sup>32</sup> parte.

<sup>17</sup> A hood, or covering for the back part of the head. <sup>18</sup> Gilded.  
<sup>19</sup> Borders of gold and silver, on which was laid thin plates of  
either metal counterchanged, not unlike the present spangled laces.  
<sup>20</sup> Lord. <sup>21</sup> Sultry. <sup>22</sup> Car. <sup>23</sup> Seed. <sup>24</sup> Quickly, presently. <sup>25</sup> Ga-  
ther. <sup>26</sup> Grow. <sup>27</sup> Fate. <sup>28</sup> A contraction of wither. <sup>29</sup> Dried.  
<sup>30</sup> Sweet. <sup>31</sup> Flower. <sup>32</sup> Equal.

214 **ECLOGUE THE THIRD.**

The craven<sup>33</sup>, warrioure, and the wyfe be blasse<sup>34</sup>,  
Alyche to drie awaile wythe those theie dyd bement<sup>35</sup>. 40

**M A N N E.**

All-a-boon<sup>36</sup>, Syr Priest, all-a-boon,

Bye yer preeftchype<sup>37</sup> nowe saye unto mee ;  
Syr Gaufryd the knyghte, who lyvethe harde bi,  
Whie shoulde hee than mee

Bee more greate,

Inne honnoure, knyghtehode and estate ?

**S Y R R O G E R R E.**

Attourné<sup>37</sup> thine eyne arounde thys haied mee,

Tentyflie<sup>38</sup> loke arounde the chaper<sup>39</sup> delle<sup>40</sup> ;

An answere to thie barganetta<sup>41</sup> here see,

Thys welked<sup>42</sup> flourette wyll a lesou telle : 50

Arist<sup>43</sup> it blew<sup>44</sup>, itte florished, and dyd welle,

Lokeynge ascaunce<sup>45</sup> upon the naighboure greene ;

Yet with the deigned<sup>46</sup> greene yttes rennome<sup>47</sup> felle,

Eftfoones<sup>48</sup> ytte shronke upon the dale-brente<sup>49</sup> playne,

<sup>33</sup> Coward. <sup>34</sup> Ceased, dead, no more. <sup>35</sup> Lament. <sup>36</sup> A manner of asking a favour. <sup>37</sup> Priesthood. <sup>38</sup> Turn. <sup>39</sup> Carefully, with circumspection. <sup>40</sup> Dry, sun-burnt. <sup>41</sup> Valley. <sup>42</sup> A song, or ballad. <sup>43</sup> Withered. <sup>44</sup> Arisen, or arqse. <sup>45</sup> Bloffomed. <sup>46</sup> Disdainfully. <sup>47</sup> Disdained. <sup>48</sup> Glory. <sup>49</sup> Quickly. <sup>50</sup> Burnt.

ECLOGUE THE THIRD. 215

Didde not yttes loke, whilest ytte there dyd stonde;<sup>55</sup>  
To crosse ytte in the bodde move somme dred<sup>49\*</sup> honde.

Syke<sup>50</sup> ys the waie of lyffe; the loverds<sup>51</sup> ente<sup>52</sup>  
Mooveth the robber hym therfor to flea<sup>53</sup>;  
Gyf thou has ethe<sup>54</sup>, the shadowe of contente, 59  
Beleive the trothe<sup>55</sup>, theres none moe haile<sup>56</sup> yan thee.  
Thou wurchest<sup>57</sup>; welle, canne thatte a trobble bee?  
Slothe moe wulde jade thee than the roughest daie,  
Coudest thou the kivercled<sup>58</sup> of foughlys<sup>59</sup> fee,  
Thou wouldst estfoones<sup>60</sup> fee trothe ymme whatte I saie;  
Botte lette me heere thie waie of lyffe, and thenne 65  
Heare thou from me the lyffes of odher niene.

M A N N E.

I ryse wythe the sonne,  
Lyche hym to dryve the wayne<sup>61</sup>,  
And eere mie wurche is don  
I syng a songe or twayne<sup>62</sup>.

70

<sup>49\*</sup> Bold. <sup>50</sup> Such. <sup>51</sup> Lord's. <sup>52</sup> A purse or bag. <sup>53</sup> Slay. <sup>54</sup> Ease.  
<sup>55</sup> Truth. <sup>56</sup> Happy. <sup>57</sup> Workest. <sup>58</sup> The hidden or secret part of.  
<sup>59</sup> Souls. <sup>60</sup> Full soon, or presently. <sup>61</sup> Car. <sup>62</sup> Two.

## 216 . E C C L O G U E THE THIRD

I followe the plough-tayle, <sup>60</sup> 60

Wythe a longe jubb<sup>61</sup> of ale, <sup>61</sup> 61

Botte of the maydens, oh! <sup>62</sup> 62

Itte lacketh notte to telle <sup>63</sup> 63

Syre Preefte mote notte erie woo, <sup>64</sup> 75

Culde hys bull do as welle. <sup>65</sup> 65

I daunce the beste heideyngnes<sup>66</sup>, <sup>66</sup> 66

And foile<sup>67</sup> the wyfest feyngnes<sup>68</sup>. <sup>67</sup> 67

On everych Seynctes hie daie <sup>68</sup> 68

Wythe the mynstrelle<sup>69</sup> am I seene, <sup>69</sup> 89

All a footeygne it awaie,

Wythe maydens on the greene.

But oh ! I wyshe to be moe greate, .

In rennome, tenure, and estate.

### S Y R R O G E R R E.

Has thou ne seene a tree uponne a hylle, <sup>70</sup> 85

Whose unliste<sup>71</sup> braunces<sup>72</sup> rechen far toe syghte ;

Whan fuired<sup>73</sup> unwers<sup>74</sup> doe the heaven fylle,

Itte shaketh deere<sup>75</sup> yn dole<sup>76</sup> and moke<sup>77</sup> affryghte.

<sup>63</sup> A battle. <sup>64</sup> A country dance, still practised in the North.

<sup>65</sup> Baffle. <sup>66</sup> A corruption of *seints*. <sup>69</sup> A minstrel is a musician.

<sup>67</sup> Unbounded. <sup>68</sup> Branches. <sup>70</sup> Furious. <sup>71</sup> Tempests, storms.

<sup>72</sup> Dire. <sup>73</sup> Dismay. <sup>74</sup> Much.

Whylest the congeon <sup>75</sup> flowrette abessie <sup>76</sup> dyghte <sup>77</sup>,  
 Stonde the unhurte, <sup>78</sup> unquaced <sup>78</sup> his the forme, <sup>90</sup>  
 Syke is a picte <sup>79</sup> of lyffe: the manne of myghte  
 Is tempest-chast <sup>80</sup>, hys was greate as hys forme,  
 Thieselfe a flowrette of a small accounte,  
 Wouldst harder felle the wynde, as hygher thee dydste  
 mounte.

<sup>75</sup> Dwarf. <sup>76</sup> Humility, rather, humble, <sup>77</sup> Decked. <sup>78</sup> Unhurt.  
<sup>79</sup> Picture. <sup>80</sup> Tempest-beaten.

**O**NNE Ruddeborne <sup>1</sup>bank twa pynyng Maydens  
 fate,  
 Their teares faste dryppeyng to the waterre cleere;  
 Echone bementyng <sup>2</sup>for her absente mate;  
 Who atte Seyncte Albonns shouke the morthyng <sup>3</sup>speare.  
 The nottebrowne Elinoure to Juga fayre. 5  
 Dydde speke acroole <sup>4</sup>, wythe languishment of eyne,  
 Lychedroppes of pearlie dew, lemed <sup>5</sup> the quyvryng brine.

### ELINORE.

O gentle Juga! heare mie dernie <sup>6</sup> plainte,  
 To fyghte for Yorke mie love ys dyghte <sup>7</sup> in stele;  
 O maie ne sanguen steine the whyte rose peyncte, 10  
 Maie good Senecte Cuthberte watche Syrre Roberte wele.  
 Moke <sup>7\*</sup> moe thanne deathe in phantasie I feeles;

<sup>1</sup> Rudborne (in Saxon, red-water), a River near Saint Albans, famous for the battles there fought between the Houses of Lancaster and York. <sup>2</sup> Lamenting. <sup>3</sup> Murdering. <sup>4</sup> Faintly. <sup>5</sup> Glistened. <sup>6</sup> Sad complaint. <sup>7</sup> Arrayed, or cased. <sup>7\*</sup> Much.

See! see! upon the ground he bleedynge lies;  
 Inbild <sup>8</sup> some jolce <sup>9</sup> of lyfe, or else mie deare love dies.

## J U G A.

Syfters in sorrowe on thys daife-cy'd banke, 15  
 Where melancholy ch broods, we wyll lamente;  
 Be wette wythe mornynge dewe and evene danke <sup>10</sup>;  
 Lyche levynge <sup>10\*</sup> pkes in eche the odher bente,  
 Or lyche forlettenn <sup>11</sup> halles of merriemente,  
 Whose gastlie mitches <sup>12</sup> holde the traine of fryghte <sup>13</sup>, 20  
 Where lethale <sup>14</sup> ravens bark, and owlets wake the nyghte.

## [E L I N O U R E.]

No moe the miskynette <sup>15</sup> shall wake the morne,  
 The minstrelle daunce, good cheere, and morryce plaie;  
 No moe the amblynge palfrie and the horne  
 Shall from the lessel <sup>16</sup> rouze the foxe awaie; 25  
 I'll feke the foreste alle the lyve-longe daie;

<sup>8</sup> Infuse. <sup>9</sup> Juice. <sup>10</sup> Damp. <sup>10\*</sup> Blasted. <sup>11</sup> Forsaken. <sup>12</sup> Ruins.  
<sup>13</sup> Fear. <sup>14</sup> Deadly, or deathboding. <sup>15</sup> A small bagpipe. <sup>16</sup> In a  
 confined sense, a bush or hedge, though sometimes used as a forest.

Alle nete<sup>16\*</sup> amenge<sup>17\*</sup> the grave chyrche<sup>18\*</sup> glebe  
 wyll goe,  
 And to the passante Spryghtes lecture<sup>19</sup> mie tale of woe,

## [ J U G A ]

Whan mokie<sup>20</sup> clondis do hange upon the lome  
 Of leden<sup>21</sup> Moon, ynn fylver mantels dyghte;<sup>22</sup> 30  
 The tryppeynge Faeries wevt the golden drestue  
 Of Selyneis<sup>23</sup>, whyche flyethe wythe the nyghte;  
 Thenne (botte the Seynctes forbydde!) gif to a spryte  
 Syrr Rycharδες forme ys lyped<sup>24\*</sup> I'll holdedys traughte  
 Hys bledeynge claie-colde corse, and die eche daie ynn  
 thoughte. 35

## E L I N O U R E.

Ah woe bementynge<sup>25</sup> wordes; what wordes can shewe!  
 Thou lmed<sup>26\*</sup> ryver, on thie linche<sup>27</sup> maie bleede  
 Champyons, whose bloude wylle wythe thie waterres  
 flowe,

And Rudborne streeme be Rudborne streeme indeede!  
 Haste, gentle Juga, tryppe ytte oere the meade, 40

<sup>16\*</sup> Night. <sup>17</sup> Among. <sup>18\*</sup> Church-yard. <sup>19</sup> Relate. <sup>20</sup> Black. <sup>21</sup> De-  
 creating. <sup>22</sup> Happiness. <sup>23\*</sup> Linked. <sup>24</sup> Lamented. <sup>25\*</sup> Glossy. <sup>26</sup> Bank.

To knowe, or wheder we muste walle agayne,  
Or wythe our: fallen knyghtes be minged<sup>24</sup> onne the  
plain.

Soe sayinge, lyke twa lewyn-blasted trees,  
Or twayne of cloudes that holdeth stormie rayne;  
Theie moved gentle oere the dewie mees<sup>25</sup>, 45  
To where Seyncte Albons holie shrynes remayne.  
There dyd theyre fynde that bothe their knyghtes  
were slayne,  
Distrayghts<sup>26</sup> theie wandered to swollen Rudbornes  
fyde,  
Yelled theyre leathalle knelle, sonke ynn the waves,  
and dyde.

<sup>24</sup> *Mingled*, <sup>25</sup> *Meeds*. <sup>26</sup> *Distracted*.

*including the ballad of Henry Clay  
I have marked a few of the expressions  
which (as the text is evidently from a list  
of ballads) I have taken from the  
copy of it, but enclosed and unaltered.*

## BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

*O Chryste it was a grief to tell  
and likewise for to leave  
The grief of men living in their graves  
The grief of men living in their graves*  
\* O CHRYSTE, it is a grief for me to telle,

How manie a nobil erle and valrous knyghte  
In fyghtyng for Kynge Harrold noblie fell,  
Al fleyne in Hastyngs feeld in bloudie fyghte;  
O sea! our teeming<sup>1</sup> donore han thy floude,  
Han anie fructuous<sup>2</sup> entendement<sup>3</sup>;  
Thou wouldst have rose and fank wyth tydes of bloude;  
Before Duke Wylliam's knyghts han hither went;  
Whose cowart arrows manie erles fleyne,  
And brued<sup>4</sup> the feeld wyth bloude as seafon rayne. 10

And of his knyghtes did eke full manie die,  
All passyng hie, of mickle myghte echone,  
Whose poygnant arrowes, typ'd with destynie,  
Caus'd manie wydowes to make myckle mone. \*

<sup>1</sup> Prolific. <sup>2</sup> Useful. <sup>3</sup> Meaning. <sup>4</sup> Embued.

Lordynges,

*Lordynges, it was a grief to tell  
and likewise for to leave  
The grief of men living in their graves  
The grief of men living in their graves*

Lordynges, avaunt, that chycken-harted are; 15

From out of hearynge quicklie now departe 1

Full well I wote <sup>5</sup>, to fynge of bloudie warre

Will greeve your tenderlie and mayden harte.

Go, do the weaklie womman inn mann's geare <sup>6</sup>;

And fcond <sup>7</sup> your mansion if grymm war come there. 26

Soone as the erlie maten. <sup>8</sup> belle was tolde,

And sonne was come to byd us all good daie,

Bothe armies on the feeld, both brave and bolde;

Prepar'd for fyghte in champyon arraie.

As when two bulles, destynde for Hocktide fyghte, 25

Are yoked bie the necke within a sparre <sup>9</sup>;

Theie rend the erthe, and travellyrs affryghte;

Lackynge to gage <sup>10</sup> the sportive bloudie warre;

Soe lacked Harroldes menne to come to blowes;

The Normans lacked for to wielde their bowes. 30

Kynge Harrold turnynge to hys leegemen <sup>11</sup> spake;

My merrie men, be not cast downe in mynde;

<sup>5</sup> Know. <sup>6</sup> Apparel. <sup>7</sup> Abscond from. <sup>8</sup> Morning. <sup>9</sup> Enclosure. <sup>10</sup> Engage in. <sup>11</sup> Subjects.

Your onlie lode <sup>12</sup> for aye to mar or make,  
 Before you funne has donde his welke <sup>13</sup> you'll fynde;  
 Your lovyng wife, who erst dyd rid the londe 34  
 Of Lurdanes <sup>14</sup>, and the treasure that you han,  
 Wyll falle into the Normanne robber's honde,  
 Unlesse with honde and harte you plaie the manne:  
 Cheer up youre hartes, chafe sorrowe farre awaie;  
 Godde and Seynste Cuthbert be the words to daie. 40

And thenne Duke Wyllyam to his knyghtes did saie;  
 My merrie menne, be bravelie everiche <sup>15</sup>;  
 Gif I do gayn the honore of the daie,  
 Ech one of you I will make myckle riche.  
 Beer you in mynde, we for a kyngdomm fyghte; 46  
 Lordshippes and honores echone shall possesse;  
 Be this the words to daie, God and my Ryghte;  
 Ne doubte but God will oure true cause bleffe.  
 The clarions then founded sharpe and shrille;  
 Deathdoyng blades were out intent to kille. 50

<sup>12</sup> Praise. <sup>13</sup> Finished his course. <sup>14</sup> Lord Danes. <sup>15</sup> Every one.

And brave Kyng Harrolde had nowē donde <sup>16</sup> hys saie <sup>17</sup>;  
 He threwe wythe myghte amayne <sup>18</sup> hys shorte horse-spear,  
 The noise it made the duke to turn awaie,  
 And hytt his knyghte, de Beque, upon the ear.  
 His cristede <sup>19</sup> beaver dyd him smalle abounde <sup>20</sup>; 55  
 The cruel spear went thorough all his hede;  
 The purpel bloude came goushyng <sup>21</sup> to the grounde,  
 And at Duke Wylliam's feet he tumbled deade:  
 So fell the myghtie tower of Standrip, whenne  
 It felte the furie of the Danish menne. 60

O Afflem, son of Cuthbert, holie Sayncte,  
 Come aydethy freend, and shewe Duke Wylliams payne;  
 Take up thy pencyl, all hys features paincte;  
 Thy coloryng excells a synger strayne.  
 Duke Wylliam sawe hys freende sleynē piteousslie, 65  
 His lovyng freende whome he muche honored,  
 For he han lov'd hym from puerilitie,  
 And theie together bothe han bin ybred:  
 O! in Duke Wylliam's harte it rayse a flame,  
 To whiche the rage of emptie wolves is tame. 70

<sup>16</sup> Put on. <sup>17</sup> Military cloak, <sup>18</sup> Main force. <sup>19</sup> Crested. <sup>20</sup> Benefit. <sup>21</sup> Gushing.

\* a shere went thro the other side  
A large clothe yard and more  
in view of a cloth yard long  
up to the head here he - 167

326 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

He took a brasse bowe in his hande,

And drew it hard with all his myghte aiming

Ne doubtyng but the bravest in the lande

Han by his soundyngs arrowe lede, <sup>22</sup> bene slayne.

Alured's fiede, the fynest fiede alyve, 75

Bye comelie forme knowlashed, <sup>23</sup> from the rest,

But now his destinyd howre dyd aryve,

The arrowe hyt upon his milkwhite breste:

So have I seen a ladie-smock soe white,

Blown in the mornynge, and snowd downe at night. 80

With thilk <sup>24</sup> a force it dyd his bodie gore,

That in his tender guttes it entered,

In veritee <sup>25</sup> a fulle clothe yarde or more,

And downe with flaiten <sup>26</sup> noyse he sunken dede.

Brave Alured, benethe his faithfull horse, 85

Was smeerd all over withe the gorie duste,

And on hym laie the recer's lukewarme corse,

That Alured coude not hymself aluste <sup>27</sup>.

The standyng Normans drew theyr bowe echyne,

And broght full manic Englysh champions downe. 90

<sup>22</sup> Arrow-headed. <sup>23</sup> Known. <sup>24</sup> Such. <sup>25</sup> Truth. <sup>26</sup> Terrified. <sup>27</sup> Disengage.

The Normans kept aloof, at distance flye,  
 The Englysh not bat short horse-spears could wele;  
 The Englysh manie deth-fure dartes did kille,  
 And manie arrowes twang'd upon the sheilde.  
 Kyng Harolde knyghts desir'de for hendie stroke,  
 And marched furions o'er the blondie pleyne,  
 In bodie clofe, and made the pleyne to smoke;  
 Theire sheelds rebounded arrowes back agayne.  
 The Normans rode aloof, nor hede the same,  
 Their arrowes would dede the, tho' from far of they came.

Duke Wyllyam drewe agen hys arrowe stryng,  
 An arrowe withe a fylver-hede drewe he;  
 The arrowe dauncyng in the ayre dyd fyng,  
 And hytt the horse Tosselyn on the knee.  
 At this brave Tosslyn threwe his short horse-speare;  
 Duke Wyllyam stooped to avoyde the blowe;  
 The yrone weapon hummed in his care,  
 And hitte Sir Doullie Naibor on the prow:  
 Upon his helme soe furious was the stroke,  
 It splete his beyer, and the ryvets broke.

<sup>28</sup> Hand to hand. <sup>29</sup> Regarded. <sup>30</sup> Forehead. <sup>31</sup> Split.

Downe fell the beaver by Tostlyn's spear in rorynge;<sup>32</sup>

And onn his hede expos'd a punie wounde;<sup>33</sup>

But on Destourvilles sholder came aneinel;<sup>34</sup>

And fell'd the champion to the bloudie grounde;

Then Doullie myghte his bowe stronge drawe;

Enthoughte to gyve brave Tostlyn bloudie wounde;<sup>35</sup>

But Harolde's asenglave<sup>36</sup> stopp'd it as it flew,

And it fell bootless on the bloudie grounde.

Siere Doullie, when he sawe hys venge<sup>37</sup> thus broke,

Death-doyng blade from out the febard toke.

*They cleid both part on every side theye*

And now the battail clofde on every chylde;

And face to face appeard the knyghts full brave;

They lifted up their bylles with myckle pryde;

And manie woundes unto the Normans gave;

So have I felie two weirs<sup>38</sup> at once give grounde;

White fomyng hygh to rorynge combat runne;

In roaryng dyn and heaven-breaking founde;

Burste waves on waves, and spangle in the sunne;

And when their myghte in burrynge waves is fled,

Like cowards, stele alonge their ozy bedde.

<sup>32</sup> Lance. <sup>33</sup> Robynge. <sup>34</sup> Torrents.

Yonge Egelrede, a knyghte of comelic mien;  
 Affynd <sup>35</sup> unto the kynge of Dynesarre;  
 At echone tylte and tourney he was teene,  
 And lov'd to be amonge the bloudie warre;  
 He couch'd hys lance, and ran wyth mickle myghte;  
 Ageinste the brest of Sieur de Bonoboe;  
 He grond and funken on the place of fyghte,  
 O Chryste! to fele his wounde, his harte was woe.  
 Ten thousand thoughtes push'd in upon his mynde,  
 Not for hymselfe, but those he left behynde. 140

He dy'd and leffed <sup>36</sup> wyfe and chyldren tweine,  
 Whom he wyth cheryshment did dearlie love;  
 In England's court, in goode Kynge Edward's regne;  
 He wonne the tylte, and ware her crymson glove;  
 And thence unto the place where he was borne, 145  
 Together with hys welthe & better wyfe,  
 • To Normandie he dyd perdie <sup>37</sup> returne,  
 In peace and quietnesse to lead his lyfe;  
 And now with sovrain Wylliam he came,  
 To die in bartel, or get welthe and fame. 150

<sup>35</sup> Related. <sup>36</sup> Left. <sup>37</sup> Certainly.

230 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Then, swefte as lyghtnyng, Egelred set,  
 Agaynst du Barlie of the mounten head,  
 In his dere hartes bloude his longe lance was wet,  
 And from his courser down he rumbled dede.  
 So have I sene a mountayne oak, that longe  
 Has caste his shadowe to the mountayne fyde,  
 Brave all the wyndes, tho' ever they so stronge,  
 And view the briers belowe with self-taught pride;  
 But, whan throwne downe by mightie thunder stroke,  
 He'de rather bee a bryer than an oke.

Then Egelred dyd in a declynie  
 Hys lance upre with all hys myghts auncine,  
 And strok Fitzport upon the dexter eye,  
 And at his pole the spear came out agayne.  
 But as he drew it forthe, an arrowe fiedde  
 Wyth mickle myght sent from de Tracy's bowe,  
 And at hys fyde the arrowe entered,  
 And oute the crymson stream of bloude gan flowe;  
 In purple streakes it dyd his armer staine,  
 And smok'd in puddles on the duske plaine.

<sup>38</sup> *Sweeping, declination.* <sup>39</sup> *Crown of his head.*

But

# BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 231

But Egelred, before he funken downe,  
 With all his myghte amein, his spear besped<sup>40</sup>  
 It hytte Bertramnil Manne upon the crowne,  
 And bothe together quicklie funken dede.  
 So have I seen a rocke o'er others hange,  
 Who stronglie plac'd laughde at his slippery state,  
 But when he falls with heaven-peercyng bange  
 That he the sleeve<sup>41</sup> unravels all theire fate,  
 And broken on the beech thys lesson speak,  
 The stronge and firme should not defame the weak.

Howel ap Jevah came from Matraval,  
 Where he by chance han slayne a noble's son,  
 And now was come to fyghte at Harold's call,  
 And in the battel he much goode han done;  
 Unto Kyng Harold he foughte mickle near,  
 For he was yeoman of the bodie guard;  
 And with a targyt and a fyghtyng spear,  
 He of his boddie han kepte watch and ward:  
 True as a shadow to a substant<sup>42</sup> thyng,  
 So true he guarded Harold hys good kyng.

<sup>40</sup> Dispatched. <sup>41</sup> Sleeve. <sup>42</sup> Substantial.

232. **BATTLE OF HASTINGS**

But when Egðred tumbled to the ground,  
 He from Kyng Harold quickly dyd advance,  
 And strooke de Tracie thilk <sup>43</sup> a cruel wound;  
 Hys harte and lever came out on the haunde;  
 And then retreted for to guarde his kyng,  
 On dented <sup>44</sup> launce he bore the harte awaie;  
 An arrowe came from Auffroie Griel's stryng,  
 Into hys heele betwyxt hys yron staie;

\* The grey-goose pynion, that thereon was sett,  
 Eftsoons <sup>45</sup> wyth smokyng crymson bloud was wett.

His bloude at this was waxen flaminge hotte,  
 Without adoe <sup>46</sup> he turned once agayne,  
 And hytt de Griel thilk a blowe, God wote,  
 Maugre <sup>47</sup> hys helme, he fplete his hede in twayne;  
 This Auffroie was a manne of mickle pryde,  
 Whose fearliest bewty ladden <sup>48</sup> in his face;  
 His chaunce in warr he ne before han traide,  
 But lyv'd in love and Refaline's embrace;

And like a usefells weede amonge the haie  
 Amonge the fleine warriours Griel lye

<sup>43</sup> Such. <sup>44</sup> Bruised. <sup>45</sup> Quickly. <sup>46</sup> Delay. <sup>47</sup> Notwithstanding. <sup>48</sup> Lay.

# BATTLE OF BASTINGS. 233

Kynge Harold then he put his yemen by,  
 And ferlie <sup>49</sup> ~~myd~~ into the bloudie fyghte;  
 Erle Ethelwolf, and Goodrick, and Alfe,  
 Cuthbert, and Goddard, mical menne of myghte,  
 Ethelwin, Ethelbert, and Edwin too,  
 Effred the famous, and Erle Ethelwarde,  
 Kynge Harold's leegemenn <sup>50</sup>, erlies <sup>51</sup> hie and true,  
 Rode after hym, his bodie for to garde;

The reste of erlies; fyghtynge other wheres,  
 Stained with Norman bloude their fyghtynge speres.

As when some ryver with the season raynes  
 White fomyng hie doth breke the bridges oft,  
 Oerturns the hamelet and all contains,  
 And layeth oer the hylls a muddie soft;  
 So Harold ranne upon his Normanne foes,  
 And layde the greate and small upon the grounde,  
 And delte among them thilke a store of blowes,  
 Full manie a Normanne fell by him dede wounde;

So who he be that ouphant <sup>52</sup> faeries strike,  
 Their foules will wander to Kynge Offa's dyke.

<sup>49</sup> Furiously. <sup>50</sup> Subjects. <sup>51</sup> Earl, <sup>52</sup> Elf.

## 234. BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Fitz Salmarville, Duke William's favourite knyghte,  
 To noble Edelwarde his life dyd yelde;  
 Withe hys tylte launce hee stroke with thilk a myghte,  
 The Norman's bowels steepte upon the feeld.  
 Old Salmarville beheld hys foue lie ded,  
 Against Eric Edelward his bowe-stryngs drew;  
 But Harold at one blowe made twaine his head;  
 He dy'd before the poignant arrowe flew.  
 So was the hope of all the issue gone,  
 And in one battle fell the sire and son.

De Aubignee rood forcibly thro' the fyghte,  
 To where the boddie of Salmarville laye;  
 Quod he; And art thou ded, thou manne of myghte?  
 I'll be revengd, or die for thee this daie.  
 Die then thou shalt, Eric Edelwarde he said;  
 I am a cunnyng erle, and that can tell;  
 Then drew hys swerde, and ghastlie cut hys hede,  
 And on his freend eftsoons he lifeless fell,  
 Stretch'd on the bloudie pleyne, great God forefend,  
 It be the fate of no such trauellie freend.

<sup>53</sup> *Forbid.*

But

*... out of an English baron-  
which which ... his hand  
a deep and deadly blow*

**BATTLE OF HASTINGS** 231

Then Egwin, Sire, with his will, I will  
He turned about, and diviled his noble  
But Egwin, Sire, with his will, I will  
He rolled on the ground, and his  
His distant sonne, Sire, with his will, I will  
Soughte to revenge his fallen kynsmans  
But soone, Erle Cuthbert's daunted fyghing spear  
Stucke in his harnes, and stayd his speed, God wote.

He tumbled downe close by hys kynsmans fyde,  
Myngle their streames of purple bloude, and dyde.

And now an arrowe from a bowe was shot  
Into Erle Cuthbert's harte, effloons dyd flee:  
Whom myng loyde, ah me! how hard my lode!  
Now slayne, mayhap, of one of lowe degree:  
So have I seen a leafe of yore  
Have been the pride and glorie of the plaine;  
But, when the springing lord is growne poore,  
It falls benethe the axe of some rude swaine.

And like the blue grey fowre of the woode,  
It's fallen bodie tells you how it stood,

34 Sought. 35 Unknown.

When

## 236 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

When Edelward perceived the countre dre,  
 On Hubert strongest of the Normanne crewe,  
 As wolfs when hungered on the cattel dre,  
 So Edelward amaine upon him newe.  
 With thynk a force he hyt hym to the grounde;  
 And was demaunding howe to take his life,  
 When he behynde received a ghastly wounde.  
 Gyven by de Torcie, with a stabbyng knyfe;  
 Base trecherous Normannes, if such actes you doe,  
 The conquer'd maye claime victorie of you.

The erlle fel de Torcie's treacherous knyfe  
 Han made his crymson bloude and spirite flie;  
 And knowlaching he soon must quyt this lyfe,  
 Resolved Hubert should too with hym goe.  
 He held his trustie swerd against his breste,  
 And down he fell, and peere d him to the harte;  
 And both together then did take their reue,  
 Their foules from corpes unknowen depart;  
 And both together soughte the unknown more,  
 Where we shall goe, where manne's gon before.

<sup>56</sup> Considering. <sup>57</sup> Knowing. <sup>58</sup> Without the funeral knell being rung.

Kynge Harold, Torcie's trechery dyd spie,  
 And hie aloft <sup>39</sup> his temper'd swerde dyd weld,  
 Cut offe his arme, and made the bloude to flie,  
 His prooffe steel armour did him listel sheelde;  
 And not contente, he spale his hede in twaine,  
 And down he tumbled on the bloude ground;  
 Mean while the other erlies on the playne  
 Gave and received manie a bloude wounde,  
 Such as the arts in warre han learnt with care,  
 But manie knyghtes were men in women's gear, 300

Herrewald, borne on Sarim's <sup>40</sup> spreddyng plaine,  
 Where Thor's fam'd temple manie ages stode;  
 Where Druids, auncient preefts dyd ryghtes ordaine,  
 And in the middle shed the victyms bloude;  
 Where auncient Bardi dyd their verses synge,  
 Of Cæsar conquer'd, and his mighty hoste,  
 And how old Tynyan, necromancing kynge,  
 Wreck'd all hys shyping on the Brittish coaste,  
 And made hym in his tatter'd barks to flie,  
 'Till Tynyan's dethe and opportunity, 310

To make it more renowned than a forest,  
 (I, the Saxon, say the truth will tell)  
 The Saxonnes fought the piteous fight  
 Where never before of such blood was  
 Tho' Chrystians, sayle they thought it  
 And here the matter when cause is  
 'Twas here the auncient Elms of  
 Dyd by the treachery of Hengist  
 O Hengist, I ham thy cause  
 Thou wouldst have slain me

The erlie was a knight of his degree,  
 And han'that, deis full name is Norman  
 Three Norman Champyons of his degree  
 He lefte to smoke upon the bloudy plain  
 The Sier Fitzbotaville was a knight  
 And with his bow he smote the erlie  
 Who eftsoons, gored hym with his yting lance  
 And at his horse's feet he tumbled  
 His partyng spirit hovered  
 Of foddayne and synge and chackery's

De Viponte then, <sup>a knight of low degree,</sup> *La end a squier*  
 An arrowe drew with all his myghte anight; *alone*  
 The arrowe grait'd upon the erles lance, *through the*  
 A punie wounde, that causid but litle peine.  
 So have I seen a Dolphyn place a stone; *335*  
 Enthoght <sup>to</sup> *to* sail a driving rivers cours; *A*  
 But better han is him to lett alone,  
 It onlie drives is on with mickle force;  
 The erle, wounded by so bafe a hynde,  
 Rays'd feryeue doynge in his noble mynde. *340*

The Siere Chatillion, yonger of that name,  
 Advauced next before the erle's fyghte;  
 His fader was a manne of mickle fame,  
 And he renoude and valorous in fyghte.  
 Chatillion his trustie fwerd forth drewe, *345*  
 The erle drawes his, merne both of mickle myghte;  
 And at eche other vengoutlie <sup>as</sup> they flewe,  
 As mastie <sup>as</sup> dogs at Hocktode fer to fyghte;  
 Bothe scornd to yelde, and bothe abhor'd to flie,  
 Resolv'd to manquie, or resolv'd to die. *350*

<sup>a</sup> Thinking. <sup>b</sup> Reuengefully. <sup>c</sup> Mastiff.

140 **BATTLE OF HASTINGS.**

Chatillion hyt the erlie on the hede,  
 Thatt splytte eftsoone his cristed helme into tyme;  
 Whiche he perforce, with the target crested,  
 And to the batte! went with myghte grete.  
 The erlie hytte Chatillion thurke a blowe : 355  
 Upon his breste, his harte was plain to see;  
 He tumbled at the horses feet all for,  
 And in dethe panges he feez'd the recer's knee.  
 Faste as the ivy rounde the oke doth clynke,  
 So faste he dying gryp'd <sup>65</sup> the recer's bynde. 360

The recer then beganne to flynge and kicke,  
 And toste the erlie farr off to the grounde;  
 The erlie's squier then a fwerde did flicke  
 Into his harte, a dedlie ghastlie wounde;  
 And downe he felle upon the crymson plaine, 365  
 Upon Chatillion's foullefs corse of claje;  
 A puddle streame of bloude flow'd oure apace;  
 Stretch'd out at length besmer'd with gore he laye;  
 As some tall oke fell'd from the greene plaine,  
 To live a second time upon the main. 370

<sup>65</sup> Grasped.

The

# BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 241

The erlie nowe an ~~hose~~ and beaver han,  
 And now ~~agayn~~ ~~scattered~~ on the feeld;  
 And manie a ~~mickle~~ ~~kay~~lite and mightie manne  
 To his deth ~~doyn~~ ~~fynd~~g fwerd his life did yeeld;  
 When Siere de Broque an arrowe longe lett flie, 375  
 Intending Herewaldus to have fleyne;  
 It mis'd; butt hytte Edardus on the eye,  
 And at ~~his~~ pole came out with horrid payne.  
 Edardus ~~fell~~ upon the bloudie gronde,  
 His noble soule came roushyng from the wounde. 380

Thys Herewald perceevd, and full of ire  
 He on the Siere de Broque with furie came;  
 Quod he; thou'ft slaughtred my beloved squier,  
 But I will be revenged for the same.  
 Into his bowels then his launce he thruste, 385  
 And drew thereout a steemie <sup>66</sup> drierie <sup>67</sup> lode;  
 Quod he; ~~these~~ ~~offals~~ are for ever curst,  
 Shall ~~serve~~ the coughs<sup>68</sup>, and rooks, and dawes, for foode.  
 Then on the pleine the steemie lode hee throwde,  
 Smokyng wyth lyfe, and dy'd with crymson bloude.

<sup>66</sup> Steaming. <sup>67</sup> Dreadful. <sup>68</sup> Coughs, or ravens.

242 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Fitz Broque, who saw his father killen lie,

Ah me ! sayde he ; what woeful syghte I see !

But now I must do somethyng more than sighe ;

And then an arrowe from the bowe drew he.

Beneth the erlie's navil came the darte ; 395

Fitz Broque on foote han drawne it from the bowe ;

And upwards went into the erlie's harre,

And out the crymson streame of bloudie 'gan flowe.

As fromm a hatch <sup>60</sup>, drawne with a vehement geir <sup>70</sup>,

Whiter than the burstyng waves, and roar along the weir.

The erle with one honde grasp'd the reer's mayne, <sup>1</sup>

And with the other he his launce besped <sup>71</sup> ;

And then felle bleedying on the bloudie plaine.

His launce it hytte Fitz Broque upon the hede ;

Upon his hede it made a wounde full flyghte ; 405

But peerc'd his shoulder, ghaftlie wounde inferne,

Before his optics <sup>72</sup> daunced a shade of nyghte ;

Whiche soone were closed ynn a sleepe sterne.

The noble erlie than, withote a grogne,

Took flyghte, to fynde the regions unknowe. 410

<sup>60</sup> Pen, or lock. <sup>70</sup> Turn, or twist. <sup>71</sup> Dispatched. <sup>72</sup> Eyes.

Brave Alured from binethe his noble horfe,  
 Was gotten on his leggs, with bloude all smore <sup>73</sup>;  
 And now eletten <sup>74</sup> on another horfe,  
 Eftsoons he withe his launce did manie gore.  
 The cownt Norman knyghtes before hym fledde, <sup>415</sup>  
 And from a distaunce sent their arrowes keene;  
 But noe such destinie awaits his hedde,  
 As to be sleyn <sup>75</sup> by a wighte <sup>76</sup> so meene.  
 Tho oft the oke falls by the villen's <sup>77</sup> shock,  
 'Tys moe than hyndes can do, to move the rock. <sup>420</sup>

Upon du Chatelet he ferfelie sett,  
 And peerc'd his bodie with a force full grete;  
 The asenglave of his tylt-launce was wett,  
 The rolynge bloude alonge the launce did fleet.  
 Advaucynge, as a mastie at a bull, <sup>425</sup>  
 He rann his launce into Fitz Warren's harte;  
 From Partaies bowe, a wight unmercifull,  
 Within his owne he felt a cruel darte;  
 Close by the Norman champyons he han fleine,  
 He fell, and mixd his bloude with theirs upon the pleine.

<sup>73</sup> Resmeared. <sup>74</sup> Alighted. <sup>75</sup> Slain. <sup>76</sup> Person. <sup>77</sup> Vassal, peasant.

244 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Erle Ethelbert then hove <sup>78</sup>, with clinie <sup>79</sup> just,  
A lance, that stroke Partaie upon the thighe,  
And pinn'd him downe unto the gorie duste ;  
Cruel, quod he, thou cruellie shalt die.

With that his lance he enterd at his throte ; 435  
He scritch'd <sup>80</sup> and screem'd in melancholie mood ;  
And at his backe eftsoons came out, God wote,  
And after it a crymson streame of bloude :  
In agonie and peine he there dyd lie, T  
While life and dethe strove for the masterrie. 440

He gryped hard the bloudie murdring lance,  
And in a grone he left this mortel lyfe.  
Behynde the erlie Fiscampe did aduaunce,  
Bethoghte <sup>81</sup> to kill him with a stabbynge-knife ;  
But Egward, who perceeved his fowle intent, 445  
Eftsoons his trustie swerde he forthwyth drewe,  
And thilke a cruel blowe to Fiscampe sent,  
That soule and bodie's bloude at one gate fewe.  
Thilk deeds do all deserve, whose deeds so fowle  
Will black their earthlie name, if not their soule. 450

<sup>78</sup> Heaved. <sup>79</sup> Inclination. <sup>80</sup> Shrieked. <sup>81</sup> Thinking.

When

With that then came an arrowe keen  
Out of an English bowe  
Which smote Earl Godwin's heart  
A deep & deadly blowe - At Clou

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 245

When lo! an arrowe from Walleris honde,  
Winged with fate and dethe daunced alonge ;  
And slewe the noble flower of Powyllonde,  
Howel ap Ievah, who yclepd <sup>82</sup> the stronge.  
Whan he the first mischaunce received han, 455  
With horsfemans haste he from the armie rodde ;  
And did repaire unto the cunnyng manne,  
Who fange a charme, that dyd it mickle goode ;  
Then praid Seyncte Cuthbert, and our holie Dame,  
• To blesse his labour, and to heal the fame. 460

Then drewe the arrowe, and the wounde did feck <sup>83</sup>,  
And putt the teint of holie herbies <sup>84</sup> on ;  
And putt a rowe of bloude-stones round his neck ;  
And then did say ; go, champion, get agone,  
And now was comynge Harrolde to defend, 465  
And metten with Walleris cruel darte ;  
His sheelde of wolf-skin did him not attend <sup>85</sup>,  
The arrow peered into his noble harte ;  
As some tall oke, hewn from the mountayne hed,  
Falls to the plesne ; so fell the warriour dede. 470

<sup>82</sup> Called. <sup>83</sup> Sm. k. <sup>84</sup> Herbs. <sup>85</sup> Protect.

## 146 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

His countryman, brave Mervyn ap Teudor,  
 Who love of hym han from his country gone,  
 When he perceevd his friend lie in his gore,  
 As furious as a mountayn wolf he ranne.  
 As ouphant faeries, whan the moone sheenes bryghte,  
 In littel circles daunce upon the greene,  
 All living creatures flie far from their fyghte,  
 Ne by the race of destinie be seen ;  
 For what he be that ouphant faeries stryke,  
 Their soules will wander to Kyng Offa's dyke. 480

So from the face of Mervyn Tewdor brave  
 The Normans eftfoons fled awaie aghaste<sup>86</sup>;  
 And lefte behynde their bowe and asenglave,  
 For fear of hym, in thilk a cownt hasty.  
 His garb sufficient were to meve affryghte ; 485  
 A wolf skin girded round his myddle was ;  
 A bear skyn, from Norwegians wan in fyghte,  
 Was tytend<sup>87</sup> round his shoulders by the claws :  
 So Hérculès, 'tis sungen, much like to him,  
 Upon his shoulder wore a lyon's skin. 490

<sup>86</sup> Terrified. <sup>87</sup> Tightened.

Upon his thyghes and harte-sweſte <sup>88</sup> legges he wore

A hugie <sup>89</sup> goat ſkyn, all of one grete peice;

A boar ſkyn ſheelde on his bare armes he bore;

His gauntletts were the ſkynn of harte of greece.

They fledde; he followed cloſe upon their heels, 495

Vowynge vengeance for his deare countrymanne;

And Siere de Sancelotte his vengeance feels;

He peere'd hys backe, and out the bloude ytt ranne.

His bloude went downe the ſwerde unto his arme,

In ſpringing rivulet, alive and warme. 500

His ſwerde was ſhorte, and broade, and myckle keene,

And no mann's bone could ſtunde to ſtoppe itts waie;

The Normann's harte in partes two cutt cleane,

He clos'd his eyne, and clos'd hys eyne for aie.

Then with his ſwerde he ſett on Fitz du Valle, 595

A knyghte mouch-famous for to runne at tylte;

With thilk a furie on hym he dyd falle,

Into his neck he ranne the ſwerde and hylte;

As myghtie lyghtenyng often has been founde,

To drive an oke into unfallow'd grounde. 510

<sup>88</sup> *Swift as deer,* <sup>89</sup> *Huge.*

128 BATTLE OF HASTINGS

And with the fwerde, that in his neck y<sup>e</sup>g stoke,  
 The Norman fell unto the bloude ground;  
 And with the fall ap Tewdore's fwerde he broke  
 And bloude afre he came trickling from the wounde.  
 As whan the hyndes, before a mounayne wolfe,  
 Flie from his paws, and angrie vyfage geyms;  
 But when he falls into the pittis golphe,  
 They dare hym to his bearde, and battone hym;  
 And cause he fryghted them so muche before,  
 Lyke cownt hyndes, they battone hym the more.

So, whan they sawe ap Tewdore was bereft  
 Of his keen fwerde, thatt wroghte thilke great difnaie,  
 They turned about, eftsoons upon hym lef,  
 And full a fcore engaged in the fraie.  
 Marvyn ap Tewdore, ragyng as a bear,  
 Seiz'd on the beaver of the Sier de Laque;  
 And wring'd his hedde with fuch a vehement gier,  
 His vifage was turned round unto his backe.  
 Backe to his harte retr'y'd the ufeles gore,  
 And felle upon the pleine to rife no more.

90 Pit, 91 Beat him, 92 Twif.

Then

Then on the mighty Siere Fitz Pierce he flew,  
 And broke his helme and seiz'd hym by the throte;  
 Then manie Normanne knyghtes their arrowes drew,  
 That enter'd into Mervyn's harte, God wote.  
 In dying panges he gryp'd his throte more stronge, 535  
 And from their fockets started out his eyes;  
 And from his moushe came out his blameless tonge;  
 And bothe in peyne and anguyshe efrsoon dies.  
 As some rnde rocke torne from his bed of claie,  
 Stretch'd on the pleyng the brave ap Tewdore lay.

And now Erle Ethelbert and Egward came  
 Brave Mervyn from the Normannes to assist;  
 A myghtie fiere, Fitz Chatulet bie name,  
 An arrowe drew, that dyd them littel list.  
 Erle Egward points his launce at Chatulet, 545  
 And Ethelbert at Walleris fet his;  
 And Egward dyd the fiere a hard blowe hytt,  
 But Ethelbert by a myschaunce dyd miss:  
 Fear laide Walleris flat upon the strande,  
 He ne deserved a death from erlies hande. 550

# 250 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Betwyx the ribbes of Sire Fitz Chatelet  
 The poynted launce of Egward did ypas;  
 The distaunt syde thereof was ruddie wet,  
 And he fell breathless on the bloudie gras.  
 As cowart Walleris laie on the grounde, 555  
 The dreaded weapon hummed oer his head;  
 And hytt the squier thylke a fethal wound;  
 Upon his fallen lorde he tumbled dead;  
 Oh shame to Norther armies, that lord a slave  
 A captyve villeyn than a lorde more brave;  
 From Chatelet hys launce Erle Egward drew,  
 And hit Wallerie on the dexter cheek;  
 Peerc'd to his braine, and cut his tongue in two;  
 There, knyght, quod he, let that thy actions speak—

\* \* \* \*

*\* Dydly.*

BATTLE

# BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

(No. 2.)

OH Truth, immortal daughter of the skies,  
 Too lytle known to wyters of these daies,  
 Teach me, fayre Saincte! thy passyng worth to pryse,  
 To blame a friend and give a foeman prayse.  
 The sickle moone, bedeckt wyth sylver rays, 5  
 Leadynge a traine of starres of feeble byghte,  
 With look adigne<sup>1</sup> the worlde belowe surveits,  
 The world, that wotted<sup>2</sup> a not it coulde be nyghte;  
 Wyth armour dyd, with human gore ydaynt<sup>3</sup>,  
 She sees Kynge, Harolde stande, fayre Englands curse  
 and pryde. 10

With ale and vernage<sup>4</sup> drunk his fouldiers lay;

Here was an hynde<sup>5</sup>, anie an erlie sprede;

<sup>1</sup> Noble. <sup>2</sup> Knew. <sup>3</sup> Dyed. <sup>4</sup> A sort of wine. <sup>5</sup> Present.

Sad keepyng of their leaders natal dale !

This even in drinke, to-morrow with the dead :

Thro' everie troope disorder reer'd her hedde ; 15

Dancynge and heldeignes <sup>6</sup> was the onlie theme ;

Sad dome was theires, who lefte this easie bedde,

And wak'd in torments from so sweet a dream.

Duke Williams menne, of comeing dethe afraide,

All nyghte to the great Godde for succour ask'd and pray'd.

Thus Harolde to his wites <sup>7</sup> that stode arounde ;

Goe, Gyrtne and Eilward, take bills halfe a score ;

And search how farre our foeman's campe doth bound ;

Yourself have rede <sup>8</sup> ; I nede to saie no more.

My brother best belov'd of anie ore <sup>9</sup>, 25

My Leofwinus, goe to everich wite,

Tell them to raunge the battel to the grove,

And waiten tyll I fende the hest for fyghte.

He saide ; the loieaul broders lefte the place,

Success and cheerfulness depicte <sup>10</sup> on ech face. 30

<sup>6</sup> Dances. <sup>7</sup> People. <sup>8</sup> Wisdom. <sup>9</sup> Other. <sup>10</sup> Painted.

Slowelie brave Gyrthe and Eilwarde dyd advaunce,  
 And markd wyth care the armies dystant fyde,  
 When the dyre clatterynge of the shielde and launce  
 Made them to be by Hugh Fitzhugh espyd.  
 He lyfted up his voice, and lowdlie cryd ; 35  
 Like wolfs in wintere did the Normanne yell ;  
 Girthe drew hys swerde, and cutte hys burled hyde ;  
 The proto-fleene <sup>12</sup> manne of the fiede he felle ;  
 Out streemd the bloude, and ran in smokyng curles,  
 Reflected bie the moone seemd rubies mixt wyth pearles.

A troope of Normannes from the mass-fonge came,  
 Rousd from their prajers by the floting <sup>13</sup> crie ;  
 Thoughe Girthe and Ailwardus perceevd the same,  
 Not once theie stoode abashd, or thoughte to flic  
 He seizd a bill, to conquer or to die ; 45  
 Fierce as a clevis <sup>14</sup> from a rocke ytorne,  
 That makes a yallie wheresoe're it lie ;  
 \* Fierce as a ryver burstynge from the borne <sup>15</sup> ;

<sup>12</sup> First-slain. <sup>13</sup> Undulating. <sup>14</sup> Cleft. <sup>15</sup> Brook.

\* In Turgott's tyme Holewell braste of erthe so fierce that it threw a stone-mell carrying the same awaie. J. Lydgate ne knowynge this lefte out o line.

## 254 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

So fast as Gythe hitte Fitz du Gore a blowe,  
And on the verdant playne he layd the champion lowe,

Tancarville thus; alle poace in Williams name; A  
Let none edraw his arcublafter <sup>16</sup> bowe.

Gyrthe cas'd <sup>17</sup> his weppone, as he heard the same,  
And vengynge <sup>18</sup> Normannes staid the flyinge floe,  
The firs wente onne; ye meane, what mean ye so 55  
Thus unprovokd to courte a blondie fyghte?

Quod Gythe; oure meanynge we ne care to shewe,  
Nor dread thy duke wyth all his men of myghte;

Here single onlie these to all thie crewe  
Shall shewe what Englysh handes and heartes can doe. 60

Seek not for bloude, Tancarville calme replyd,  
Nor joie in dethe, lyke madmen most distraught <sup>19</sup>;

In peace and mercy is a Chrystians pryde;  
He that dothe contestes pryze is in a faulte.

And now the news was to Duke William brought, 65  
That men of Haroldes armie taken were;

<sup>16</sup> Cross-bow. <sup>17</sup> Sheathed. <sup>18</sup> Revenging. <sup>19</sup> Distracted.

# BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 1065

For they regeone cheere <sup>20</sup>liberest were <sup>21</sup>enough<sup>21</sup>,  
 And Gyrril and Edwardus enjoi'd goode shence.

Quod Willyam; thus shall Willyam be founde  
 A friend to everie manne that treads on English ground,

Erle Leofwinus throwghe the campe ypass'd,  
 And sawe bothe men and erlies on the grounde;  
 They slepte, as thoughe they woulde have slepte theyr  
 last,

And hadd already felte theyr fatale wounde.

He started backe, and was wyth shame astownd<sup>22</sup>; 75  
 Loked wanne<sup>23</sup> wyth anger, and he shooke wyth rage;  
 When thoughte the hollow tentes these wordes dyd  
 found,

Rowse from your sleepe, detratours<sup>24</sup> of the age!

Was it for thys the stoute Norwegian bledde?

Awake, ye huscarles<sup>25</sup>, now, or waken wyth the dead. 80

As when the shepster<sup>26</sup> in the shadie bowre

In jintle<sup>27</sup> slumbers chase the heat of daie,

<sup>20</sup> Delicacies. <sup>21</sup> Thought of. <sup>22</sup> Astonished. <sup>23</sup> Pale. <sup>24</sup> Traitors.

<sup>25</sup> Servants. <sup>26</sup> Shepherd. <sup>27</sup> Gentle.

# 236 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Hears doublyng echos wind <sup>28</sup> the wolfin's rote,  
 That neare hys flocke is watchyng for a praie,  
 He tremblyng for his sheep drives dreeme awaie, 85  
 Gripes faste hys burled <sup>29</sup> croke, and fore adradde <sup>30</sup>  
 Wyth fleeting <sup>31</sup> strides he hastens to the fraie,  
 And rage and prowess fyres the coistrell <sup>32</sup> lad;  
 With trustie talbots <sup>33</sup> to the battel flies,  
 And yell of men and dogs and wolfin's <sup>34</sup> tear the skies. 90

Such was the dire confusion of eche wite,  
 That rose from sleep and walsome <sup>35</sup> power of wine;  
 Theie thoughte the foe by trechit <sup>36</sup> yn the nyghte  
 Had broke theyr camp and gotten paste the line;  
 Now here now there the burnysht sheeldes and byll-  
 spear shine; 95  
 Throwote the campe a wild confusionne spredde;  
 Eche bracd hys armlace <sup>37</sup> fiker <sup>38</sup> ne. defygne,  
 The crested helmet nodded on the hedde;

<sup>28</sup> Sound. <sup>29</sup> Armed. <sup>30</sup> Frighted. <sup>31</sup> Flying. <sup>32</sup> Servant. <sup>33</sup> Dogs.  
<sup>34</sup> Wolves. <sup>35</sup> Loathsome. <sup>36</sup> Treachery. <sup>37</sup> Accoutrements for the arms.  
<sup>38</sup> Sure.

Some caught a flugborne<sup>39</sup>, and an onsett<sup>40</sup> wounde;  
Kynge Harolde hearde the charge, and wondred at the  
founde. 100

Thus Leofwine; O women cas'd in stele!  
Was itte for thys Norwegia's stubborn fede  
Throughe the black armoure dyd the anlace fele,  
And rybbes of solid brasse were made to bleede?  
Whylst yet the worlde was wondrynge at the deede.  
You fouldiers, that shoulde stand with byll in hand,  
Get full of wine, devoid of any rede<sup>41</sup>.  
O shame! oh dyre dishonoure to the lande!  
He sayde; and shame on everie visage spredde,  
Ne sawe the erlies face, but addawd<sup>42</sup> hung their heads. 110

Thus he; rowze yee, and forme the boddie tyghte,  
The Kentysh menne in fronte, for strenght renownd,  
Next the Brystowans dare the bloudie fyghte,  
And last the numerous crewe shall presse the grounde.  
I and my king be wyth the Kenters founde; 115  
Bythric and Alfworld hedde the Brystowe bande;

<sup>39</sup> Military trumpet. <sup>40</sup> Charge. <sup>41</sup> Counsel. <sup>42</sup> Awakened.

And Bertrams sonne, the man of glorious wounds;  
 Lead in the rear the menged <sup>43</sup> of the lande;  
 And let the Londoners and Suffers plie  
 Bie Herewardes memuine <sup>44</sup> and the lighte skyrts anie <sup>45</sup>.

He saide; and as a packe of hounds belent <sup>46</sup>;  
 When that the trackyng of the hare is gone;  
 If one perchaunce shall hit upon the scent,  
 With twa <sup>47</sup> redabbled fhuir <sup>48</sup> the alans <sup>49</sup> run;  
 So styrted the valiante Saxons everych one; 325  
 Soone linked man to man the champyones floode;  
 To 'tone for their bewrate <sup>50</sup> so seone 'twas done;  
 And lyfted bylls enfeem'd an yron woode;  
 Here glorious Alfwold towr'd above the wites <sup>50\*</sup>;  
 And seem'd to brave the fuir of twa ten thousand fighes.

Thus Leofwine; today will Englandes dome  
 Be fyxt for aie, for gode or evill state;  
 This funnes aunture <sup>51</sup> be felt for years to come;  
 Then bravelie fyghte, and live till deathe of date.

<sup>43</sup> Mixed troops. <sup>44</sup> Attendants. <sup>45</sup> Annoy. <sup>46</sup> At a stop. <sup>47</sup> Twice.  
<sup>48</sup> Fury. <sup>49</sup> Hounds. <sup>50</sup> Treachery. <sup>50\*</sup> Men, people. <sup>51</sup> Adventure.

# BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 259

Thinke of brave Ælfridus, yclept <sup>32</sup> the grete, <sup>135</sup>  
 From porte to porte the red-haird Dane he chaſd,  
 The Danes, with whomme not lyoncel <sup>33</sup> could mate,  
 Who made of peopled realms a barren waſte;  
 Thinke how at once by you Norwegia bled  
 Whilſte dethe and victorie for magyſtrie <sup>34</sup> beſted <sup>35</sup> 140

Meanwhile did Gyrthe unto Kyng Harold ſide,  
 And tolde howe he dyd with Duke Willyam fare.  
 Brave Harold lookd aſkaunte <sup>36</sup>, and thus replyd;  
 And can this fay <sup>37</sup> be bowght wyth drunken cheer?  
 Gyrthe waken hotte; ſhvir in his eyne did glare; 145  
 And thus he ſaide; oh brother, friend, and kyng,  
 Have I deſerved this fremed <sup>38</sup> ſpeeche to heare?  
 Die Goddes hie hallidome <sup>39</sup> ne thoughte the thyng.  
 When Toſtus ſent me golde and ſylver ſtore,  
 I ſcornd hys preſent vile, and ſcorn'd hys treaſon more.

Forgive me, Gyrthe, the brave Kyng Harold cryd;  
 Who can I truſt, if brothers are not true?

<sup>32</sup> Called. <sup>33</sup> Young lions. <sup>34</sup> Maſtery. <sup>35</sup> Contended. <sup>36</sup> Obliquely.  
<sup>37</sup> Faith. <sup>38</sup> Strange. <sup>39</sup> Holy church.

268 BATTLE OF HASTINGS

I think of Toftus, once my joie and pryde,  
 Girthe faide, with looke adigne<sup>60</sup>; my lord, I doe  
 But what oure foemen are, quod Girth, I'll shewe, 153  
 By Gods his hallidome they preestes are.  
 Do not, quod Harolde, Girthe, my self<sup>61</sup> them so,  
 For theie are everich one brave men at warre.  
 Quod Girthe; why will ye then provoke theyr hate?  
 Quod Harolde; great the foe, so is the glorie grete. 160

And now Duke Willyam marefchalled his band,  
 And stretchd his armie owte a goodlie rowe.  
 First did a ranke of arcublastries<sup>62</sup> stande,  
 Next those on horsebaeke drew the ascendyng fle<sup>63</sup>,  
 Brave champyones, eche well lerned in the bowe, 165  
 Theyr asenglave<sup>64</sup> acrosse theyr horses ty'd,  
 Or with the loverds<sup>65</sup> squier behinde dyd goe,  
 Or waited squier lyke at the horses fyde.  
 When thus Duke Willyam to a Monke dyd faie,  
 Prepare thy selfe wyth spede, to Harolde haste awaie. 170

<sup>60</sup> Noble. <sup>61</sup> Miscall. <sup>62</sup> Crofs-bowmen. <sup>63</sup> Arrow. <sup>64</sup> Lances.

<sup>65</sup> Lords.

Telle hym from me one of these three to take;  
 That hee to mee do homage for thys lande,  
 Or mee hys heyre, when he deceasyth, make,  
 Or to the judgment of Chrysts vicar stande.  
 He saide; the Monke departyd out of hande; 175  
 And to Kyng Harolde dyd this message bear;  
 Who said; tell thou the Duke, at his likand<sup>66</sup>  
 If he can gette the crown hee may itte wear.  
 He said, and drove the Monke out of his fyghte,  
 And with his brothers rouz'd each manne to bloudie  
 fyghte. 180

A standarde made of fylke and jewells rare,  
 Wherein alle coloures wroughte aboute in highes<sup>67</sup>,  
 An armyd knyghte was seen deth-doyng there,  
 Under this motte<sup>68</sup>, He conquers or he dies.  
 This standard ryche, endazzlyng mortal eyes, 185  
 Was borne neare Harolde at the Kenters heade,  
 Who chargd hys broders for the grete empyze<sup>69</sup>  
 That straite the heft<sup>70</sup> for battie should be spredde.

<sup>66</sup> Choice. <sup>67</sup> Jewells. <sup>68</sup> Motte. <sup>69</sup> Undertaking. <sup>70</sup> Command.



Harde as the iron were the menne of mighte, 205  
 Ne neede of slugbornes <sup>73</sup> to enrowse their minds,  
 Eche shootynge spere yreaden <sup>74</sup> for the fyghte,  
 More feerce than fallynge rocks, more swefte than wynd,  
 With solemne step, by ecchoe made more dyre,  
 One sngle boddie all theie marchd, theyr eyen on fyre.

And now the greie-eyd morne with vi'lets drest,  
 Shakyng the dewdrops on the flourie meedes,  
 Fled with her rosie radiance to the West;  
 Forth from the Easterne gatte the fyerie steedes  
 Of the bright sunne awaytynge spirits leedes: 215  
 The sunne, in fierie pompe enthroned on hie,  
 Swyfter than thoughte alonge hys jernie <sup>75</sup> gledes <sup>76</sup>,  
 And scatters nyghtes remaynes from oute the skie:  
 He sawe the armies make for bloudie fraie,  
 And stopt his driving steedes, and hid his lyghtsome raye.

Kynge Harolde hie in ayre majestic rayfd 221  
 His mightie arme, deekt with a manchyn <sup>77</sup> rare;

<sup>73</sup> War trumpets. <sup>74</sup> Made ready. <sup>75</sup> Journey. <sup>76</sup> Glides, <sup>77</sup> Sleeve.

## 264 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

With even hande a mighty javlyn paizd<sup>78</sup>,  
 Then furyoufe sent it whyfflynge thro the ayre.  
 It struck the helmet of the Sicur de Béer;  
 In vayne did brasse or yron stop its waie;  
 Above his eyne it came, the bones dyd tare,  
 Peercyng<sup>79</sup> quite thro, before it dyd allaie;  
 He tumbled, scritchyng<sup>80</sup> wyth hys horrid payne;  
 His hollow cuishes<sup>81</sup> rang upon the blondie pleyne. 230

This Willyam saw, and foundyng Rowlandes fonge  
 He bent his yron interwoven bowe,  
 Makynge bothe endes to meet with myghte full stronge,  
 From out of mortals fyght shot up the floc<sup>82</sup>;  
 Then swyfte as fallynge staires to earthe belowe 235  
 It flaunted down on Alfwoldes paynted sheelde;  
 Quite thro the silver-bordurd crosse did goe,  
 Nor losse its force, but stuck into the feeelde;  
 The Normannes, like theyr sovrin, dyd prepare;  
 And shotte ten thousande flocs upryfynge in the airc, 240

<sup>78</sup> Poised. <sup>79</sup> Stop. <sup>80</sup> Shrieking, <sup>81</sup> Armour for the thighs. <sup>82</sup> Arrow.

As when a flyghte of cranes, that takes their waie  
 In householde armies thro the flanch'd <sup>83</sup> skie,  
 Alike the cause, or companie or prey,  
 If that perchance some boggie fenne is nie,  
 Soon as the muddie naryon theie espie, 245  
 Inne one blacke cloude theie to the erth descende;  
 Feirce as the fallynge thunderbolte they flie;  
 In vayne do reedes the speckled folk defend:  
 So prone to heaue blowe the arrowes felle,  
 And peer'd thro brasse, and sente manie to heaven or  
 helle, 250

Ælan Adelfred, of the stowe <sup>84</sup> of Leigh,  
 Felte a dire arrowe burpyng in his breste;  
 Before he dyd, he sente hys spear awaie,  
 Thenne sunke to glorie and eternal reste,  
 Nevylle, a Normanne of alle Normannes beste, 255  
 Throw the joint cuisha dyd the javlyn feel,  
 As hee on horsebacke for the fyghte addressd,  
 And sawe hys bloude come smokyng oer the steele;

<sup>83</sup> Arched. <sup>84</sup> Place, or city,

266. BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

He sente the ayengyng floe into the ayre,  
And turnd hya horses heade, and did to leeche<sup>85</sup> re-  
payre.

And now the javelyns, barbd with death his wynges,  
Hurld from the Englysh handes by force adorne<sup>86</sup>,  
Whyzz dreare<sup>87</sup> alonge, and fonges of terror synges,  
Such fonges as alwaies clos'd in lyfe eterne.  
Hurld by such strength along the ayre thes burne,<sup>265</sup>  
Not to be quenched butte ynn Normannes blouds.  
Wherere theie came they were of lyfe forlorn,  
And alwaies followed by a purple floude;  
Like cloudes the Normanne arrowes did descend;  
Like cloudes of carnage full in purple drops dyd end.<sup>270</sup>

Nor, Leofwynus, dyd stithon still standa;  
Full soon this pheon<sup>88</sup> glytred<sup>89</sup> in the aire;  
The force of none but thynne and Hanoles hande  
Could hurle a javlyn with such lethal<sup>90</sup> gear<sup>91</sup>;

<sup>85</sup> Physician. <sup>86</sup> Dire. <sup>87</sup> Terrible. <sup>88</sup> Spear. <sup>89</sup> Gilded. <sup>90</sup> Deadly.  
<sup>91</sup> Turn.

Itte whyzard & ghaillie dyne in Normannes ear, 275

Then thundryng dyd upon hys greave <sup>91</sup> alyghte;

Peirce to his hearte, and dyd hys bowels teare,

He closd hys eyne in everlastynge nyghte;

Ah! what awayld the lyons on his crest!

His hachments rare with him upon the grounde was  
preſt. 289

William agayne ymade his bows-ends meet,

And he in wyre the arrowe wynged his waile,

Descendyng like a ſhafte of thunder fleete,

Lyke thunder rattling at the noon of daie,

Onne Algars ſheelde the arrowe dyd aſſaie <sup>92</sup>, 285

There throgh dyd peerſe, and ſtycke into his groine;

In grypynge torments on the feelde he laie,

Tille welcome dethe came in and clos'd his eyne;

Diſtort <sup>94</sup> with payne he laie upon the borne <sup>95</sup>,

Lyke ſturdie elms by ſtormes in uncothe <sup>96</sup> wrythynges  
terne. 290

<sup>91</sup> A part of armor. <sup>92</sup> Make an attempt. <sup>93</sup> Distorted, writhing.  
<sup>94</sup> Burnished armor. <sup>95</sup> Strange.

Alrick his brother, when hee this perceēvd,  
 He drewe his swerde, his lefte hande helde a speere,  
 Towards the duke he turnd his prauncyng steede,  
 And to the Godde of heaven he sent a prayre;  
 Then sent his lethale javlyn in the ayre, 295  
 On Hue de Beaumontes backe the javelyn came,  
 Thro his redde armour to hys harte it tare,  
 He felle and thondred on the place of fame;  
 Next with his swerde he 'sayld the Seieur de Roe,  
 And braſte <sup>97</sup> his sylver helme, so furyous was the blowe.

But Willyam, who had seen hys prowesse great, 301  
 And feered muche how farre his bronde <sup>98</sup> might goe,  
 Tooke a stronge arblaster <sup>99</sup>, and bigge with fate  
 From twangynge iron sente the fleetyng floe <sup>100</sup>,  
 As Alric hoistes hys arme for dedlie blowe, 305  
 Which, han it came, had been Du Roes laste,  
 The swyfte-wyngd messenger from Willyams bowe  
 Quite throwe his arme into his syde ypaste;  
 His eyne shotte fyre, lyke blazyng starre at nyghte,  
 He grypd his swerde, and felle upon the place of fyghte.

<sup>97</sup> Broke, burst. <sup>98</sup> Fury. <sup>99</sup> Cross-bow. <sup>100</sup> Arrow.

O Alfwolde, saie, how shalle I synge of thee  
 Or telle how manie dyd benethe thee falle ;  
 Not Haroldes self more Normanne knyghtes did flee,  
 Not Haroldes self did for more praifes call ;  
 How shall a penne like myne then shew it all? 315  
 Lyke thee their leader, eche Bristowyanne foughte ;  
 Lyke thee, their blaze must be canonical,  
 Fore theie, like thee, that daie bewrecke <sup>101</sup> yroughte:  
 Did thirtie Normannes fall upon the grounde,  
 Full half a score from thee and theie receive their fatale  
 wounde. 320

First Fytz Chivell<sup>102</sup>ys felt thie direful force ;  
 Nete <sup>103</sup> did hys helde out brazen sheelde availe ;  
 Eftsoones throwe that thie drivynge speare did peerce,  
 Nor was ytte stopped by his coate of mayle ;  
 Into his breaste it quicklie did assaile <sup>104</sup> ; 325  
 Out ran the bloude, like hygra <sup>105</sup> of the tyde ;  
 With purple stayned all hys adventayle <sup>106</sup> ;  
 In scarlet was his cuisse <sup>106</sup> of fylver dyde :

<sup>101</sup> Revenge. <sup>102</sup> Nought. <sup>103</sup> Attempt. <sup>104</sup> Bore of the Severn. <sup>105</sup> Armor.  
<sup>106</sup> Armor for the thigh.

# 270 BATTLE OF HASTINGS

Upon the bloudie carnage house he lay,<sup>107</sup> of blac  
 Whylst his longe swerde dyd gleem<sup>108</sup> with the son's  
 ryng ray.<sup>109</sup> 330

Next Tescampe fello; O Chiefe, howe harde his fate  
 To die the leekedst<sup>110</sup> knyghte of all the thronge,<sup>11</sup>  
 His sprite was made of malice dellavate<sup>111</sup>,

Ne shoulde find a place in anie songe.<sup>112</sup> A  
 The broch'd<sup>110</sup> keene javlyn hurld from honde so  
 stronge 335

As thine came thundrynge on his crysted<sup>111</sup> beave<sup>112</sup>,  
 Ah! neete avayld the brass or iron thonge,<sup>113</sup>  
 With mightie force his skulle in twoe dyd cleave,<sup>114</sup>  
 Fallyng he shooke out his smbkyng braine,<sup>115</sup>  
 As witherd oakes or elmes are hawne from off the  
 playne, 340

Nor, Norcie, could thie myghte and skillfulte lore<sup>116</sup>  
 Preserve thee from the doom of Alfwold's peere;

<sup>107</sup> Pointed. <sup>108</sup> Cowardliest. <sup>109</sup> Disloyal. <sup>110</sup> Pointed. <sup>111</sup> Crested.  
<sup>112</sup> Beaver. <sup>113</sup> Learning.

# BATTLE OF HASTINGS 171

Couldste thou not kenn<sup>114</sup>, most skilful Alfoet la gaire,  
 How in the battle it would wythe thee fare?  
 When Alfwolds javelyn, rattlynge in the ayre; 348  
 From hande dyvine on thie habergeon<sup>115</sup> came,  
 Oute at thy backe it dyd thie hartes bloude bear,  
 It gave thee death and everlastyng fame;  
 Thy deathe could onlie come from Alfwolde arme,  
 As diamondes onlie can its fellow diamonds harme. 350

Next Sire du Mouline fell upon the grounde;  
 Quite throughe his throte the lethal javlyn preste;  
 His foule and bloude came roushyng from the wounde;  
 He closd his eyen, and opd them with the blest  
 It can ne be I should behight<sup>116</sup> the rest, 355  
 That by the myghtie arme of Alfwolde felle,  
 Paste hie a penne to be counte or expreste,  
 How manie Alfwolde sent to heaven or helle;  
 As leaves from trees, shook by derne<sup>117</sup> Autumns hand,  
 So laie the Normannes slain by Alfwold on the strand. 360

<sup>114</sup> Know. <sup>115</sup> Coat of mail. <sup>116</sup> Name. <sup>117</sup> Dreary.

## 872 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

As when a drove of wolves withe dreary yelles  
 Affayle some flocke, ne care if shepster <sup>118</sup> ken't,  
 Besprenge <sup>119</sup> destructione oer the woodes and delles;  
 The shepster fwaynes in vayne theyr lees <sup>120</sup> kement;  
 So foughte the Brystowe menne; ne one crevent <sup>121</sup>, 365  
 Ne onne abashed enthoughten for to flee;  
 With fallen Normans all the playne besprent,  
 And like theyr leaders every man did flee;  
 In vayne on every fyde the arrowes fled;  
 The Brystowe menne styll ragd, for Alfwold was not  
 dead. 370

Manie meanwhile by Haroldes arm did falle,  
 And Leofwyne and Gyrthe encreasd the flayne;  
 'Twould take a Nestor's age to synge them all,  
 Or telle how manie Normannes preste the playne;  
 But of the gyles, whom record nete hath flayne, 375  
 O Truthe! for good of after-tymes relate,  
 That, thowe they're deade, theyr names may lyve  
 agayne,  
 And be in deathe, as they in life were, greate;

<sup>118</sup> Know-it. <sup>119</sup> Spread. <sup>120</sup> Sheep-pasture. <sup>121</sup> Coward.

So after-ages maie theyr actions see,  
And like to them æternal alwaie stryve to be 380

Adhelm, a knyghte, whose holie deathless fire  
For ever bended to St. Cuthbert's shryne,  
Whose breast for ever burnd with sacred fyre,  
And een on erthe he myghte be calld dyvine ;  
To Cuthbert's church he dyd his goodes refygne, 385  
And lefte hys son his God's and fortunes knyghte ;  
His son the Saincte behelde with looke adigne <sup>122</sup>,  
Made him in gemot <sup>123</sup> wyfe, and greate in fyghte ;  
Saincte Cuthberte dyd him ayde in all hys deedes,  
His friends he lets to live, and all his fomen bleedes. 390

He married was to Kenewalchae faire,  
The fynest dame the sun or moone adave <sup>124</sup> ;  
She was the myghtie Aderedus heyre,  
Who was alreadie hastyng to the grave ;  
As the blue Bruton, ryfinge from the wave, 395  
Like sea-gods seeme in most majestic guise,

<sup>122</sup> *Worthy*, <sup>123</sup> *Counsel*. <sup>124</sup> *Arose upon*.

And rounde aboute the rifynge waters lave <sup>125</sup>,  
 And their longe hayre arounde their bodie flies,  
 Such majestie was in her porte displaid,  
 To be excelld bie none but Homer's martial maid. 400

White as the chaulkie clyffes of Brittaines isle,  
 Red as the higheft colour'd Gallic wine,  
 Gaie as all nature at the mornynge fmile,  
 Those hues with pleasaunce on her lippes combine,  
 Her lippes more redde than summer evenynge  
 skyne <sup>126</sup>, 405  
 Or Phæbus ryfinge in a frostie morne,  
 Her breſte more white than ſnow in feeldes that  
 lyene <sup>127</sup>,  
 Or lillie lambes that never have been ſhorne,  
 Swellynge like bubbles in a boillynge welle,  
 Or new-braſte <sup>128</sup> brooklettes gently whyſprynge in the  
 delle. 410

Browne as the fylberte droppynge from the ſhelle,  
 Browne as the nappy ale at Hocktyde game,

<sup>125</sup> Waſh. <sup>126</sup> Sky. <sup>127</sup> Lies. <sup>128</sup> Newly burſt.

# BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 275

So browne the crokyde <sup>129</sup> rynges, that featlie <sup>130</sup> fell  
Over the neck of the all-beauteous dame.

Greie as the morne before the ruddie flame 415

Of Phebus charyotte rollynge thro the skie,

Greie as the steel-horn'd goats Conyan made tame,

So greie appeard her featly sparklyng eye ;

Those eyne, that did oft mickle pleased look

On Adhelm valyaunt man, the virtues doomsday book.

Majestic as the grove of okes that stooode 421

Before the abbie buylt by Ofwald kynge ;

Majestic as Hybernies holie woode,

Where fainctes and foules departed masses synge ;

Such awe from her sweete looke forth issuyng 325

At once for reveraunce and love did calle ;

Sweet as the voice of thraflarks <sup>131</sup> in the Spring,

So sweet the wordes that from her lippes did falle ;

None fell in vayne ; all shewed some entent ;

Her wordies did displaie her great entendement <sup>132</sup>. 430

<sup>129</sup> *Curling, crooked*    <sup>130</sup> *Genteelly.*    <sup>131</sup> *Thrushes.*    <sup>132</sup> *Understanding.*

Tapre as candles layde at Cuthberts shryne,  
 Tapre as elmes that Goodrickes abbie shrove <sup>133</sup>,  
 Tapre as silver chalices for wine,  
 So tapre was her armes and shape ygrove <sup>134</sup>.  
 As skylful maynemenne <sup>135</sup> by the stones above 435  
 Can ken what metalle is ylach'd <sup>136</sup> belowe,  
 So Kennewalcha's face, ymade for love,  
 The lovelie ymage of her soule did shewe;  
 Thus was she outward form'd; the fun her mind  
 Did guilde her mortal shap and all her charms refin'd.

What blazours <sup>137</sup> then, what glorie shall he clayme,  
 What doughtie <sup>138</sup> Homere shall hys praifes synge,  
 That lefte the bosome of so fayre a dame  
 Uncall'd, unaskt, to serve his lorde the kyng?)  
 To his fayre shrine goode subjects oughte to bringe 445  
 The armes, the helmets, all the spoyles of warre,  
 Throwe everie reaulm the poets blaze the thyng,  
 And travelling merchants spredde hys name to farre;

<sup>133</sup> Shrouded.    <sup>134</sup> Formed.    <sup>135</sup> Miners.    <sup>136</sup> Confined.    <sup>137</sup> Praistrs.  
<sup>138</sup> Powerful.

The stoute Norwegians had his anlace felte,  
And now amonge his foes dethe-doyng bloues he delte.

As when a wolfyn gettyng in the meedes  
He rageth fore, and doth about hym flee,  
Nowe here a talbot, there a lambkin bleeds,  
And alle the grasse with clotted gore doth free;  
As when a rivlette rolles impetuouflie, 455  
And breaks the bankes that would its force restrayne,  
Alonge the playne in fonyng rynges doth flee,  
Gaynst walles and hedges doth its course maintayne;  
As when a manne doth in a corn-fielde mowe,  
With ease at one felle stroke full manie is laide lowe. 460

So manie, with such force, and with such ease,  
Did Adhelm slaughtre on the bloudie playne;  
Before hym manie dyd theyr hearts bloude leafe 465,  
Ofttymes he foughte on towres of smokyng flayne.  
Angillian felte his force, nor felte in vayne; 465  
He cutte hym with his swerde athur the breste;

<sup>139</sup> Strew, or scatter. <sup>140</sup> Loft. <sup>141</sup> Across.

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Out ran the bloude, and did hys armour stayne,  
 He clos'd his eyen in ætternal rest;  
 Lyke a tall oke by tempeste borne awaie,  
 Stretchd in the armes of dethe upon the plaine he laie. 470

Next thro the ayre he sent his javlyn feerce,  
 That on De Clearmoundes buckler did alyghte,  
 Throwe the vaste orbe the sharpe pheone<sup>143</sup> did peerce,  
 Rang on his coate of mayle and spente its mighte.  
 But soon another wingd its aiery flyghte, 475  
 The keen broad pheon to his lungs did goe;  
 He felle, and groand upon the place of fighte,  
 Whilst lyfe and bloude came issuyng from the blowe.  
 Like a tall pyne upon his native playne,  
 So fell the mightie fire and mingled with the flaine. 480

Hue de Longeville, a force doughtre mere<sup>143</sup>,  
 Advauncyd forward to provoke the darte,  
 When soone he founde that Adhelmes peynted speere  
 Had founde an easie passage to his hearte.

<sup>143</sup> Spear.    <sup>143</sup> Exile.

# BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 279

He drewe his bowe, nor was of dethe astart<sup>144</sup>, 485  
 Then fell down brethlesse to encrease the corse;<sup>145</sup>  
 But as he drewe hys bowe devoid of arte,  
 So it came down upon Troyvillains horse;  
 Deep thro hys hatchments<sup>146</sup> wente the pointed floe;  
 Now here, now there, with rage bleedying he rounde  
 doth goe. 490

Nor does he hede his mastres known commands,  
 Tyll, growen furiouse by his bloudie wounde,  
 Erect upon his hynder feete he staundes,  
 And throwes hys mastre far off to the grounde;  
 Near Adhelms feete the Normanne laie astounde<sup>147</sup>,  
 Besprengd<sup>147</sup> his arrowes, loofend was his sheelde,  
 Thro his redde armoure, as he laie ensoond<sup>148</sup>,  
 He peered his fwerde, and out upon the feelde  
 The Normannes bowels steemd<sup>149</sup>, a deadlie fyghte!  
 He opd and closd hys eyen in everlastyng nyghte. 500

Caverd, a Scot, who for the Normannes foughte,  
 A man well skild in fwerde and foundyng stryng,

<sup>144</sup> *Afraid.* <sup>145</sup> *Caparisons.* <sup>146</sup> *Stunned.* <sup>147</sup> *Scattered.* <sup>148</sup> *In a swoon.*  
<sup>149</sup> *Reeked.*

Who fled his country for a crime enstrote <sup>150</sup>,  
 For darynge with bolde worde Mysdiaule kyng,  
 He at Eke Aldhelme with grete force did synge <sup>151</sup> 505  
 An heaue javlyn, made for bloudie wounde,  
 Alonge his sheelde askaunte <sup>152</sup> the same did ringe,  
 Peered thro the corner, then stuck in the grounde;  
 So when the thonder rauttles in the skie,  
 Thro some tall spyre the shaftes in a torn cleyis <sup>153</sup> Hfflie.

Then Addhelm hurld a croched javlyn strange, <sup>154</sup>  
 With mighte that none but such grete championes know;  
 Swifter than thoughte the javlyn past alonge,  
 Ande hytte the Scot most feirclie on the prowe <sup>155</sup>;  
 His helmet brasted <sup>156</sup> at the thondring blowe, 515  
 Into his brain the tremblyn javlyn steck <sup>157</sup>;  
 From eyther syde the bloude began to flow,  
 And run in circling ringlets rounde his neck;  
 Down fell the warriour on the lethal strande,  
 Lyke some tall vessel wreckt upon the tragick sande. 520

<sup>150</sup> To be purified. <sup>151</sup> Slanting. <sup>152</sup> Cleft. <sup>153</sup> Forehead. <sup>154</sup> Burst.  
<sup>155</sup> Stuck.

CONTINUED.

Where fowle doth heathes and meadows cladde in greie,  
Save where doine the hawthornes reare theyr humble  
heade,

The hungry traveller upon his waie  
Sees a huge defarte alle arounde hym spredde,  
The difaunte cite scantlie <sup>525</sup> to be spredde;

The curlynge force of smoke he sees in vayne,  
Tis too far difaunte, and hys onlie bedde  
Twimpled <sup>530</sup> in hys cloke ys on the playne,

Why the rattynge thonder forrey <sup>535</sup> oer his hedde,  
And raines come down to wette hys harde uncouthlie  
bedde. 530

A wondrous pyle of rugged mountaynes standes,  
Placd on echie other in a dreare arrale,  
It ne could be the worke of human handes,  
It ne was reared up by meyne of claie.

Here did the Brutons adoration paye 535  
To the false god whom they did Tauran name,

<sup>536</sup> Dreary, melancholy. <sup>537</sup> Scarcely. <sup>538</sup> Covered. <sup>539</sup> Destroy.  
Dightynge

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Dightyngt <sup>160</sup> hys altare with greete fyres in Maid,  
 Roastyng theyr vyfthalle round aboute the flame,  
 'Twas here that Hengyst did the Brytons flee,  
 As they were mette in council for to bee. 540

Neere on a loftie hylle a citie standes,  
 That lyftes yts scheafted <sup>161</sup> heade ynto the skies,  
 And kynglie lookes arounde on lower landes,  
 And the longe browne playne that before itte lies.  
 Herewarde, borne of parentes brave and wyfe, 545  
 Within thys vylle fyrste adrewe the ayre,  
 A blessinge to the erthe sente from the skies,  
 In anie kyngdom nee coulde fynde his pheer <sup>162</sup>;  
 Now rybbd in steele he rages yn the fyghte,  
 And sweeps whole armies to the reaulmes of nyghte. 550

So when derne Autumne wyth hys fallowe hande  
 Tares the green mantle from the lymed <sup>163</sup> trees,  
 The leaves besprenged <sup>164</sup> on the yellow strande  
 Flie in whole armies from the blataunte <sup>165</sup> breeze;

<sup>160</sup> Dressing.    <sup>161</sup> Adorned with turrets.    <sup>162</sup> Equal.    <sup>163</sup> Smooth.  
<sup>164</sup> Scattered.    <sup>165</sup> Noisy.

Alle the whole fiele, a carnage-howle he fees, <sup>166</sup> 555  
 And fowles unknelled hover'd oer the bloude;  
 From place to place on either hand he flees,  
 And sweepes alle neere hym lyke a brondd <sup>166</sup> floude;  
 Dethe hongre upon his arme; he fleed so maynt <sup>167</sup>,  
 'Tis paste the pointel <sup>168</sup> of a man to paynte. 560

Bryghte sonne in haste han drove hys fierie wayne  
 A three howres course alonge the whited skyen <sup>169</sup>,  
 Vewynge the swarthlefs <sup>170</sup> bodies on the playne,  
 And longed greetlie to plonce <sup>171</sup> in the bryne,  
 For as hys beemes and far-stretchynge eyne 565  
 Did view the pooles of gore yn purple sheene,  
 The wolffomme <sup>172</sup> vapours rounde hys lockes dyd  
 twyne,  
 And dyd disfigure all hys femmlikeen <sup>173</sup>;  
 Then to harde actyon he hys wayne dyd rowse,  
 In hyssynge ocean to make glair <sup>174</sup> hys browes. 570

<sup>166</sup> Furious. <sup>167</sup> Many. <sup>168</sup> Pen. <sup>169</sup> Sky. <sup>170</sup> Without souls, lifeless.  
<sup>171</sup> Plunge. <sup>172</sup> Loathsome. <sup>173</sup> Countenance. <sup>174</sup> Clear.

Duke Wylliam gave commaunde, eche Norman  
 knyghte,  
 That beer war-token in a shielde so fyne,  
 Shoulde onward goe, and dare to clofer fyghte  
 The Saxonne warryor, that dyd so entwyne,  
 Lyke the neshe <sup>175</sup> bryon <sup>176</sup> and the eglantine <sup>177</sup>, 575  
 Orre Cornysh wraistlers at a Hocktyde game.  
 The Normannes, all emarchialld in a lyne,  
 To the ourt <sup>178</sup> arraie of the thight <sup>179</sup> Saxonnes came;  
 There 'twas the whaped <sup>180</sup> Normannes on a parre  
 Dyd know that Saxonnes were the sonnes of warre. 580

Oh Turgotte, wherefoeer thie spryte dothe haunte,  
 Whither wyth thie lovd Adhelme by thie fyde,  
 Where thou mayste heare the fwotie <sup>181</sup> nyghte larke  
 chaunte,

Orre wyth some mokyng <sup>182</sup> brooklette fwetelie glide,  
 Or rowle in ferselie wythe ferser Severnes tyde, 585  
 Whereer thou art, come and my mynde enleme <sup>183</sup>

<sup>175</sup> Tender. <sup>176</sup> Wild-vine. <sup>177</sup> Sweetbrier. <sup>178</sup> Open. <sup>179</sup> Closed,  
 consolidated. <sup>180</sup> Astonished. <sup>181</sup> Sweet. <sup>182</sup> Mocking, bubbling. <sup>183</sup> En-  
 lighten.

# BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 185

Wyth such greet thoughts as dyd with thee abyde,  
 Thou sonne, of whom I ofte have caught a beeme,  
 Send mee agayne a drybblette<sup>184</sup> of thie lyghte,  
 That I the deeds of Englyshmenne maie wryte. 590

Harold, who saw the Normannes to advaunce,  
 Seizd a huge byll, and layd hym down hys spere;  
 Soe dyd ech wite laie downe the broched<sup>185</sup> launce,  
 And groves of bylles did glitter in the ayre.  
 Wyth showtes the Normannes did to battel steere; 595  
 Campynon famous for his stature highe,  
 Fyrey wythe brasse, benethe a shyrt of lere<sup>186</sup>,  
 In cloudie daie he reechd into the skie;  
 Neere to Kyng Harolde dyd he come alonge,  
 And drewe hys steele Morglaiden sworde so stronge. 600

Thrycerounde hys heade hee fwung hys anlace<sup>187</sup> wyde,  
 On whyche the sunne his visage did agleeme<sup>188</sup>,  
 Then straynyng, as hys membres would dyvyde,  
 Hee stroke on Haroldes sheelde yn manner breme<sup>189</sup>;

<sup>184</sup> Small portion.    <sup>185</sup> Pointed.    <sup>186</sup> Leather.    <sup>187</sup> Sword.    <sup>188</sup> Shine.  
<sup>189</sup> Furious.

Alonge

286      BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Alonge the felde it made an horrid cleembe<sup>190</sup>,      605  
 Coupeynge<sup>191</sup> Kyng Harolds payncted sheeld in twayne,  
 Then yn the bloude the fierie fwerde dyd steeme,<sup>192</sup>  
 And then dyd drive ynto the bloude playne;  
 So when in ayre the vapours do abounde,  
 Some thunderbolte tares trees and dryves ynto the  
 grounde.      610

Harolde upreer'd hys bylle, and furious sente  
 A stroke, lyke thondre, at the Normannes fyde;  
 Upon the playne the broken brasse besprente<sup>193</sup>  
 Dyd ne hys bodie from dethe-doeynge hyde;  
 He tournyd backe, and dyd riot there abyde;      615  
 With fraught oute sheelde hee ayenwarde<sup>194</sup> did goe,  
 Threwe downe the Normannes, did their rankes  
 divide,  
 To save himselfe lefte them unto the foe;  
 So olyphauntes<sup>195</sup>, in kingdomme of the funne,  
 When once provok'd doth throwe theyr owne troopes  
 runne.      620

<sup>190</sup> Sound.    <sup>191</sup> Cutting.    <sup>192</sup> Scattered.    <sup>193</sup> Backward.    <sup>194</sup> Elephants.

Harolde, who ken'd hee was his armies staie,  
 Nedeynge the rede <sup>195</sup> of generaul so wyfe,  
 Byd Alfwoulde to Campynon hafte awaie,  
 As thro the armie ayenwarde he hies,  
 Swyfte as a feather'd takel <sup>196</sup> Alfwoulde flies, 625  
 The steele bylle blushynge oer wyth lukewarm bloude;  
 Ten Kenters, ten Bristowans for th' emprize <sup>197</sup>  
 Hafted wyth Alfwoulde where Campynon stood,  
 Who aynewarde went, whylste everie Normanne  
 knyghte  
 Dyd blush to see their champion put to flyghte. 630

As painctyd Bruton, when a wolfyn wyld,  
 When yt is cale <sup>198</sup> and blustryng wyndes do blowe,  
 Enters hys bordelle <sup>199</sup> taketh hys yonge chylde,  
 And wyth his bloude bestreynts <sup>200</sup> the lillie snöwe,  
 He thoroughe mountayne hie and dale doth goe, 635  
 Throwe the quyck torrent of the bollen <sup>201</sup> ave <sup>202</sup>,  
 Throwe Severne rollynge oer the fandes belowe  
 He skyms alofe <sup>203</sup>, and blents <sup>204</sup> the beatynge wave,

<sup>195</sup> Aquine. <sup>196</sup> Arxop. <sup>197</sup> Enterprize. <sup>198</sup> Cold. <sup>199</sup> Cottage. <sup>200</sup> Sprinkles.  
<sup>201</sup> Swelling. <sup>202</sup> Wave. <sup>203</sup> Aloft. <sup>204</sup> Mixes with.

188 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Ne stynts<sup>205</sup>, ne lagges the chace, tyll' for hys tyme  
In peecies hee the murthering theef doth chyne<sup>206</sup>. 640

So Alfwoulde he dyd to Campynon hafte ;  
Hys bloudie bylle awhap'd<sup>207</sup> the Normannes cyne ;  
Hee fled, as wolfes when bie the talbotes chac'd,  
To bloudie byker<sup>208</sup> he dyd ne enclyne.  
Duke Wylllyam stroke hym on hys brigandyne, 645  
And sayd ; Campynon, is it thee I see ?  
Thee ? who dydst actes of glorie so bewryen<sup>209</sup>,  
Now poorlie come to hyde thieselfe bie mee ?  
Awaie ! thou dogge, and acte a warriors parte,  
Or with mie swerde I'll perce thee to the harte. 650

Betweene Erle Alfwoulde and Duke Wylllyam's  
bronde<sup>210</sup>

Campynon thoughte that nete but deathe coude bee,  
Seezed a huge swerde Morglaien yn his honde,  
Mottrynge<sup>211</sup> a praier to the Vyrgyne :  
So hunted deere the dryvyng houndes will flec, 655  
When theie dyscover they cannot escape ;

<sup>205</sup> Stops. <sup>206</sup> Divide. <sup>207</sup> Astonished. <sup>208</sup> Contests. <sup>209</sup> Skew. <sup>210</sup> Sword.  
<sup>211</sup> Muttering.

And

And fearful lambkyns, when theie hunted bee,  
 Theyre ynfante hunters doe theie ofte awhape;  
 Thus stoode Campynon, greete but hertlesse knyghte,  
 When feere of dethe made hym for deathe to fyghte. 660

Alfwoulde began to dyghte <sup>212</sup> hymselfe for fyghte,  
 Meanewhyle hys menne on everie syde dyd flee,  
 Whan on hys lyfted sheelde withe alle hys myghte  
 Campynon's swerde in burlie-brande <sup>213</sup> dyd dree <sup>214</sup>;  
 Bewopen <sup>215</sup> Alfwoulde fellen on his knee; 665  
 Hys Bryftowe menne came in hym for to save;  
 Eftsoons upgotten from the grounde was hee,  
 And dyd agayne the touring Norman brave;  
 Hee graspd hys bylle in fyke a drear arraie,  
 Hee seep'd a lyon catchynge at hys preie. 670

Upon the Normannes brazen adventayle <sup>216</sup>  
 The thondrynge bill of myghtie Alfwould came;  
 It made a dentful <sup>217</sup> bruse, and then dyd fayle;  
 Fromme rattlynge weepens shotte a sparklynge flame;

<sup>212</sup> Prepare. <sup>213</sup> Armed fury. <sup>214</sup> Drive. <sup>215</sup> Stupefied. <sup>216</sup> Armor.  
<sup>217</sup> Indented.

Eftsoons agayne the thondrynge bill ycame, 675  
 Peers'd thro hys adventayle and fyrts of lare;<sup>218</sup>  
 A tyde of purple gore came wyth the same,  
 As out hys bowells on the feeelde ittare;  
 Campynon felle, as when some cittie-walle  
 Inne dolefulle terrours on its mynours falle. 680

He felle, and dyd the Norman rankes dyvide ;  
 So when an oke, that shotte ynto the skie,  
 Feeles the broad axes peerfynge his broade fyde,  
 Slowlie hee falls and on the grounde doth lie,  
 Pressynge all downe that is wyth hym anighe, 685  
 And stoppynge wearie travellers on the waie ;  
 So straight<sup>218\*</sup> upon the playne the Norman hie

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Bled, gron'd, and dyed : the Normanne knyghtes  
 aound

To see the lawfin<sup>219</sup> champion preste upon the grounde.

As when the hygra<sup>220</sup> of the Severne roars, 691  
 And thunders ugdom<sup>221</sup> on the sandes below,

<sup>218</sup> Leather. <sup>218\*</sup> Stretched out. <sup>219</sup> Huge. <sup>220</sup> Bore. <sup>221</sup> Terrible.

# BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 291

The cleembe<sup>222</sup> reboundes to Wedcefters ftore,  
 And fweeps the black fande rounde its horie prow<sup>223</sup>;  
 So bremie<sup>224</sup> Alfwoulde thro the warre dyd goe; 695  
 Hys Kenters and Bryftowans flew ech fyde,  
 Berreinted<sup>225</sup> all alonge with bloudlefs foe,  
 And feemd to fwymm alonge with bloudie tyde;  
 Fromme place to place befmeard with bloud they went,  
 And rounde aboute them fwarthlefs<sup>226</sup> corfe befprente<sup>227</sup>.

A famous Normanne who yclepd<sup>228</sup> Aubene, 701  
 Of fylle in bow, in tylte, and handefworde fyghte,  
 That daie yn feelde han manie Saxons fleene,  
 Forre hee in sothen<sup>229</sup> was a manne of myghte;  
 Fyrste dyd his fwerde on Adelgar alyghte, 705  
 As hee on horfeback was, and peersd hys gryne<sup>230</sup>,  
 Then upwarde wente in everlaftyng nyghte  
 Hee clod hys rolling and dymfyghted eyne.  
 Next Eadlyn, Tatwyn, and fam'd Adelred,  
 Bie various caufes funken to the dead. 710

<sup>222</sup> Noise. <sup>223</sup> Brow. <sup>224</sup> Furious. <sup>225</sup> Sprinkled. <sup>226</sup> Lifeless. <sup>227</sup> Scattered.  
<sup>228</sup> Called. <sup>229</sup> Truth. <sup>230</sup> Groin.

But now to Alfwoulde he oppofynge went,  
 To whom compar'd hee was a man of fire <sup>231</sup>,  
 And wyth bothe hondes a myghtie blowe he fente  
 At Alfwouldes head, as hard as hee could dree <sup>232</sup>;  
 But on hys payncted sheelde fo bifmarlie <sup>233</sup> 715  
 Aflaunte <sup>234</sup> his fwerde did go ynto the grounde;  
 Then Alfwould him attack'd moft furyoullie,  
 Athrowe hys gaberdyne <sup>235</sup> hee dyd him wounde,  
 Then foone agayne hys fwerde hee dyd upryne <sup>236</sup>,  
 And clove his crefte and fplit hym to the eyne. 720

\* \* \* \* \*  
<sup>231</sup> *Straw.* <sup>232</sup> *Drive.* <sup>233</sup> *Curiously.* <sup>234</sup> *Slanting.* <sup>235</sup> *Cloak.* <sup>236</sup> *Lift up.*

THE GLOSSARY OF THE DEAN OF EXETER'S EDITION

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# A GLOSSARY OF

THE GLOSSARY OF THE DEAN OF EXETER'S EDITION

## UNCOMMON WORDS IN THIS VOLUME.

**I**N the following Glossary, the explanations of words by CHATTERTON, at the bottom of the several pages are drawn together, and digested alphabetically with the letter C after each of them. Those printed in Italics are retained from the DEAN OF EXETER's edition, and those with (\*) affixed, are added by the present EDITOR.

The explanations which are not directly supported by authority, are marked with *qu.*

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annexed. C. 10154.

*Adented. Æ. 490. Indented,  
bruised.*

Aderne. H. II. 262. *Cruel,*  
*fierce.*

Adigne. H. II. 7: \*Noble,  
worthy.

*Adoc. H. I. 202. \*Delay.*

*Adradde. H. II. 86. Afrid.*

Adrames. Ep. 27: Churls.

C. \* Dreamers. 1004

*Adrewe. H. II. 546. Drew.*

Adventavle, E. 468. T. 13.

G. 62. Armour, C.

Advocate: C. H. & Co. Ltd.

Advigne. Le. 46. 8<sup>th</sup> C. 125.

Nervous: worthy of

praise C.

\*Æterne. Æ. 821. 1078.

**Eternal, C4**

*Affers, Æ. 1068: To affright,*

or terrified

\* Affraie. n. Æ. 755. E. II.

53. Affright: C.

\*Affraie 21 E. L. 18. E.

404 To terrify Af-

201 (fright) C-1

\*Affairs v 7 85 v08 To

fight for exchange in a

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\* A Freight

Hygiene

- \*Affryghte. E. III. 88. *H. I.* 485. *Fear or fright.*  
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\**Aneighe*. *Æ.* 244. *Near.*

*Anenſte*. *Æ.* 1074. 1081.

*Againſt*.

*Anente*. *Æ.* 496. *T.* 27. *St.*

*C.* 1. *Againſt C.*

*Anere*. *Ep.* 48. *Æ.* 15. *Another C.*

*Anete*, *St. C.* 64. *Annihilate.*

*Anie*. *St. C.* 59. *As Nie,*  
*nigh.*

*Anie*. *H.* II. 120. *Annoy. qu.*

*Anlace*. *Æ.* 642. *G.* 57. *An*  
*ancient ſword. C.*

\**Annethe*. *Æ.* 567. *T.* 243.  
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*ing before.*

*Applynges*. *E.* I. 33. *Graft-*  
*ed trees. C. Apple-trees.*

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*croſs-bow.*

*Arcublaſter*. *H.* II. 52. *A*  
*croſs-bow.*

*Arcublaſtries*, *H.* II. 163.  
*Croſs-bowmen.*

*Arduraus*. *S. E.* 40. *Burn-*  
*ing.*

*Aredynge*. *E.* II. 79. *Think-*  
*ing. \* Reading. qu.*

\**Argenthorſe*. *G.* 33. *The*  
*arms of Kent. C.*

*Ariſt*. *G.* 210. *Ch.* 30. *E.*  
*III.* 51. *Aroſe, C.*

*Armlace*. *H.* II. 97. *Aſſou-*  
*trement for the arms.*

*Armourbrace*. *Æ.* 328. *St.*

*C.* 20. *A ſuit of armour.*

*Arrow-lede*. *H.* I. 74. \**Path*  
*of the arrow. qu.*

*Aſcaunce*. *E.* III. 52. *Dis-*  
*dainfully. C.*

*Aſcaunſe*. *Le.* 17. *Obliquely.*

*Aſenglave*. *H.* I. 117. 423.

*A lance.*

*Aſkaunts*. *H.* II. 143. *Ob-*  
*liquely.*

*Aſkaunted*. *Le.* 19. *Glanced.*

\**Aſape*. *C.* F. 10. *Aſleep.*

*Aſlaunte*. *H.* II. 716. *Slaunt-*  
*ing.*

*Aſlee*. *Æ.* 503. *Slide or*  
*creep.*

*Aſſaie*. *H.* II. 285. *Make*  
*an attempt.*

\**Aſſaile*. *H.* II. 325. *T.* 94.  
*Oppoſe. C.*

*Aſſeled*. *E.* III. 14. *Anſwer-*  
*ed. C.*

*Aſhſhrewed*. *Ch.* 24. *Accurſ-*  
*ed, Unfortunate. C.*

*Aſſwaie*. *Æ.* 352. *To aſſay,*  
*put to trial.*

*Aſtaſte*. *H.* II. 482. *Start-*  
*ed from, or afraid of.*

\**Neglected. qu.*

*Aſſedde*. *E.* II. 11. *Seated.*  
*C.*

*Aſtende*. *G.* 47. *Aſtoniſh. C.*

*Aſſerte*. *G.* 137. *Neglected.*  
*C.*

\**Aſton*. *Æ.* 279. *E.* II. 6.  
79. *Aſtoniſhed. C.*

*Aſſounde.*

- Abounde. *Æ.* 730. *M.* 83. *T.* 35. Astonish. *C.*  
 Abounded. *St. C.* 55. Aston-  
 ished.  
 \*Astrodde. *Æ.* 444. *T.* 59. *Astride.* Mounted.  
 Asyde. *St. C.* 90. *By the*  
*side.* Perhaps, Astyde,  
 ascended.  
*Athrowe.* *H. II.* 718. *Through.*  
 Athur. *H. II.* 466. As,  
 Thürgh, through. *A-*  
*thwart.*  
*Attend.* *H. I.* 467. *Assist.*  
 \*Guard.  
 Attenes. *Æ.* 18. 140. *G.*  
 109. At once. *C.*  
 Attoure. *T.* 115. Turn. *C.*  
 Attoure. *Æ.* 322. Around.  
 Atturue. *Æ.* 583. *E. III.*  
 47. To turn.  
*Authoure.* *P. G.* 7. *Author,*  
 Aye. *H. II.* 636. For, Eau,  
 Ft. Water.  
 \*Avele. *Æ.* 1055. *Prevail*  
 Aumere. *Ch.* 7. *Æ.* 397. A  
 loose robe or mantle.  
*C. E. III.* 24. Borders  
 of gold or silver, &c. *C.*  
 Aunture. *H. II.* 133. As A-  
 venture, adventure.  
 \*Auntient, *Ep.* 1. *Æ.* 999.  
*T.* 42. *Ancient.*  
*Aure.* *Le.* 14. *Or, the color*  
*of gold in heraldry.*  
 Autremere. *Ch.* 52. A loose  
 white robe worn by  
 priests. *C.*
- Awhape. *H. II.* 658. Asto-  
 nish, \**affright.*  
 Awhaped. *Æ.* 399. *H. II.*  
 643. Astonished. *C.*  
 Aye. *E. I.* 3b. *Ever, always.*  
 Aynewarde. *Ch.* 47. *H. II.*  
 616. Backwards. *C.*
- B.
- \*Balefull. *E. I.* 20. *E. II.* 30.  
 Woeful, lamentable. *C.*  
*Banc. n. Æ.* 320. 543. *Hurt*  
*damage.*  
*Banc. v. Æ.* 528, 532. *Curse.*  
*Baned. Æ.* 512. *Curfed.*  
 Bankes. *T. III.* Benches.  
*Bante. Æ.* 207. 521. *Curfed.*  
 \*Barb'd. *H. II.* 261. *Armed.*  
 Barbde haulle. *Æ.* 219. *Hall*  
*hung round with armor.*  
 Barbe. *St. C.* 103. *Beard.*  
 Barbed horse. *Æ.* 27. *Cover-*  
*ed with armor.*  
 Baren. *Æ.* 879. For, Barren.  
 Barginette. *T.* 41. *E. III.* 49.  
 A song or ballad. *C.*  
 \*Barriere. *Æ.* 440. *Confine,*  
*or boundary.*  
 \*Barrowes. *Æ.* 678. *Tombs,*  
*mounds of earth.*  
 Bataunt. *Ba.* 276. 292. A  
 stringed instrument  
 played on with a plea-  
 trum. *qu.*  
 Battayles. *Æ.* 707. *Boats,*  
*ships. Fr.*  
 Batten. *G.* 3. Fatten. *C.*  
 Battent. *T.* 52. *Loudly. C.*  
 Battentlie.

- Battentlie, *Æ*, 825. *G*. 50. Loud roaring. *C*.  
 Battone, *H*. I. 520. Beat with sticks. *Fr*.  
 Baubels. *Ent*. 7. Jewels *C*.  
 Bawfyn. *Æ*. 57. *M*. 101. *H*. II. 690. Large *C*.  
 \*Bayne. *Ent*. 2. Ruin. *C*.  
 Bayre. *E*. II. 76. Brow. *C*.  
 Beave, *H*. II. 336. ———  
 Beaver, *H*. I. 55. 111. ———  
     *Beaver*, or *visor*.  
 \*Bede-roll. *Ch*. 47.  
 \*Beer. *H*. I. 45. *H*. II. 572. *Beer*.  
 \*Beeveredd. *T*. 115. *Beaver'd*. *C*.  
 Beheste. *G*. 69. *T*. 33. Command. *C*.  
 \*Behesteynge. *T*. 46. Commanding. *C*.  
 Behight. *H*. II. 345. *Name*.  
 Behylte. *Æ*. 939. Promised. *C*.  
 \*Behylte. *Æ*. 1101. Forbade.  
 Behyltren. *Æ*. 359. Hidden.  
 Belent. *H*. II. 121. Stopped, at a fault, or stand.  
 Boune. *Æ* 590. *T*. 149. Ready. *C*.  
 Bourne. *H*. II. 198. *Boudary*, promontory.  
 Bourne. *Æ*. 482. Bounded, limited.  
 Bowke. *Æ*. 771. *T*. 19. Body. *C*.  
 Bowkie. *G*. 133. Body. *C*.  
 Bowting matches. *S*. *E*. 21. *Contest*. *Fr*.  
 \*Braste. *Æ*. 883. 644. *Burst*.  
 Brasteth. *Æ*. 292. *G*. 123. *Bursteth*. *C*.  
 \*Brasteynge. *Æ*. 417. 678. *S*. *E*. 16. *Bursting*.  
 \*Braunce, v. *G*. 89. Branch. *C*.  
 \*Braunces. *n*. *E*. III. 86. Branches. *C*.  
 \*Brauncyng. *Æ*. 1021. Branching.  
 Brayd. *G*. 77. Displayed. *C*.  
 Brayde. *Æ*. 1909. *Embroider*.  
 \*Brayne. *Æ*. 84. *Brain care*.  
 \*Brede. *G*. 63. 95. *E*. II. 4. Broad. *C*.  
 \*Bredren. *T*. 78. *Brethren*.  
 Breme. n. *G*. 12. *G*. R. 17. Strength. *C*.  
 Breme. adj. *Æ*. 425. *E*. II. 6. *H*. II. 614. Strong. *C*.  
 Bremie. *H*. II. 695. *Furious*.  
 Brende. *Æ*. 996. *G*. 59. Burn, consume. *C*.  
 \*Brendeynge. *Æ*. 635. 1936. *G*. 200. Flaming. *C*.  
 Bretful. *Ch*. 19. Filled with. *C*.  
 Brionie. *Æ*. 119. *H*. II. 575. *Briony*, or wild vine.  
 Broched. *H*. II. 335. 593. Pointed.  
 Bronde. *H*. II. 302. *Fury*, or sword. *qu*.  
     *Bronded*.

- Bronded.* H. II. 558. *Furibout.*  
*Brondeous.* Æ. 760. 1072. *C.*  
 E. II. 24. *Furious.* C.  
*Brondeynge.* Æ. 703. *Furibout.*  
*Brooklette.* St. C. I. H. II.  
 584. *Rivulet.*  
*Browded.* G. 130. St. C. 43.  
 Embroider'd. C.  
*Brued.* H. I. 10. *Embrued.*  
*Brutylle.* Æ. 69. *Brittle,*  
*frail.*  
 \**Brygandýne.* G. 62. H. II.  
 645. Part of armor. C.  
*Brynnynge.* Æ. 686. 992.  
 Declaring. C.  
*Burled.* Æ. 486. M. 20.  
 Armed. C.  
*Burlic-bronde.* H. II. 664.  
 G. 7. *Fury, anger.* C.  
*Byelecoyle.* C. F. 2. *Bel-*  
*accueil.* Fr. The name  
 of a personage in the  
 Roman de la Rose,  
 which Chaucer has ren-  
 der'd Fair-welcoming.  
*Byker.* v. Æ. 566. *Fight, or*  
*engage.*  
*Byker.* n. Æ. 246. 402. *Bat-*  
*tle.*  
*Bykerous.* Æ. 942. M. 37.  
 Warring. C.  
*Byfinare.* M. 95. *Bewil-*  
*dered, curious.*  
*Byfmarelie.* Lf. 26. *Curi-*  
*ously.* C.  
*Cale.* Æ. 853. Ch. 16. *Cold.*  
*Calke.* G. 25. *Cast.* C.  
*Calked.* E. I. 49. *Cast out.* C.  
*Caltryfning.* G. 67. *Forbid-*  
*ding.* C.  
*Carnes.* Æ. 1242. *Rocks,*  
*stones.* Brit.  
*Castle stede.* Ent. 8. G. 100.  
 E. I. 50. *A castle.* C.  
*Castle sterc.* S. E. 40. Æ. 565.  
*The hold of the castle.*  
*Caties.* H. II. 67. *Cates.*  
*Caytysnede.* Æ. 32. 1133.  
 Binding, enforcing. C.  
*Celnefs.* Æ. 881. *Coldnefs.*  
*Chafe.* Æ. 191. *Hot.* C.  
*Chaftes.* G. 201. *Beats,*  
*stamps.* C.  
*Champyon.* v. P. G. 12. T.  
 149. *Challenge.* C.  
*Champyone* n. Æ. 590.  
*Champyonne* adj. T. 134.  
 H. I. 24.  
*Chaper.* G. 123. E. III. 47.  
 Dry, sun-burnt. C.  
*Chapournette.* Ch. 45. *A*  
*small round hat.* C.  
*Charie.* St. C. 116. *Dear.*  
*Cheefe.* Æ. 43. St. C. III.  
*Chufe.*  
*Chefe.* G. II. *Heat, rashness.*  
 C.  
*Chelandree.* Æ. 105. Ch. 5.  
 Goldfinch. C.  
*Cheorte.* C. F. 4. *Chearful.*  
*Cherifaunei.*

- Cherissaunei.** Ent. I. Æ. 214. *Comfort C.*  
**Cherissaunied.** Æ. 838. *Comfortable.*  
**Cheves.** Ch. 38. *Moves. C.*  
*\*Rather, advances to an head.*  
**Chevyced.** Ent. 2. *Preserved. C.*  
*\*Cheynedd. Le 39. Chained, restricted.*  
**Chirkyngge.** M. 23. *A confused noise. C.*  
*\*Chop. n. St. C. 120. An exchange.*  
*\*Choppe. v. Ba. 187. To exchange.*  
**Chougbe.** Æ. 156. 570. *Choughs, jackdaws.*  
**Church-glebe-house.** Ch. 24. *Grave. C.*  
*\*Chyrche-glebe. El. 27. Church yard. C.*  
*Clangs. Ch. 38. Sounds loud.*  
*cleembe. H. II. 605. 693. Noise, sound.*  
*\*Cleere. M. 94. Famous.*  
*\*Clefs. M. 10. Cliffs.*  
**Cleme.** E. II. 9. *Sound. C.*  
*Cleped. M. 99. St. C. 11. Named.*  
*\*Clerche. Æ. 420. Clergy.*  
**Clergyon.** P. G. 8. *Clerk, or clergyman. C.*  
**Clergyond.** Ent. 13. Æ. 74. *Taught. C.*  
**Clevis.** H. II. 46. 510. *The cleft of a rock.*  
**Cleyne.** Æ. 1101. *Sound.*  
**Clinie.** H. I. 431. *Declination of the body.*  
**Cloude agested.** St. 6. 9.  
**Clymmynge.** Ch. 37. *Noisy. C.*  
**Coistrell.** H. II. 88. *A serving lad.*  
*\*Comfreie plant. E. I. 36. Cumfrey. C.*  
*\*Commilie. St. C. 126. Comely, neat.*  
**Compheeres.** Æ. 51. M. 21. *Companions. C.*  
**Congeon.** E. III. 89. *Dwarf. C.*  
**Contake.** T. 87. *Dispute C.*  
**Conteins.** H. I. 223. *For, Contents.*  
**Conteke.** E. II. 10. *Confuse, contend with. C.*  
*\*Contekes. G. 45. Contentions, complaints. C.*  
**Contekions.** Æ. 552. *Contentions. C.*  
**Cope.** Ch. 50. *A cloke. C.*  
*\*Corteous. T. 123. Worthy. C.*  
**Corven.** Æ. 56. *Form, shape, or represent.*  
**Cotte.** E. II. 24. *Cut. C.*  
**Cottes.** E. II. 33. *A kind of boat. C.*  
*\*Cotteynge. Ep. 34. Cutting.*  
*\*Covent. Ch. 16. Convent.*  
**Coupe**

- Coupe. E. II. 7. Cut. C.  
 \*Coupynge. G. 66. H. II. 606.  
 Cutting, mangling, C.  
 Courcayers. Æ. 922. T. 74.  
 Horse, coursers, C.  
 Coven. Æ. 125. Coy. qu.  
 coy, modest.  
 Crased. Le. 35. Broken.  
 Cravent. n. E. III. 39. T. 127.  
 Coward, C.  
 Cravente, adj. Æ. 714. Cow-  
 ard, C.  
 Creand. Æ. 580. As, Re-  
 creand, cowardly.  
 \*Crewel. H. I. 193. Cruel.  
 \*Cristede. H. I. 55. 352.  
 Crested.  
 Croche. G. 26. Cross, C.  
 Croched. H. II. 511.  
 Crokyde, H. II. 413. Crooked.  
 Crokyng. Æ. 119. Bending.  
 Cross-stone. Æ. 1121. Mo-  
 nument, C.  
 \*Crouche. Ch. 63. Crucifix.  
 Crouchee. St. C. 63. Crucifix.  
 Crouched. G. 110. One who  
 takes up the cross, &c.  
 C.  
 Croucheyng. Æ. 751. Crook-  
 ed, winding.  
 Cryne. Æ. 850. Hair, C.  
 Cuarr. St. C. Quarry, qu.  
 cuishe. H. II. 328. Armor  
 for the thigh.  
 Cullys yatte. E. I. 59. Port-  
 cullis gate, C.  
 Cuxdell. Æ. 221. To card.  
 Curriedowe. G. 176. Flat-  
 terer, C.  
 Cuyen kyne. E. I. 35. Ten-  
 der cows, C. \*Rather,  
 quiet, domestic.  
 D.  
 Dacya. S. E. 15. Denmark.  
 \*Daie brente, E. III. 54.  
 Burnt, C.  
 Daife eyed. El. 15. Daified.  
 \*Damoyselles. Æ. 100. 1111.  
 Damsels.  
 Danke. Æ. 97. El. 17. Damp.  
 Dareygne. G. 26. Attempt,  
 endeavour. C.  
 Darklinge. Æ. 1126. Dark.  
 \*Daygnous. Æ. 50. Dif-  
 dainful, C.  
 \*Deathdoeynge. H. I. 50.  
 Murdering.  
 Declynie. H. I. 161. Declin-  
 ation, qu.  
 Decorn. E. II. 14. Carved,  
 C.  
 \*Deene. C. F. 11. To dine.  
 Deene. E. II. 69. Glorious,  
 worthy, C.  
 Deere. Æ. 583. E. III. 88.  
 Dire, C.  
 Defayte. G. 52. Decay, C.  
 Defs. M. 9. Vapours, me-  
 teors, C.  
 Defte. Æ. 859. Ch. 7. St. C.  
 87. Neat, ornamental,  
 C.  
 \*Defthe. Ep. 6. Æ. 947.  
 1119. Sweetly, C.  
 Deigned.

- Deigned. E. III. 53. Dis-  
 dained, C.  
 Delievreie. T. 44. Activity.  
 C.  
 \*Delle. E. III. 48. H. II.  
 363. Valley. C.  
 Demasing. H. I. 276. *Musing*.  
 Dente. Æ. 885. *Weave, in-*  
*dent.*  
 Dented. Æ. 263. \**Fastened,*  
*annexed.* H. I. 196. 257.  
*Sharp pointed.*  
 Dentful. H. II. 673. *Indent-*  
*ed, full of dents.*  
 Denwere. G. 141. 170.  
 Doubt. M. 13. Tremor.  
 C.  
 \*Depeyncte. G. 8. E. I. 58.  
 Paint, display, C.  
 \*Depicted. T. 4. H. II. 36.  
 Painted, or displayed, C.  
 Depycte. Æ. 39. *Painted.*  
 Depyctures. T. 7. Draw-  
 ings, paintings, C.  
 Dequace. G. 56. Mangle,  
 destroy, C.  
 Dequaced. St. C. 38. *Sunk,*  
*quashed.*  
 Dere. Ep. 5. Hurt, damage,  
 C.  
 Derkynnes. Æ. 229. Young  
 deer. qu.  
 Derne. Æ. 581. H. II. 359.  
 Terrible.  
 Derne. H. II. 522. *Melan-*  
*choly.*

Derne. Æ. 683. M. 446.

E. I. 19. *Woeful, la-*  
*mentable, cruel, C.*

Dellavatie. H. H. 333. *Dis-*  
*loyal, unfaithful.*

Dellavatie. Æ. 1846. *Letch-*  
*ery, C. Rather, un-*  
*deceitfulness, unfaith-*  
*fulness.*

Detratours. H. II. 28.  
*Traitors.*

Deyde. Æ. 46. *Seated on*  
*a deis.*

Dheie. They.

Dheere. There.

\*Dherebie. P. G. 3. T. 127.  
*Thereby.*

Dhereof. Thereof.

Difficile. Æ. 358. *Difficult,*  
*C.*

\*Diffraunce. T. 17. *Varfety.*

Dighte. Ch. 7. *Drest, ar-*  
*rayed, C.*

Dightynge. H. II. 537.  
*Preparing, dressing.*

Dispande. L. C. II. 14.  
*Expanded.*

Dispended. Ch. 38. *Ex-*  
*hausted.*

\*Dispente. G. 151. *Expend-*  
*ed, C.*

Disponed. L. C. II. 4. *St. C.*  
*27. Disposed.*

\*Distraughte. Æ. 454. 500.  
 T. 63. E. II. 53. *Dis-*  
*tracted, C.*

Divinistre.

- Divinistre. *Æ.* 241. G. P. 4. *\*Drenche. Æ.* 85. T. 48.  
 Divine, C. Ch. 30. E. III. 19. Drink.  
 Dolce. *Æ.* 1186. Soft, gen- C.  
 tle, C. Drented. G. 91. Drained. C.  
 Dole. n. *Æ.* 29. 267. G. 137. Drented. Ch. 45. St. C. 22.  
 Lamentation, C. Soaked, drenched.  
 Dole. n. St. C. 117. Portion. *\*Dreerie. Æ.* 295. Dreary.  
 Dole. adj. C. H. 13. Doleful. Dreyncted. *Æ.* 237. Drown-  
 Doled. *Æ.* 504. Doleful. ed. C.  
 Dolle. R. C. 10. Share. *\*Drierie. Æ.* 292. 381. E. II.  
 Dolte. Ep. 27. Foolish. C. 15. Terrible.  
*\*Dome. Le I. Æ.* 245. E. I.  
 51. Fate. C. Drites. G. 65. Rights, li-  
 berties. C.  
*\*Donde. H. I. 34. Finished.* Drocke. T. 40. Drink. C.  
 51. Put on. Droke. *Æ.* 460. Dry.  
*\*Donne. Ep. 35. Done, ended.* *\*Droncke. Æ.* 88. Drank.  
 Dortoure. Ch. 25. A sleep- Droorie. Ep. 47. Druerie is.  
 ing room. C. Courtship, gallantry, C.  
 Dote. St. C. 20. Perhaps as Drooried. *Æ.* 127. Courted.  
 Dighte. Cloathed. Drybblette. Le 29. *Æ.* 1189.  
*\*Doughtie. Æ.* 20. 240. St. M. 7. E. II. 48. Small,  
 C. 19. Hardy, valorous. insignificant. C.  
 C. Dulce. St. C. 103. As, Dolce.  
*\*Doughtilie. T. 92. Furi- Duresled. E. I. 39. Harden-*  
 ously. C. ed. C.  
 Doughtremere. H. II. 481. *\*Dyghte. Æ.* 2. 162. As,  
 D'outre mer. Fr. From Dight.  
 beyond sea. *\*Dyghtynge. Æ.* 1131. As,  
 Draffs. *Æ.* 716. The refuse, Dyghtynge.  
 or what is cast away. Dygne. Le. 52. *Æ.* 1099.  
 Dreare. H. II. 263. Dreary. T. 89. Worthy. C.  
 Dree. *Æ.* 769. 982. H. II. *\*Dygner. G.* 76. More wor-  
 664. Draw, or drive. thy. C.  
*\*Dreerie. Æ.* 267. 628. M. *\*Dyngceynge. Æ.* 458. Sound-  
 10. Dreary, terrible. ing.  
 Dreste. *Æ.* 466. Least. C. Dynne. *Æ.* 255. 422. Noise.  
 X *\*Dynneth.*

\*Dyngeth, Ep. 27. Sounds,  
C.

\*Dynns, T. 51. Sounds, C.  
Dyngyng, E. I. 25. Sound-  
ing, C.

Dyspendyng, Æ. 715. Ex-  
pending.

\*Dyspenfe, G. 150. Expence  
C.

Dysperpellest, Æ. 414. Scat-  
terest, C.

Dysporte, E. I. 28. Pleasure,  
C.

\*Dysporteynge, E. III. 9.  
Sporting, C.

Dysportyfinente, Æ. 250.  
As, Dysporte.

Dysregate, Æ. 542. To break  
connection or fellowship.

\*To degrade, qu.

## E.

Edraw, H. II. 52. For Ydraw,  
Draw.

Ecke, Æ. 462. Amplification,  
exaggeration.

Efte, Ep. 8. Æ. 204. E. II.  
78. Often, C.

\*Efte, Æ. 449. T. 116. Again,  
C.

Eftfoones, Æ. 484. G. 151. E.  
III. 54. Quickly, C.

\*Egederinge, G. 122. Af-  
sembling, gathering, C.

Eke, Æ. 20. E. I. 27. Also,  
C.

Ele, M. 74. Help, C.

Eletten, H. I. 413. Light upon,

Eletten, Æ. 447. Enlighten,  
C.

\*Elmen, Ch. 40. Elms.

Elocation, Lad. 12. Elocu-  
tion.

Elves, Ch. 27. Personages,  
people.

\*Emarschalled, Le II. H.  
II. 577. Arranged.

Emblaunched, M. 10. E. I.  
36. Whitened, C.

Embodyde, E. I. 33. Thick,  
stout, C.

\*Embollen, Æ. 595. Ch. 38.  
Swelled, strengthened,  
C.

Embowre, G. 134. Lodge, C.

Rather, inhabit, culti-  
vate.

Emburled, E. II. 54. Arm-  
ed, C.

Emmate, Æ. 34. Lessen, de-  
crease, C.

Emmers, G. R. 7. Coined  
money.

Emmertleyng, M. 72. Glit-  
tering, C.

\*Emprise, v. M. 74. Ad-  
venture, C.

\*Empprize, Æ. 449. G. 53.  
Enterprize, C.

Enactyng, Æ. 44. Acting,

Enalle, G. 159. Embrace, C.  
Encalede.

- Encalede, *Æ.* 917. Frozen,  
 cold, C.  
 Enchafed, *Æ.* 967. M. 60.  
 Heated, enraved, C.  
 \*Enchafynge, *E.* II. 56. En-  
 couraging, heating, C.  
*Encheere*, *Æ.* 754. *Encourage*.  
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- \*~~Fructifera~~, H. I. 6. *Fruitful, useful*,  
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 \*Gleme, Æ. 927. E. II. 4. *Shine, glimmer*, C.  
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- Gouler, St. C. 76. *Usurer.*  
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 gistrate, mayor. *Epithet  
given to the Aldermen,  
qu.*  
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 \*Grē, Æ. 886. G. 67. Ch.  
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part of armor.*  
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luted.*  
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mean.*  
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 ishly, C. *Vulgarly, ab-  
jectly.*  
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C.*  
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- Han**, *Æ.* 733. *H. I.* 5. 74. **Hath**, *qu.* *Rather had.*  
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**Harried**, *Æ.* 209. *M.* 82. *Tost, C.*  
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**Hatchments**, *H. II.* 280. 488. *Atchievements. Coat armor.*  
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**Heafod**, *Æ.* 495. *G.* 198. *E. II.* 7. *Head, C.*  
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**Hecket**, *Æ.* 394. **Wrapped**, closely, covered, *C.*  
**Heckled**, *M.* 3. **Wrapped**.  
**\*Hedes**, *T.* 60. *Regards, attends to.*  
**Heie**, *Le.* 5. 9. *G.* 174. *E. II.* 15. *They, C.*  
**Heideyngnes**, *E. III.* 77. *H. II.* 16. *A country dance, still practised in the North, C.*  
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**Hele**, *n. Æ.* 1041. *G.* 127. *Help, C.*  
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**Hendie stroke**, *H. I.* 95. *Hand stroke, close fighting.*  
**Hente**, *T.* 175. *Grasp, hold, C.*  
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**\*Her**, *Ent.* 6. *For, their.*  
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**\*Herawde**, *T.* 21. 121. *Herald, C.*  
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**\*Heste**, *v. G.* 138. *Require, ask, C.*  
**Heste**, *n. Æ.* 446. 1181. *H. II.* 28. *A command.*  
**Hete**, *St. C.* 62. *Promised.*  
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 \*Hollie, Æ. 331. Holy.  
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 \*Hommageres, T. 46. Ser-  
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\**Investynge*, Æ. 478. *Cloathing*.

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*Ken*, Ep. 36. Le. 37. E. II. 6.

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*Kenns*, Ep. 14. 28. *Knows*, C.

\**Kenne*, Ep. 39. *Ent*. 13.

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*Kepe*, G. 133. *To take care of*.

*Keppened*, Le. 44. *Careful*.

*Kerveth*, Æ. 417. *Cutteth*, *destroyeth*, qu.

*Kiste*, Ch. 25. *Coffin*, C.

*Kivercled*, E. III. 83. *The*

*hidden or secret part*,

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*Knite*, T. 44. *Joined*.

*Knopped*, M. 14. *Fastened*,

*chained*, *congealed*, C.

\**Rather*, *broken*, *nipped*.

\**Knowlache*, E. III. 8.

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*Knowlached*, H. I. 76. *Known*,

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\**Kynde*, E. III. 4. *Nature*,

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\**Labrynge*, St. C. 77. *La-*

*boring*, *agitated*.

\**Lackynge*, H. I. 28. *Want-*

*ing*, *desiring*.

*Ladden*, H. I. 206. *Lay*.

*Lare*, H. II. 676. *Leather*.

*Laudes*, Ep. 28. *Praises*.

*Lave*, H. II. 397. *Wash*.

\**Laverde*, Æ. 156. *Lord*, C.

*Laveynge*, M. 6. *Washing*.

\**Lazing*, L. C. II. 21. *In-*

*dolent*, *lazy*.

*Lea*, Æ. 619. *Field*, or *pa-*

*sture*.

*Leafe*, H. II. 463. *Lose*.

*Leathal*, Æ. 665. G. 58.

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*ly*, C.

*Lechemanne*, Æ. 31. *Phy-*

*isian*.

*Leckedst*,

- Leckedst, H. II. 332. *Most*  
*despicable, qu.*  
 \*Lecture, El. 28. Relate, C.  
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 tures, C.  
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*qu.*  
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 \*Lee, Ep. 6. *Song.*  
 \*Lee, M. 103. H. II. 364.  
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*sician.*  
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 \*Leegefull, T. 89. E. I. 3.  
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 \*Lefed, H. I. 141. *Left.*  
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 \*Leme, v. Æ. 915. *Lighten*  
*up.*  
 Lemed, Æ. 605. M. 31.  
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*tened, C.*  
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*with lightning.*  
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*thered lightning.*  
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 cenced begging friar,  
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- List, v. H. I. 554. Concern, *Lowynge*, Æ. 621. *Flaming*,  
*cause to care.* *burning.*  
*Listeynge*, St. C. 2. *Listen-* *Lurdanes*, H. I. 36. *Lord*  
*ing.* *Danes.*  
*Lithie*, Ep. 10. *Humble*, C. \**Lycheynge*, E. III. 5.  
*Flexible*, \**insinuating.* *Liking*, C.  
*Loaste*, Æ. 455. *Lois.* \**Lyene*, H. II. 407. *Lye.*  
\**Locke*, Æ. 632. *Luck*, good *Lyghethe*, Æ. 626. *Lodgeth.*  
*fortune.* *Lymmed*, M. 33. *Polished*,  
\**Lockless*, Æ. 249. *Luckless*,  
*unfortunate.* *C.*  
\**Lode*, H. 1. 386. *Load.* *Lynche*, Æ. 931. *El.* 37.  
*Lode*, H. 1. 33. *Praise*, *Lyng*, Æ. 376. *Stay*, C.  
*honor, qu.* *Linger.*  
*Logges*, E. 1. 55. E. III. 2. *Lyoncelle*, Æ. 505. E. II.  
*Cottages*, C. 44. *Young lion*, C.  
\**Longe straughte.* Æ. *Lyped*, El. 34. *Linked*,  
1116. *Far extended*,  
*lengthened.* *united, qu.*  
*Lordynge*, T. 57. *Standing*  
*on their hind legs*, C. *Lyffe*, T. 2. *Sport or play*,  
*Rather, dull, heavy.* *C.*  
\**Lore*, Ep. 13. S. E. 6. *Lyssed*, Æ. 53. *Bounded.* C.  
*Learning*, C. \**Lyvelyhode*, Æ. 961.  
*Life*, C.  
*Lote*, H. 1. 256. *Lot.* *fortune.* M.  
*Loverde*, Æ. 270. 274. 666. *Magystrie*, H. II. 140.  
E. III. 29. *Lord*, C. *Mastery, victory.*  
\**Loughe*, n. Ep. 27. *Laugh*, \**Marvelle*, G. 172. E. II.  
C. 70. *Wonder*, C.  
*Loustie*, Æ. 1170. *Lusty*, *Mancas*, G. 136. 149. 174.  
*lustfull.* *Marks*, C. *Mancufes.*  
*Low*, G. 50. *Flame of fire*, *Manchyn*, H. II. 222. A  
C. *sleeve*, Fr.  
*Löwes*, Æ. 681. 745. T. 137. *Marches*, G. 163. G. R. 2.  
*Flames*, C. *A money of account in*  
*Lowings*, Ch. 35. *Flames*, C. *value two thirds of a*  
*pound,*

- pound, but here erroneously made synonymous with the mancusa.  
*Masterie*, Æ. 595. 762.  
*Mastery*, victory.  
*Masterschyppe*, Æ. 591.  
*Mastery*, victory.  
*Mate*, H. II. 137. *Match*.  
*Maugre*, H. I. 204. Notwithstanding, in spite of.  
 \**Maynt*, St. C. 86. H. II. 559. *Many*.  
 \**Mede*, Æ. 62. T. 107. Reward, C.  
*Mee*, Æ. 62. III. 161. M. 8. Ch. 2. E. I. 31.  
*Meadow*, C.  
*Meeded*, Æ. 39. Rewarded.  
 \**Melancholych*. El. 16. *Melancholy*.  
*Memuine*, H. II. 120.  
*Mesnie-men*, attendants.  
*Menged*, El. 42. H. II. 118.  
*Mixed*, the many.  
*Meniced*, St. C. 146. Menaced, qu.  
*Mennys*, Æ. 1109. *Men*.  
 \**Menfured*, T. 2 Bounded or measured, C.  
 \**Menynge*, Ep. 20 meaning.  
*Mere*, G. 58. Lake, C.  
*Merke*, Æ. 1231. T. 55. 163. Dark, and gloomy.  
*Merke-plant*, T. 176.  
*Nighthrade* C. *Rather*, ivy.  
*Merker*, Æ. 1012. *Darker*.  
*Merkness*, Æ. 1005. 1128.  
*Darkness*.  
*Merkye*, Æ. 1058. *Dark*.  
*Meve*, H. I. 485. *Move*.  
*Meynte*, Ep. 40. Æ. 74. M. 77. E. I. 21. *Many*, great numbers, C.  
*Mical*, H. I. 214. *Much*, mighty.  
*Miesel*, Æ. 550. myself.  
*Miskynette*, El. 22. A small bag pipe, C.  
*Mist*, Ch. 49. Poor, needy, C.  
*Mitches*, El. 20. Ruins, C.  
 \**Mitte*, G. 153. A contraction of mighty, C.  
*Mittee*, M. 65, G. 125. E. II. 28. mighty, C.  
*Mockler*, St. C. 105. *More*, *Greater*, *mightier*.  
 \**Moke*, Æ. 964. *Dark*.  
*Moke*, Ep. 5. P. G. I. G. 137. *Much*, C.  
*Mokie*, Æ. 434. G. 48. Lad. 17. El. 29. *Black*, C.  
*Mokynge*, H. II. 584. *mocking*, *murmuring*, qu.  
*Mole*, Ch. 4. soft, C.  
*Mollock*, G. 90. Wet, moist, C.  
 \**Molteryng*, Le. 35. R. C. 3. *Mouldy*, *mouldring*.  
 \**Mone*, E. II. 50. *Moon*.  
 \**Moneyng*, Ch. 17. *Lamenting*, *moaning*.  
*Morth*,

- \**Morie*, Æ. 459. *Marshy*.  
 \**Mormrynge*, Æ. 751. G. 18. *murmuring*.  
*Morthe*, Æ. 307. *Death*,  
*murder*.  
*Morthyng*, El. 4. *Mur-*  
*dering*, C.  
 \**Mose*, Ch. 7. *Most*.  
 \**Moste*, Æ. 14. *Must*.  
*Mote*, P. G. 10. M. 83.  
 E. I. 22. *Might*, C.  
*Motte*, H. II. 184. *Word*,  
 or motto.  
 \**Mottring*, St. C. 4. H. II.  
 654. *Muttering*, *mur-*  
*muring*.  
*Myckle*, Le. 16. T. 96.  
*Much*, C.  
 \**Mychte*, Æ. 262. *Mighty*.  
*Myghte amein*, H. I. 72.  
*Main force*.  
*Myndbruche*, Æ. 400. St. C.  
 74. 145. *Firmness of*  
*mind, sense of honor, qu.*  
*Mynemenne*, H. II. 435.  
*Miners*.  
*Mynstere*, G. 75. Ba. 305.  
 S. E. 41. *Monastery*, C.  
 \**Mynstrelle*, E. III. 80. A  
 minstrel is a musician,  
 C.  
*Myrynge*, Æ. 1217. *Wal-*  
*lowing*.  
 \**Mystell*, H. II. 157. *Mis-*  
*call*.  
*Mysterk*, M. 33. *Mystic*, C.
- N.  
*Ne*, Le. 12. Æ. 36. P. G. 6.  
*Not*, C.  
*Ne*, St. C. 43. *No, or, none*.  
*Ne*, St. C. 58. *Nigh*, or,  
*nearly*.  
*Nedere*, Ep. II. Æ. 252.  
 290. *Adder*, C.  
*Neete*, St. C. 41. *Night*.  
*Nesh*, Æ. 163. T. 16. *Weak*,  
*tender*, C.  
*Nete*, Le. 2. Æ. 114. 551.  
 570. *Nothing*, C.  
*Nete*, Æ. 399. 895. M. 22.  
*Night*.  
*Nethe*, Æ. 404. *Beneath*.  
*Nillynge*, Le. 16. *Unwil-*  
*ling*, C.  
*Nome-depeyncted*, E. II. 17.  
*Rebus'd shields, &c.* C.  
*Notte*, Æ. 300. *Knot, fasten*.  
*Notte browne*, St. C. 49.  
*Nut brown*.  
*Noyance*, Æ. 453. *Annoy-*  
*ance*.
- O.  
 \**Oares*, E. II. 13. *Wher-*  
*ries*.  
*Oathed*, Æ. 1104. *Bound*  
*upon oath*.  
*Obaie*, Æ. 385. E. I. 41.  
 E. II. 26. *Abide*, C.  
*Offrendes*, Æ. 51. 421.  
*Presents, offerings*, C.  
*Olyphauntes*, Æ. 57. H.  
 II. 619. *Elephants*, C.  
 \**Onflemed*,

- \*Onflemed, G. 192. Un-  
 dismayed, C.  
 Onknowlachynge, G. 171.  
 T. 178. E. II. 26.  
 Ignorant, unknowing,  
 C.  
 Onlist, Le. 45. Boundless,  
 C.  
 Onlyghte, Æ. 678. Darken  
 qu.  
 Ontylle, Æ. 1036. Until.  
 \*Onwordie, G. 172. Unwor-  
 thy.  
 \*Oppe, T. 45. Up.  
 \*Optics, H. I. 407. Eyes.  
 Orrefts, G. 100. Oversets,  
 C.  
 Ouch'd, T. 80.  
 Overest, Æ. 442. Uppermost.  
 \*Ounde, Æ. 366, 449, E. II.  
 2. Wave.  
 Oundyng, Æ. 440. Undu-  
 lating, swelling, qu.  
 Ouphante, Æ. 887. 928.  
 H. I. 229. Ouphen,  
 Elves.  
 Ourt, H. II. 578. Overt. Fr.  
 Open. qu.  
 Ouzle, Æ. 104. Black bird,  
 C.  
 \*Owlett. T. 56. E. I. 8.  
 Owl, C.  
 Owndes, G. 91. Waves, C.  
 \*Pajzde, H. II. 223. Poised.  
 Pall, Ch. 31. Contraction  
 from appall to fright,  
 C.  
 Paramente, Æ. 52. St. C.  
 45. Robes of Scarlet, C.  
 M. 36. A princely robe,  
 C.  
 Parker, E. I. 36. Park-  
 keeper.  
 \*Passente, El. 28. Passing.  
 \*Passent, T. 67. Walking  
 leisurely, C.  
 Paves, Æ. 647. Shields.  
 Pavyes, Æ. 432. Shields.  
 Payrde, L. C. II. 15. Com-  
 pared.  
 Peede, Ch. 5. Pied, C.  
 Peene, Æ. 482. Pain.  
 Penste, Ch. 46. Painted, C.  
 Penne, Æ. 727. Mountain,  
 Pensmenne, P. G. I. Writ-  
 ers, historians, C.  
 Percase, Le. 21. Æ. 387.  
 1108. Perchance, C.  
 Perdie, H. I. 147 \* For a  
 certainty.  
 \*Pere, Æ. 186. Pear.  
 \*Pere, E. I. 41. Appear, C.  
 Percyng, Æ. 96. Appearing,  
 peeping.  
 Perforce, Æ. 635. H. I.  
 853. Of necessity.  
 Perpled, St. C. 99. Purple,  
 qu. Scattered, diffused,  
 qu.  
 Persante, Æ. 360. 597.  
 Piercing.  
 Pete,

**Pete**, Æ. 1600. *Beat, or pluck, qu.* **Prevyd**, Æ. 23. *Mardy, valorous, C.*

**\*Peynctedd**, Ep. 4. *Painted, C.* **Proto-slene**, H. II. 38. *First slain.*

**Pheeres**, Æ. 46. 202. *Fellows, equals, C.* **Prowe**, H. I. 108. H. II. 504. *Forehead.*

**Pheon**, H. II. 272. *In heraldry, The barbed head of a dart.* **\*Prowes**, Æ. 505. G. 32. *Might, power, C.* **Puerilitie**, H. I. 67. *Childhood.*

**Pheryons**, St. C. 147.

**Pifte**, E. III. 91. *Picture, C.* **Pyghte**, Æ. 60. 1083. 1137.

**\*Piercedd**, T. 133. *Broken, or pierced through with darts, C.* G. 39. 76. T. 38. *Pitched, or bent down. M. 73. Settled, C.*

**Pittie golphe**, H. I. 517. *The hollow of the pit.* **Pÿghtethe**, Ep. 15. *Plucks, or tortures, C.*

**Pleasaunce**, Ep. 12. Æ. 962. M. 44. *Pleasure, blessing.* **Pynant**, Le. 4. *Languid, insipid, pining, meagre.*

**\*Plies**, T. 50. *Sounds, C.*

*\*Rather, bends, or frequently uses.*

**Plonce**, H. II. 564. *Plunge.*

**\*Pole**, H. I. 164. 378. *The crown of the head.*

**Pouche**, Ch. 62. *Purse.*

**Poyntelle**, Æ. 6. 649. 682.

Le. 44. *A pen, &c. C.*

*\*In the last place rather exactness, punctilio.*

**\*Pre**, v. Æ. 513. *To prey.*

**\*Pre**, n. Æ. 636. *Prey.*

**\*Preche**, Æ. 833. *Preach, exhort, recommend.*

**\*Preeftschypppe**, E. III. 42. *Priesthood.*

## Q

**Quacedd**, T. 14. *Vanquished, C.*

**Quansed**, Æ. 241. 427. *Stilled; quenched, C.*

**Quayntyfied**, T. 4. *Curiously devised, C.*

**Queede**, Æ. 283. 455. 986. *The evil one, the devil.*

**Quent**, S. E. 28. *Quaint, strange.*

## R

**Rampynge**, Æ. 282. T. 6. *Furious.*

**Receivure**, G. 151. *Receipt, C.*

**Recendize**, Æ. 543. *For, Recreandize, cowardice.*

*Recer,*

- Recer, H. I. 87. For, Reynynge, *Æ.* 627. 846.  
 Racer. Ch. 72. Running, C.  
 Recrandize, *Æ.* 1192. For, Reytes, *Æ.* 899. Water-  
 Recreandize, Cowar- flags, C.  
 dice. Ribaude, Ep. 9. Rake,  
 Reddoure, *Æ.* 30. Vio- lewd person, C.  
 lence, C. Ribbande geere. St. C. 44.  
 Rede, Le. 18. *Æ.* 2. 68. Ornaments of ribbands.  
 Wisdom, C. \*Ribible, E. I. 25. Violin,  
 Reded, G. 79. Counselling, C.  
 C. \*Riefe, E. II. 8. Rife.  
 Redeynge, *Æ.* 227. 601. Riped, *Æ.* 181. Ripened.  
 Advice. Rodded, Ch. 3. Reddened,  
 C. Regrate, Le. 7. *Æ.* 1038. C.  
 M. 70. Esteem, Favor, Roddie, *Æ.* 1014. M. 5. Red.  
 C. \*Roddie levynne. M. 104.  
 Reine, T. 27. E. II. 25. Red lightning, C.  
 Run, C. Rode, *Æ.* 851. E. I. 59.  
 Rele, n. *Æ.* 529. G. 144. Complexion, C.  
 M. II. Wave, C. Roder, *Æ.* 1064. Rider,  
 Reles, v. *Æ.* II. 63. Waves, traveller.  
 C. Rodeynge, *Æ.* 324. Riding.  
 \*Rennomde, *Æ.* 732. H. I. Roghlynge, T. 69. Rolling,  
 344. Honored, renowned. C.  
 Rennome, *Æ.* 287. 480. Roiend, *Æ.* 577. Ruined.  
 T. 28. Honor, glory, C. Rostlyng, E. I. 7. Rustling.  
 Rentynge rolls. St. C. 127. Rou, *Æ.* 303. 526. G. 10.  
 Rentrolle, Ch. 86. Horrid, Grim, C.  
 \*Requiem, Ep. 19. A Rouncy, Le. 32. Cart-  
 service used over the horse, C.  
 dead, C. Royn, *Æ.* 324. Ruin.  
 \*Responed, St. C. 4. Roynner, *Æ.* 242. 324. 613.  
 Answered. Ruiner.  
 \*Rewynde, Ba. 58. Ruined. Rynde, *Æ.* 1191. Ruined.  
 Reyne, *Æ.* 481. 509. G. \*Ryne, *Æ.* 254. Run,  
 120. Run, C.

- Sabalus, E. I. 12. The Devil, C.  
 Sabbataners, Æ. 275. 583. *Booted Soldiers.*  
 \*Sable, Le. 14. Black, in heraldry.  
 \*Sable, E. II. 60. Blacken, C.  
 Sable, Æ. 1009. Darknes.  
 Sable Æ. 1006. 1053. Black,  
 Saie, H. I. 51. Sagum Lat. *Military cloak.*  
 Sanguen, El. 10. Bloody.  
 Sarim's plain, H. I. 301. *Salisbury plain.*  
 \*Sayld, H. II. 299. Affailed.  
 Scalle, Æ. 202. 730. 996. Shall, C.  
 Scante, Æ. 1132. Scarce, C.  
 Scantillie, Æ. 1009. H. II. 525. Scarcely, sparingly, C.  
 Scarpes, Æ. 52. Scarfs, C.  
 Starre, Æ. 982. Mark.  
 \*Scathe, Ep. 12. Hurt, damage, C.  
 Scathe, Ch. 86. Scarce.  
 Scaunce-layd, C. H. 5. Uneven.  
 Scauncing, St. C. 56. Glancing, or looking obliquely.  
 Scethe, T. 96. Damage, mischief, C.  
 \*Schafte, Æ. 253. Shafts, arrows.  
 Scheafted, H. I. 342. *Adorned with barrets.*  
 Scille, E. III. 33. Gather, C.  
 Scillye, G. 207. Closely, C.  
 Scolles, Æ. 238. Shoes.  
 Sconde, H. I. 26. for Abscond.  
 \*Scritchd, H. I. 436. *Shrieked, screamed.*  
 Seck, H. I. 461. for Sack.  
 Seeled, Ent. II. Closed, C.  
 Seere, Æ. 1163. Search, C.  
 \*Selke, Æ. 250. Silk.  
 Selynesse, Le. 56. Æ. 108. C. H. I. Happiness, C.  
 Semblamente, St. C. 10. *Appearance.*  
 Semblate, St. C. 67. *Appearance.*  
 Seme, E. III. 32. Seed, C.  
 Semecope, Ch. 87. A short under-cloke, C.  
 Semlykeene, Æ. 9. 1145. G. 56. Countenance, beauty, C.  
 Semmlykeed, Æ. 298. St. C. 113. *Countenance.*  
 Sendaument, St. C. 126. *Appearance.*  
 Sete, Æ. 1068. Seat.  
 Shap, Æ. 34. 364. T. 36. Fate, C.  
 Shap-leurged, Æ. 162. Fate-leurged, C.  
 Sheene P. 13. E. II. 16. *Lustre, shine.*  
 \*Sheene,

- \**Shene*, L. 36. *Æ.* 8. *To*  
*shine*.  
*Shemra*, *Æ.* 11. *E.* 11. 37.  
*Shine*.  
*Shemyng*, *Æ.* 738. *G.* 14.  
*T.* 3. *E.* 11. 14. *Glim-*  
*mering*, *C.*  
*Shente*, *Æ.* 1092. *T.* 157.  
*Broke*, *destroyed*, *C.*  
*Shepen*, *St. C.* 97. *Innocent*  
*44.*  
*Shepiterr*, *Æ.* 87. 115. *E.*  
*L.* 6. *Shepherd*, *C.*  
*Shettyng*, *Ch.* 69. *Shooting*.  
*Shoone pykes*, *Ch.* 53. *St.*  
*C.* 44. *Shoes* with  
*piked toes*. The length  
*of the pikes* was re-  
*strained to two inches*,  
*by 3. Edw. 4. c. 5.*  
*Shotta*, *Æ.* 994. *Shut*.  
*Shatteyng*, *E.* 1. 37. *Clofing*,  
*shutting*.  
*Shrove*, *H. II.* 432. *Shrouded*  
*\*Siker*, *H.* 11. 97. *Sure*.  
*Skync*, *H.* 11. 405. *Sky*.  
*\*Slea*, *G.* 51. 85. *Slay*, *C.*  
*\*Sleath*, *E.* 1. 43. *Destroy-*  
*eth*, *killeth*, *C.*  
*\*Sledde*, *Ba.* 189. *Sledge*,  
*hurdle*.  
*\*Sleg*, *Æ.* 968. *G.* 68. *Slay*,  
*C.*  
*\*Sleene*, *Æ.* 415. 693. *G.*  
*125. Slain*, *C.*  
*Sleeve*, *H.* 1. 178. *Clue* of  
*thread*.  
*Sletre*, *Æ.* 538. 800.  
*Slaughter*.  
*\*Sleyghted*, *St.* 74.  
*Slighted*.  
*\*Sleynges*, *T.* 79. *Slings*.  
*Slughornes*, *Æ.* 255. 690.  
*E.* 11. 9. A musical  
*instrument*, not unlike  
*a hautboy*, *T.* 31. A  
*kind of clarion*, *C.*  
*Smethe*, *Æ.* 817. 1190. *T.*  
*101. Smoke*, *C.*  
*Smething*, *Æ.* 409. 697. *G.*  
*10. T.* 161. *Smoking*,  
*C.*  
*Smore*, *H. I.* 412. *Befmeared*  
*Smothe*, *Ch.* 36. *Steam*, or  
*vapors*, *C.*  
*Snett*, *T.* 46. *Bent*, *C.*  
*Snatched up*, *qu.*  
*\*Snoffelle*, *C. F.* 4. *Snuff up*.  
*Sockeyng*, *Æ.* 442. *Sucking*  
*Solle*, *R. C.* 9. *Soul*.  
*Sorfeeted*, *Æ.* 604. *Surfeited*  
*Sothe*, *Æ.* 39. *Truth*.  
*Sothen*, *Æ.* 227. *H. II.* 704.  
*Sooth*, *qu.*  
*Soughle*, *Æ.* 8. 279. 414.  
*Soul*.  
*\*Soughlys*, *E. III.* 63. *Souls*  
*C.*  
*Souten*, *H. I.* 252. *For*,  
*Sought*, *pa. t.* *ling*, *qu.*  
*Sparre*, *H. I.* 26. A wooden  
*bar. or inclosure*.  
*Spedde*, *St. C.* 5. *H. II.* 525.  
*Reached*, *attained*, *qu.*  
*Spencer*,

- Spencer, F. III. Dispenser, C.  
 Spere, Æ. 69. Allow. qu.  
 Sphere, Æ. 488. spear.  
 \*Spèce, H. I. 110. 295.  
     *Claved, split.*  
 Sprenged, Æ. 161. Sprinkled.  
 \*Sprytes, Æ. 195. 286. E.  
     II. 1. Spirits, souls, C.  
 Spyryng, Æ. 706. Tower-  
     ing.  
 \*Staic, H. II. 621. Support,  
     prop.  
 Staie, H. I. 198. Fastening.  
 Starks, T. 73. Stalks.  
 \*Steck, H. II. 516. Stuck.  
 \*Stednefs, G. 169. Firmness,  
     steadfastness, C.  
 Steeked, Æ. 1187.  
 \*Steemde, H. I. 234. Reeked,  
     steamed.  
 Steemie, H. I. 386, steam-  
     ing.  
 Steeres, S. E. 40 Stairs.  
 Stent, T. 134. Stained, C.  
 Steynced, Æ. 189. Alloyed,  
     or stained, qu.  
 \*Steyne, Ent. 5. Stain, blot,  
     disgrace.  
 Stoke H. I. 511. stuck.  
 Storthe, G. R. 10. Death.  
 Storven, Æ. 607, Dead, C.  
 \*Storven, Æ. 441. För,  
     frove, qu.  
 \*Stowe, H. II. 251. Place,  
     city.  
 Straughted, Æ. 299. 1540 G.  
     198. F. 143. Stretched,  
     C.  
 stre, H. II. 712. straw.  
 Stree, H. II. 454. strew?  
 Stret, Æ. 158. Stretch, C.  
 Strev. Æ. 34. 356. Striver.  
 Stringe, G. 10. E. I. 35.  
     Strong, C.  
 \*strynge, Æ. 304. 643.  
     strong.  
 stynts. H. II. 639. steps.  
 \*substant, H. I. 189. Sub-  
     stantial.  
 Sufficyll, Æ. 610. 986.  
     Sufficient.  
 \*Super-hallie, G. 78. Over  
     righteous, C.  
 \*Surcote, E. I. 3. A cloke  
     or mantel which hid  
     all the other dress, C.  
 \*Suster, Æ. 389. G. 54.  
     sister.  
 \*Swanges, Ch. 40. Waive to  
     and fro.  
 Swarthe, Æ. 265. Spirit,  
     ghost.  
 Swarthless, H. II. 563.  
     Dead, expired.  
 Swarthynged, Æ. 295. Ex-  
     piring.  
 Sweet-kered, E. II. 26. short  
     lived, C. Rather quick  
     made.  
 \*Swehrie, T. 62. Oh, TI.  
 Sulty, C. Sultyng  
     Swolterynge,

- Swokerynge, *Æ.* 1444. *Overweknting, qu.*  
 \*Swolyng, G. 91. Swelling, C.  
 \*Swote, *Æ.* 143. E. I. 23. Sweet, C.  
 \*Swotelie, *Æ.* 157. T. 169. Sweetly, C.  
 Swotie, *Æ.* 101. E. II. 9. Sweet, C.  
 Swythe, *Æ.* 117. 431. Quickly, C.  
 Swythen, T. 12. Quickly, C.  
 Swythyn, *Æ.* 206. Quickly, C.  
 Syke, *Le.* 13. *Æ.* 12. E. H. 6. Such, *fo.* C.  
*sythe, s. E. J. Since.*  
 Sythence, *Æ.* 470. 717. Sincerethen.  
 T.  
 Takells, *Æ.* 278. 509. T. 72. Arrows, C.  
 Talbotts, H. II. 453. *Aspecies of dogs.*  
 Teeming, H. I. 5. *Prolific.*  
 Teint, H. I. 462. For, Tent, Rather, *Tincture.*  
 Tempest-chast, E. III. 92. Tempest-beaten, C.  
 Tende, T. 113. Attend or wait, C.  
 Tene, *Æ.* 366. Sorrow.  
 Tentyfie, E. III. 482. Carefully, C.  
 Thight, H. III. 378. *Confolidated, closed.*  
 Thilk, H. I. 81. 203. That, or, such,  
 \*Thofe, *Æ.* 140. G. 25. Thus.  
 Thoughtenne, *Æ.* 172. 1135. Ch. 54. For, Thought, pa, t, sing.  
 Thraflarke, *qu.* H. II. 427. For, *Thrafleres,* Thrushes.  
 Throftle, *Æ.* 857. Thrush.  
 \*Thyk, G. 28. Such, C.  
 Thyssen, E. II. 27. These or those, *qu.*  
 Tochelod, *Æ.* 205. *Tackled,* or *joined, qu.*  
 Tore, *Æ.* 964. 1019. Torch, C.  
 Toſte, *Æ.* 458. For, *Toſs.*  
 \*Tourneie, T. 85. 126. H. I. 133. Turnament, C.  
 Trechit, H. II. 93. For, Treget, Deceit.  
 Treynted, *Æ.* 454. *Scattered.*  
 \*Trone, G. 38. 131. E. II. 11. Throne, C.  
 \*Trothe, E. III. 60. Truth, C.  
 \*Trowlie, St. C. 124. True, truly.  
 \*Fryckde, M. 68. Ba. 296. *Dressed.*  
 \*Twaie, G. 200. Two, C.  
 \*Twayne, E. III. 70. Two, C.  
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Twichte, M. 7. E. II. 78.

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\*Twistynde, T. 35. *Twisted,*  
*entangled.*

Twytte, B. I. 2. Pluck or  
pull, C.

Tyde, E. 86. 293. For,  
*betyde.*

Tynge, E. 282. Tongue.

Tynge, M. 49. *Tint, sings.*

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*fastened.*

## V.

Val, T. 188. Helm, C.

Venge, H. I. 119. *Venge-*  
*ance, revenge.*

Vengouflic, H. I. 347. *Re-*  
*vengefully.*

Vengynge, H. II. 64. *Re-*  
*vening.*

Vernage, H. II. 11. Ver-  
naccia, Ital. A sort of  
rich wine.

Verte, T. 81. *Green*  
*branches and leaves.*

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Ugfolme, E. 303. 594.

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C.

\*Vilcyn, H. I. 419. 560.  
*Vassal, servant.*

Virgyne, Ch. I. *The sign of*  
*Virgo.*

Unaknelled, H. I. 2. 1022.

Without any *knell* rung

for them. Qu. *divine* J

Unburled, E. 125. G. 27.

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\*Uncouthe, M. 131. Un-

known, C. *unknown* J

Uncted, M. 30. *Anointed,*

C. *anointed* J

Undelievre, G. 27. *Unac-*

tive, C. *unbelievable* J

Undecyde, E. 448. *Explain.*

Unenhantend, E. 635. Un-

accustomed, C. *unaccustomed* J

Unespryte, G. 27. *Unspi-*

rited, C. *unspirited* J

\*Uneyned E. 515. *Blind.*

\*Ungentle, P. 61. *Ungr-*

acious, C. *ungracious* J

Unhailie, Ch. 85. *Unhappy,*

C. *unhappy* J

\*Unkend, G. 59. Unknown,

C.

Unknelled, H. II. 456. *Un-*

Unaknelled, C.

Unliart, P. G. 4. *Unforgiv-*

ing, C. *unforgiving* J

Unliste, E. III. 86. *Un-*

bounded, C. *unbounded* J

Unlored, E. 25. *Unlearned,*

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Untydefulla, E. 536. *Re-*

bellious, *unobedient.*

Unplyte, E. 257. G. 25.

Explain, C. *unpleasant* J

Unquaced, E. III. 92. Un-

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Unspryde, H. E. 1613. Un-

Untentyff, G. 70. Uncare-

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\*Unthwes, M. 32. Barba-

Unthylle, T. 30. Useless, C.

Uwawa, E. 519. 565. E. III.

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Uwate, H. C. 265. Unknown.

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Upryde, E. 927. G. 59. Ri-

Upryne, H. II. 719. Raise

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\*Upwol, E. II. 84. Swoll-

\*Vyed, E. 41. Viewed.

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Walbome, H. II. 92. What-

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Wanhope, G. 34. Despair, C.

\*Wanne, Ba. 138. H. II. 76.

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\*Warde, E. I. 30. To keep

Wate, C. E. 372. Watch,

observe.

Ward, E. 45. Watch,

observe.

\*Wate, E. 32. 52. Watch,

Waffle cake, St. G. 100. Cake

of white bread.

Wayde, E. II. Choice, se-

lected.

Waylyge, E. II. 68. De-

creasing, C.

Wayne, E. II. 49. E. III.

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Weale, E. 599. T. 20. Govern-

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Wede, M. 43. Dress.

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\*Weirs, H. I. 125. 400. Locks

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\*Wete, E. 343. Welfare, go-

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\*Whestlyng, E. 165. Whistling.

\*Whydder, G. R. 6. Whither.

\*Whylomme, P. G. I. Of

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\*Widder, st. 138. Wither.

Wifeegger, E. III. 8. A phi-

losopher, C.

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Withe, E. III. 36. A contrac-

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Woden blue, st. C. 45. Dyed

blue with wood.

\*Woe, T. 102. Hurt or da-

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*Woe-be-gone*, Ch. 23. *Woe-ful*, miserable.

*Woe-be-mentynge*, El. 36. *Woe-bewailing*.

\**Wolfynnes*, Æ. 496. 637. M. 85. *Wolves*.

*Wollome*, Le. 5. Æ. 519. H. II. 567. As, *Walsome*.

*Wordeynge*, Æ. 1229. *Sending word*.

\**Wordhy*, Æ. 483. 612. *Wordhy*.

*Wote*, G. 145. L. C. I. 7. C. H. 3. *Know*.

*Wotted*, H. II. 8. *Knew*.

*Wotteth*, L. C. I. 10. *Knowest*.

*Wraytes*, St. C. 8. As *Reytes*.

*Wryne*, Æ. 653. T. 117. *Declare*, C.

*Wurche*. v. Æ. 499. E. III. 19. *Work*, C.

\**Wurche*, n. P. G. 5. *Work*. C.

*Wurcheft*. E. III. 61. *Work-est*, C.

\**Wurchethe*, Æ. 329. *Work-eth*.

\**Wurchys*, Æ. 1237. *Works*.

*Wyenchref*, Æ. 420. *Witch-craft*.

*Wyere*, E. II. 79. *Grief*, trouble, C.

\**Wylfes*, Æ. 993. *Wolves*.

*Wympled*, G. 207. *Mantled*, Covered, C.

*Wynnynge*, Æ. 219. *Charms*, *alurements*.

\**Wysche*, Le 56. Æ. 505. G. 83. *Wish*.

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*Yan*, Æ. 72. *Than*.

*Yaped*, Ep. 30. Æ. 234. *Laughable*, C.

*Yatte*, Le II. 29. T. 9. *That*, C.

*Ybereynge*, Æ. 732. *Bearing*.

*Yblente*, Æ. 48. 393. *Blinded*, C.

*Yborne*, Æ. 135. *Son*.

*Ybrende*, Æ. 611. *Burn*.

\**Ybrente*, Æ. 258. T. 137. *Burnt*, C.

*Ybroched*, G. 96. *Horned*, C.

*Ybroghten*, Æ. 918. *Brought*.

*Ycame*, H. II. 675. *Came*.

*Ycleped*, M. 68. H. I. 453.

*Ycorne*, Æ. 374. *Engraved*, carved.

*Ycorvenn*, T. 170. *To mould* C.

*Ycrafedd*. T. 132. G. R. 16. *Broken*, C.

*Ydeyd*, H. II. 9. *Dyed*.

*Ydromks*, T. 39. *Drinks*.

*Yeave*, G. 133. *Give*.

*Yenne*, Then.

*Yer*, Le 12. Ent. 3. E. II. 29. *Their*.

*Yer*, Æ. 152. 611. *Your*.

*Yev*, Le. 34. Æ. 360. 915. T. 12. *Give*, C.

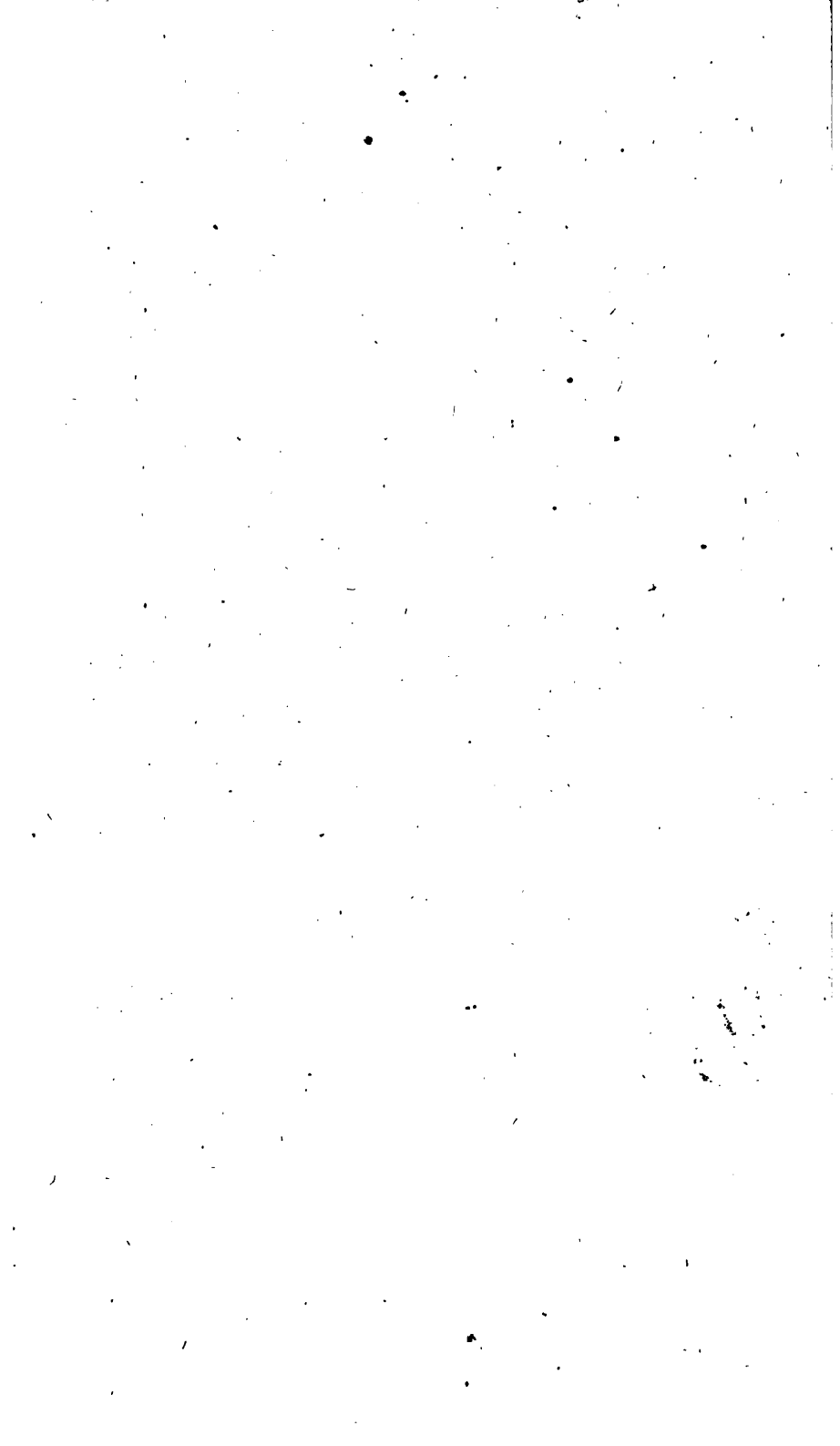
\**Yeyre*, Æ. 633. G. 101. *Their*, C.

*Yie*,

Yie, *Æ.* 536. Thy.  
Yformed, *H. II.* 203. *Formed.*  
Ygrove, *H. II.* 434. *Graven,*  
    *or formed.*  
Yinder, *Æ.* 691. Yonder.  
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Ylachd, *H. II.* 436. *Enclosed,*  
    *shut up.*  
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Ymade, *H. II.* 281. *Made.*  
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Ypass, *H. I.* 552. *Pass, pass-*  
    *ed.*  
Yreaden, *H. II.* 207. *Made*  
    *ready.*  
Yreerde, *L. C. I.* 6. *Reared,*  
    *raised.*  
Yroughte, *H. II.* 318. *For,*  
    *Ywroughte.*  
Yspedde, *Æ.* 786. *M.* 102.  
    *Dispatched, C.*  
Yspende, *T.* 179. *Consider, C.*  
Ystorven, *G.* 140. *E. I.* 52.  
    *Dead, C.*  
Ytorne, *Æ.* 366. *H. II.* 46.  
    *Torn.*  
Ytsel, *E. I.* 18. *Itself.*  
Ywielde, *Æ.* 670. *G. I.* 157. *Wield.*  
Ywreene, *E. II.* 30. *Æ. II.*  
    *Covered, C.*  
Ywrynde, *Æ.* 129. *M.* 100.  
    *Hid, covered, C.*  
Ywrynde, *Æ.* 335. *St. C.* 71.  
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Ywryte, *Æ.* 648. *Write.*  
\*Ywroughte, *Æ.* 199. *Wrought.*  
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\*Yynge, *Æ.* 516. *Young.*  
    *Z.*  
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    *lus, the Devil.*

**F I N I S.**

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